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CHURCHMAN'S *Striking* VIEWS ON *People* WHO GIVE

Are You a "Flint," a "Sponge" or "Honeycomb" Giver

Do you know how to give and to what causes—and in what way?

An Australian churchman, in this special article for The Australian Women's Weekly, analyses the reasons why people give. At this season, when the spirit of gifts and giving is in the air, he deals with a provocative aspect of giving that is of concern all the year round.

By CANON H. W. BARDER

BEING a mere parson I am one of a class who are often enthusiastically designated "money - grubbers," "cadgers" and suchlike refined names—usually by those who consistently refuse to contribute even the proverbial cent.

Our problem, despite this criticism, is often couched in a negative form: "Why don't people give?"

Appeal after appeal is sent out, and with few exceptions only the same people respond. Hence we wonder why that wide margin of Church members persistently ignores the request for financial help.

Of course, we suggest answers to ourselves, which appear to explain the reasons why. Some don't give because they don't like us individually—most humiliating and embarrassing; but then it's part of the game.

Others are too poor, and others again are members of the "gimme" class, and have not been [illegible] as yet to the [illegible] grade, where "giving" is regarded as a necessary and privileged part of the make-up of every decent individual.

Further, anything one may write here is open to misunderstanding. But looking at the question from the positive angle: "Why do people give," will eliminate any risk of "putting one's foot into it."

One's remarks may then be regarded as a personal tribute to thousands who always cheerfully embrace the opportunity of responding to appeals, whether from the Church, or from some secular organisation.

I will not say that a man can be blamed very much for paying his income tax grudgingly; we are more or less chronic sufferers from this form of coercion, so we do it "with a jerk"—and I suppose always will.

It is not much use telling a man that he is extremely fortunate in having an income to tax, and, further, that his quota assists in keeping the wheels of industry and government running sweetly, like the music of the spheres.

Pleasure of Giving

"GIVING," however, has a different sort of feeling. It generates in the giver a delightful satisfaction tinged with the utmost pleasure. Some people may think this remark a huge joke!

Have you ever heard a choice story by a certain bishop in England? He was visiting an outlying parish in his diocese and was met at the station by the vicar who, though the day was extremely warm, carried an overcoat over his arm.

"You will surely not need your overcoat to-day," said the bishop "I know," was the reply, "but my wife is interested in a jumble sale, and when I carry things with me I know where they are."

The incident probably refers to the "kick" his wife experienced in giving, rather than to the poverty of the vicar's wardrobe!

Contrast this story with another. When Theodore Roosevelt was Police Commissioner in New York he asked an applicant for a position in the force: "If you were ordered to disperse a mob, what would you do?" "Pass round the hat," was the reply.

Canon H. W. BARDER, who writes about giving.

The applicant deserved the job, for he understood something of human nature in the mass.

Between these two extremes lies a very healthy "giving" complex, about which the remainder of this article will deal.

Causes Vary

THERE are quite a number of reasons prompting people to give to appeals and organisations.

Whether they give much or little is apart from our consideration just here, except to remark that the contribution of one who is in tight circumstances may be like the widow's two mites, which brought forth the observation: "This poor widow hath cast more in than all they which have cast into the treasury; for all they did cast in of their abundance, but she of her want did cast in all that she had, even all her living."

As the amount varies, so also does the object of people's giving vary.

There are those who will give their thousands for the care of animals, to protect them from cruelty—surely a strange commentary on human nature—and perhaps a hundred pounds or even nothing to shepherd the orphan, and those who have fallen by the wayside in life, often through no fault of their own.

Allowing for our strange idiosyncrasies I submit that, whilst there is an imperative "ought" about giving which decides for some people their attitude and subsequent response, generally speaking no one cause alone can account for the spirit that animates "giving."

Most often the reasons for "giving" are blended in the same individual.

I believe the outstanding reason why people give is "interest." They are interested in a person or cause, or both.

When a person is interested, for the time being he is more or less intimately identified with, and in reality part of, the object of his interest and it is relatively easy—in fact, it is inevitable—for him to give.

It is another angle on the difficult problem of "personal" responsibility. Giving is sacramental in its significance just here.

The man who gives because he is interested is shouldering a measure of responsibility in a manner that is seldom irksome. We have grown accustomed to regard the acceptance of one's responsibility as synonymous with pain, sacrifice, or suchlike unpleasant reaction.

"SHAMED into giving" has often brought forth a donation—even though a small one. Yet another popular reason for "giving"—not to be commended except in the interest of the organisation that receives the gift—is "ostentation."

There are social climbers in our midst and others who derive great satisfaction from seeing their names in print. Their gifts are very carefully placed.

A popular cause with a decided "society" flavor will always appeal to the individual who loves the plaudits of his fellows. Publicity of this sort has been known to lead to dizzy social heights!

But not always are the contributions offered with such ostentation considerable in amount.

Happy Moments

ON the other hand, I have grown to believe the sincerity of people who, in giving, add: "It gives me pleasure to send it," or "This is one of the happiest moments of my life!" They have learned the truth of the saying: "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

A most laudable reason for many of the gifts that find their way into the various charitable treasuries is "conviction," and here, too, responsibility plays an important role.

A man may not be particularly interested, but when the cause is presented to him in a convincing way the cheque is often forthcoming.

Anonymous donors are thus usually associated with such gifts. It may require little persuasion. On the other hand it may require much.

We have all heard of the tight-fisted church officer who would not subscribe to the funds for repairs to the building, until a chunk of plaster fell from the ceiling, and struck him, whereupon he subscribed two guineas, and another member exclaimed: "Lord, hit him again!"

A less worthy reason for "giving" is identified with the herd instinct in the race. In his book, entitled "Conduct," T. W. Pym observes:

"Much of the sub-Christian conscience is the standard set by the 'herd'; we belong to a herd; we belong to smaller herds within the main body.

"We do not like to be morally different from the herd; we hate to seem morally superior to it. Above all herd action saves us from the inconvenience of thought: thus sheep pass through a gate."

Three Types

THERE are "givers" and "givers," writes Canon Barder. One observer places them in three groups, labelled the "flint," the "sponge," and the "honeycomb."

It takes a blow of steel to get anything out of flint, and then it is often a vicious snap. The sponge must be squeezed, and even then it will not yield all it has absorbed. The honeycomb is but the frail cover for a store of sweetness, and for the smallest puncture it yields its sweetness.

Let's Talk Of *Interesting* People

Sang at Covent Garden

ELSA STENNING, pictured above, the young Sydney singer, achieved a great success at the last Grand Opera season at Covent Garden, where she had a big role in "Don Juan," with Lawrence Tibbett.

Last year she was principal boy in pantomime at Manchester. She has a three-year contract with the King's Theatre, Hammersmith. She is playing fairy queen in the pantomime there this year.

Famous Scientist

MISS GEORGINE A. MOERKE of Blue Island, Illinois (U.S.A.) is included in the ranks of the world's great women scientists.

She was credited recently with the discovery of a new tuberculosis enzyme while working at the William H. Mayhury Sanatorium, Detroit, where she is a bacteriologist.

—Mendelssohn.

Melbourne's Lord Mayor

MELBOURNE'S Lord Mayor (Cr. Edward Campbell), elected recently, is municipal administrator, engineer, golfer, and family man. He is managing director of the engineering firm founded by his father in 1886.

Educated at Yarraville State School, University High School and Wesley College, Melbourne, he was apprenticed in his father's workshops. Then he became sixth engineer on the Miltiades, and later spent two years studying engineering in Edinburgh.

He served in France with the 14th Field Company of Engineers, 5th Division, during the war; was elected to Melbourne City Council in 1921, and has held office ever since.

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EVERYBODY *Can* HAVE "IT" —*says* ELINOR GLYN

Mysterious Allure Not For Beauties Alone

By Cable from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our London Representative

You need not be beautiful to have "It," says Elinor Glyn, famous writer, who coined the phrase.

"It" is not physical perfection, but a state of mind which gives you a magnetic personality. Age does not matter. The mind can keep you eternally young, and when you are young you are beautiful. That is the secret.

AUBURN-HAIRED and vivacious Elinor Glyn, who is 73 and a grandmother of five but looks no more than 38, is engaged in moving from her gorgeously-furnished West End apartment into a quiet Sussex cottage.

There she intends to write a book which will give every woman her secret of youth—the secret of an attractive personality—which she calls "It."

"Yes, I have found the secret of youth, and I am going to give the secret to everyone.

"I do not want to make a profit from the book. Happiness in helping others is enough for me."

When I was ushered into her enormous drawing-room, with turquoise walls and satin-covered period furniture, with cushions, carpets, curtains, and flowers of the same shade, Elinor had just returned from a Christmas shopping expedition.

She was smartly dressed in a brown woollen costume with a chic hat and musquash coat. She showed no signs of fatigue.

Her beautiful skin is unwrinkled, her body is supple, and her brilliantly-green eyes sparkle like those of a young girl.

GRETA GARBO, whose magnetic and glamorous personality is to-day's conception of the "It" girl.

Youth Recipe

FONDLING a pair of enormous apricot-colored Persian cats, she summarised her youth recipe: "Control of the will, discipline of character, and correct attitude of mind will keep you young.

"Everyone should learn to discipline the will. I practise this for an hour daily.

"Can you look at one object for a moment, and then close your eyes and keep the picture clear in your mind? It is difficult at first, but later it becomes easier, until you are able to train your mind to see only beautiful things.

"The desire for beauty, nimbleness of mind, moderation in all things, plus a detachment which enables you to have a proper sense of proportion, and prevents undue worry about anything—these are all ingredients of the secret.

"I love everything beautiful, and I cannot understand why people allow themselves to grow old and ugly," said the author.

Asked if she did exercises, she replied: "No, my only exercise is dancing. I do not go to dances, but every afternoon I turn on the gramophone and dance with my cats!"

Elinor Glyn does not use make-up, and disapproves of girls disregarding the conventions. She dislikes drinking parties. "The only time I am lonely is when I am present at an uncongenial party. I never get bored when I am alone."

CLARA BOW, the original "It" girl, famous film star and raving beauty of yesteryear.

Nevertheless, she thinks the modern girls are marvellous.

"They are much better and nicer than the girls I invented. The girls to-day typify to a greater extent those who have 'It,' and the qualities implied in that word. This, incidentally, does not mean sex appeal, as many think, but a quality of personal magnetism."

How does Elinor Glyn's new definition of "It" apply to-day?

Clara Bow, possessed of great physical beauty, was the first "It" girl. At present Garbo, with her glamor and magnetic personality, appeals as the "It" girl of to-day.

The French actress, Annabella, and Luise Rainer are others that come readily to mind.

More Than Sex Appeal

ELINOR GLYN wrote a book called "It," and later Hollywood gave us the first example of the "It" girl in beautiful Clara Bow.

To-day Elinor says "It" is more than sex appeal, so our glamor girls are our "It" girls as well.

Elinor Glyn was the originator of the passionate romances which thrilled an older generation, but which are outmoded to-day. They include "Did She," "Love's Hour," "Sooner or Later," "Reflections of Ambrosine," "Halcyone," "The Man and the Moment," "The Flirt and the Flapper," "It," and "Three Weeks."

Here are typical extracts from an Elinor Glyn novel:

"I think men are cleverer than women, or, perhaps, more simple. They can throw dust in their own eyes concerning their motives or behaviour.

"I used to have quite a different idea of love. No one that I would have even looked at has made the slightest advances to me, however, so I probably don't know anything about it. But when I read of it in the books Mumsie had, it gives me a kind of longing and regret for I don't know what. But the kind in the modern books makes me feel sick, so perhaps it is just as well that none of it flows my way."

ELINOR GLYN, who gave the word "It" to the language as a description of female charm. She now says that "It" is not so much physical perfection as magnetic personality.

Next Week!

NEXT week's issue of The Australian Women's Weekly will contain a beautiful full-page colored picture of Shirley Temple alongside her Christmas tree. Well worth framing, it will be a delightful decoration for any nursery.

There will also be an attractive colored Pixie picture by that well-known Australian artist, Pixie O'Harris. Another adornment for the nursery.

ROMANTIC COURT *Scene was Like a* FILM STORY

Beautiful Woman Who Made Jurymen Weep

By MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Correspondent in London

To escape publicity, Madame Irene Schmeder, heroine in the aerial love drama over Paris, when she shot her airman lover, M. l'Allement, is to live in London.

She will spend Christmas with friends and will then look for a job as pilot in England.

"I AM too well known in France," she said. "I must escape from it all, and live quietly. My life may have as happy an ending as the court drama through which I passed."

Superbly gowned and beautiful, Madame Schmeder was carried fainting from the court after the jury had acquitted her on a charge of shooting her lover while they were flying together over Paris.

The whole case was more like a film drama than a story from real life.

Jurymen broke down and wept in court, and when Irene was fined a nominal sum a crowd of 1000 people surged round the court entrance to catch a glimpse of her, or shake her by the hand.

Like the lovely lady in a romantic novel, her pathetic story won everybody's sympathy, and men and women openly wept as she told of the romance which almost ended in tragedy.

Flashing her beautiful eyes at the jury, Irene said: "I decided to shoot my lover, l'Allement, when I discovered he had been unfaithful to me. First I thought I would kill myself. Then I decided to kill him as well while we were flying together in the plane which had given us much happiness to possess.

"I see it was all a dreadful mistake now. I still love him, and have asked his forgiveness."

Although wounded in the neck, the airman managed to bring his plane to earth and then collapsed. Madame Schmeder took off again, and flew across the Channel to Sussex, where she was arrested.

Moved by her public avowal of her love for him, l'Allement withdrew all charges against her and pleaded for her acquittal. He said it was merely a lovers' quarrel carried too far.

"Our plane was the symbol of our love. I loved him so much that I wanted him to die with me," said Madame Irene.

Three jurymen wept unrestrainedly while the charge was altered from a serious one to that of simple assault.

To complete the story book atmosphere of the proceedings, Madame Schmeder fainted when she was acquitted, and was carried tenderly to her car by three handsome gendarmes.

Paris papers call it the first love drama of the air, and suggest that the airliner, not the drawing-room, will be the scene of the passionate romances of the future.

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HIGHEST BEAUTY *Average* *In The* WORLD

Hungarian Visitor's Tribute to Australian Girls

Australian girls are highly praised by two recent international visitors.

Baron de Hoyningen-Huene, international fashion photographer, who has photographed the most beautiful women in the world, said last week that Australian girls are real beauties.

And now Mr. Istyan Kelen, one of two Hungarian table tennis champions who have been playing matches in Australia, says that the beauty average of Australian girls is the highest in the world.

"I LIKE travelling in Sydney trains because I know I shall always see two or three marvellous girls," Mr. Kelen said, "and that is something that happens nowhere else in the world. The French girl may dress well, but she is by no means perfect in build.

"In other European countries there are many glorious women, but there is not the same average of beauty to be found as in Australia among working girls, society girls, and married women.

"The Australian girl is beautiful, I think, because she is healthy. She has marvellous physique, dresses well, and uses very little make-up because she doesn't need it. She is very natural, too—I've hardly seen any of the affectedness and artificiality that make the most beautiful women rather annoying in some other countries."

A tall, dark and handsome young bachelor, he is leaving here in a few days in the Nellore to tour Japan. However, he is returning to Australia next June after a visit to South Africa.

During a visit to England last year he taught Queen Elizabeth and the little Princesses to play table tennis.

"The Queen watched a match between another Hungarian, Barna, and myself at the British Industries Fair," he explained. "She was very enthusiastic and later I was told she would like to take lessons. I gave her several lessons at the Fair and later at Buckingham Palace, where the King has a table in a room next to his office so that he can play whenever he has any spare time.

"The Queen plays very seriously and seldom talks while she is playing. The little Princesses, however, laugh at each other and treat table tennis very much as a game."

Strenuous Game

IN Japan, where table tennis originated, Mr. Kelen and his partner, Mr. Keltnorova, will meet the Emperor and will play a series of matches.

He told The Australian Women's Weekly that there are 1000 table tennis clubs in England with more than 40,000 players.

Championship table tennis, he explained, was a most exacting game, and not by any means the nursery pastime that many people were inclined to imagine it.

It called for concentration, quick thinking and endurance of the highest order. Lack of condition was fatal. A player would never see a championship contest through to the finish unless perfectly fit.

The consequence was that players in the front rank had to guard their condition jealously, and in getting ready for title events had to undergo a preparation almost as strenuous as any boxer or field athlete.

The public took a keen interest in the game in England, and during the season the title events attracted large crowds.

Incidentally, he pointed out that interest in the game was increasing in Australia. There were now about 3000 players in clubs in several States.

"The standard of table tennis in Australia," he says, "is higher among women than men."

Besides being a table tennis champion, Mr. Kelen is a novelist, short story writer, and newspaper contributor. His newspaper articles on Australia, printed in a Hungarian paper, are to be published in book form.

A children's story, "The Wonderful Little Girl," is shortly to be published in Australia.

Why Women Use Make-up

AGREEING with Mr. Kelen that Australian girls used very little make-up because they did not need it, the Baron de Hoyningen-Huene summarised the world situation in this regard very neatly:

English women don't wear much. They don't need to.

"Americans buy cosmetics because advertisements teach them to think they must.

"And the Frenchwoman HAS to make up."

MR. ISTYAN KELEN, Hungarian table tennis champion, who says that the beauty average of Australian girls is the highest in the world.

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LAVISH NURSERY *for Rich Hutton* BABY

But it will not be a Bombproof Shelter

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Correspondent in London

Fantastic stories have been circulated lately that the Countess Barbara Haugwitz von Reventlow (formerly Barbara Hutton, and heiress of the Woolworth millions) is building a new London mansion on the lines of a bombproof fortress for the protection of her son, Lance, who is now 19 months old.

But while the mansion is being erected on a scale of lavishness in keeping with the fortune of the owner, it has no bullet-proof windows, bomb-proof walls, or armored interiors.

WHEN I visited the new Reventlow home in the exclusive Regent's Park area, an irate architect protested vehemently about the absurd stories that had been published.

"My clients are very much annoyed," he said angrily. "Bomb-proof shelters? Bullet-proof windows? Ridiculous!"

To prove his point he pounded on the walls of one of the downstairs rooms until the whole house rang. "Does that sound bombproof?" he asked.

THEN he pointed to the ceiling where a hole had been knocked through for ventilation, revealing a thickness of about eight inches. Far from bomb-proof, the structure looked almost flimsy.

He walked over to a window on the ground floor and with a stick knocked out a small pane of glass.

"I guess that proves it isn't bullet-proof!" he shouted.

He refused to show the second floor of the house where the baby's nursery is located, stating that an inspection would not be permitted until the house was completed.

A story that baby Reventlow was to have an apartment all to himself, with a separate entrance, was also denied.

"Who ever heard of a baby having his own apartment?" the architect asked. "It's just that it's a little bigger than the nurseries most children have."

All the same, the nursery is being constructed on elaborate lines.

The day nursery has pearl-tinted walls, with life-size children painted on two of them.

The child's bathroom, with pastel grey walls, rubber flooring, and heated towel rails, has an ingenious heating arrangement leading into the wall above the door which will play on the baby while he is being dried.

The night nursery is also of pearl-color, with a ledge running around the upper half for toys and books, and it adjoins the nurse's bedroom and private bath.

Invisible lighting is a feature throughout the Georgian mansion, a modern feature contrasting not uncomfortably with the marble fireplaces and panelling imported from an old chateau in France, and being installed by important French workmen.

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RED PAVILION

Complete Short Story

Peru, of course, had spots of romance. There were the tropic rivers and the funny water craft with the Indian sitting astern.

Marcia discovered that her marital happiness was more important than a permanent address

TWO tiny creases etched themselves between Marcia's brows when she saw Steve staggering up the walk, his chin thrust forward with the unmistakable old-time challenge. She hated Steve's swashbuckling moods, but they recurred in spite of the sedative influence of a year of marriage and Wendover. Whenever anything happened to remind him that his job had once been building bridges in the far places of the world, he'd go around for days with a vagabond gleam in his eyes, talking about South America.

Marcia remembered the tussle it had been to induce Steve to settle in Wendover instead of dragging her off to a construction camp somewhere in Peru. Dust, heat, stupid Indian labor, sweating, shouting American engineers. An incongruous setting for Judge Emerson Worth's granddaughter!

Peru, of course, had spots of romance. There were the tropic rivers and the funny water craft with the Indian sitting astern. She imagined herself in such a situation on a romantic night with an interesting young man but, no.

"No roving for me." That had been her ultimatum.

Steve had snorted when she told him.

"The Worths," she had told him proudly, "have lived in Wendover for almost two hundred years. We don't believe in roaming around like nomads. We're civilised! We like streets with shade trees and houses with front lawns and hedges."

"I suppose girls do get married and go to live with their husbands, even in Wendover," he had grumbled.

So they had married and settled in Wendover.

The front door slammed and Marcia lifted an eyebrow. She waited until Steve had boomed "Marcia!" twice in the front hall before she called, "Right here, Steve. What's the excitement?"

He rushed to her, waving a letter. Steve in his energetic moments gave the impression of being too big for the room. Too big, in fact, for anything less spacious than a couple of deserts and a mountain range or two.

"Hey!" he greeted her eagerly. "Guess what? Dick's coming to see us this afternoon. Dick Lane, you know. We roomed together at Tech."

Marcia's mind flew to the refrigerator. "Gracious, Steve! It's after two now, and of course he'll stay to dinner?"

Steve glanced absentmindedly at the clock. "We can put them up over night, can't we? They're motoring through, so they'll be leaving early in the morning."

"They?"

"Dick and his wife. They're just back from Mexico. Dick's in mining, you know. I've never met his wife, but she must be a good egg to catch Dick."

Marcia thought. "Oh, of course. And after they've gone Steve will go around studying maps for a month."

Dick and Sidney Lane arrived driving a rattle-trap car of uncertain age. Dick was just such a sunburned young scapegrace as Steve had been before Marcia had rescued him and dragged him to the safe backwaters of Wendover. Sid Lane—idiotic name, Marcia thought—had frank grey eyes that saw everything and liked most of what they saw, and a mouth that laughed often and looked as if it could keep on laughing even when the going wasn't so good. Her bright, bobbed hair was brushed back from her sun-browned face in soft careless waves, and she walked with a limber-hipped swing.

Marcia wondered, while they shook hands and appraised each other, what she could find to say to this vivid, casual creature while Steve and Dick went into a huddle over the map of Mexico. She need not have worried. Sid dived promptly into the huddle and she and Dick became simultaneously voluble with explanations of what they'd been doing down beyond the Rio Grande. Steve shot eager questions.

All three rattled such technical jargon that Marcia felt completely out of it. She leaned back in her chair and watched, at first in self-conscious silence, then angrily. A woman should have more restraint, she thought resentfully. A fine wife Sidney Lane must make, tearing around from country to country and never achieving peace and stability.

By H. B. DAVEY

A woman ought to be an anchor, holding her husband to a gracious, orderly life.

Sidney said to Marcia suddenly, over her shoulder, "Why don't you coax your husband to go into construction work again, Mrs. Hollister? You'd have such fun!"

Steve laughed immoderately. "Taboo subject, Mrs. Lane," he warned before Marcia could answer. "You couldn't pry Mar away from Wendover with a crowbar!"

"Gracious!" Sid Lane cried, totally unaware of giving offence. "With all the places there are in the world, I'd hate to try only one."

She turned to Steve, equal addressing equal. "South America's the country," she said. "Dick and I are looking in that direction, aren't we, Dick?" She ruffled her husband's hair with affectionate thoroughness.

"My last job was a bridge in Peru," Steve mentioned sombrely. His lean face looked stern when he was not smiling.

"A great continent," Dick Lane agreed, absently rumpling his wife's hair in retaliation. "It's a real man's country, not too civilised. Raw material, waiting for engineers." He turned to his wife. "And that's us, eh, Sid?"

"You bet!" Sid agreed emphatically. "Wherever you go, I'm trotting right along, old pal."

Marcia rose, her lovely lips set primly together. "You'll excuse me?" she asked politely.

She slapped the steak into the sizzling pan with vicious energy, and cored grapefruit with more than necessary zeal, wishing that she were scalping Sid Lane. But she arranged the table with care and surveyed proudly the resulting symphony of china and damask, glassware and candles and flowers. The visible symbol of a well-ordered home, of gracious living. So Marcia thought as she surveyed it, contrasting it with her imagined idea of the mess shack of a construction camp, crude, clattery, full of roughly dressed, careless-mannered men.

Sid Lane exclaimed when she entered, "Oh, what a stunning looking table! You must be a wonderful housekeeper, Mrs. Hollister." And Dick added, "Yes, it looks good enough to eat," at which Steve laughed boisterously. Then they sat down and talked Mexico, with side excursions into South America and a couple of tentative trips to Peru.

After dinner they played bridge, not very successfully. Then they abandoned the game and the three just talked on and on, each seeming to find the keenest, most stimulating delight in the other's conversation. It was not, from Marcia's viewpoint, a successful evening.

She was about to tell Steve so when they were alone that night, but before she could frame the words Steve yawned, stretched luxuriously, and rumbled in a tone of deep content! "Oh, boy, oh, boy, what an evening! Haven't had so much fun in months."

Marcia was pointedly silent, but Steve, climbing into pyjamas, rambled innocently on. "What a guy Dick is! And what a girl he's got!" He yawned prodigiously and tumbled into bed. "Dick was mighty lucky to find a girl like Sid," he continued tactlessly. "She's an ideal engineer's wife!"

IN the morning, after Dick and Sidney had rattled off gaily in their preposterous car, Steve was curt and silent until he left for the office. Marcia knew the symptoms. Time and again, after something had occurred to remind him of the life he had abandoned, he had gone about making everyone around him suffer because he was in Wendover while he wanted to be in some outlandish place on the other side of the world.

And Steve thought Sid Lane the ideal wife! thought Marcia. A happy-go-lucky piece who would probably spread a blanket on the edge of a volcano and call it home. Across the shaded street she could see her old home standing behind dignified hedges, every inch of its old-fashioned red brick structure suggesting solidity, permanence. She thought of Sid Lane rattling across the continent in a disreputable car, her bright, careless hair blowing in the wind. "The ideal wife!" Marcia muttered, disdainfully but bitterly.

Please turn to Page 14

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THE CITADEL...

Early ideals are gradually being forgotten by Dr. Manson in his ambition for success. He now makes his first effort towards a society practice.

By A. J. CRONIN

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

DR. ANDREW MANSON, a young, ambitious Scotsman, begins his medical career in Blaenelly, a mining town in South Wales, later getting his experience in Aberalaw, where, during five years working hard among the miners, he gains high medical degrees.

CHRISTINE, his wife, a former schoolteacher, intelligent and cultured, is a big factor towards his success.

They eventually leave Aberalaw, and, on the brilliance of a thesis written by Andrew on his investigation into various pulmonary diseases prevalent in mining districts, he receives and accepts an offer from the Coal Mines Board to do research work. After touring the mining districts of Wales for the Board he submits a report, but disagrees with the views of

DR. BIGSBY, on the committee, and resigns. After a wide search for a London practice, Andrew purchases the late

DR. FOY'S, situated in a poor quarter. He meets a former colleague,

FREDDIE HAMPTON, successful but unscrupulous, who has Andrew meet his medical friends. This gives him a new perspective on his career.

Finances begin to worry the Mansons until a casual patient whom he has successfully treated takes a fancy to Andrew, and recommends others from a smart emporium where she is employed. She is responsible for his first chance towards a better practice by recommending him to

WINIFRED EVERETT, wealthy spinster, who pays him handsomely and advises him to pay more attention to his appearance.

NOW READ ON.

ANDREW was self-conscious as a schoolboy when, a fortnight later, he came down in one of his two new suits. It was a dark, double-breasted grey, worn, on Rogers' suggestion, with a wing collar and a dark bow-tie which picked up the shade of the grey. There was not the shadow of a doubt, the Conduit Street tailor knew his job, and the mention of Captain Sutton's name had made him do it thoroughly.

This morning, as it fell out, Christine was not looking at her best. She had a slight sore throat and had wound her old scarf protectively around her throat and head. She was pouring his coffee, when the radiance of his presence burst upon her. For a moment she was too staggered to speak.

"Why, Andrew!" she gasped. "You look wonderful. Are you going anywhere?"

"Going anywhere? I'm going on my rounds, my work, of course!" Being self-conscious made him almost snappy. "Well! Do you like it?"

"Yes," she said, not quickly enough to please him. "It's—it's frightfully smart—but"—she smiled—"somehow it doesn't quite seem you!"

"You'd rather keep me looking like a tramp, I suppose."

She was silent, her hand raising her cup suddenly contracted so that the knuckles showed white. Ah! he thought, I got her there. He finished breakfast and entered the consulting-room.

Five minutes later she followed him there, scarf still around her throat, her eyes hesitant, pleading.

"Darling," she said, "please don't misunderstand me! I'm delighted to see you in a new suit. I want you to have everything, everything that's best for you. I'm sorry I said that a moment ago but you see—I'm accustomed to you—oh! it's awfully hard to explain — but I've always identified you as—now please don't misunderstand me—as someone who doesn't give a hang about how he looks or how people think he looks. You remember that Epstein head we saw. That it wouldn't have looked quite the same if—oh! if it had been trimmed and polished up."

● *"DARLING," Chris. said, "please don't misunderstand me! I'm delighted to see you in a new suit. I want you to have everything, everything that's best for you."*

He answered abruptly: "I'm not an Epstein head."

She made no reply. Lately, he had been difficult to reason with and, hurt at this misunderstanding, she did not know what to say. Still hesitating, she turned away.

Three weeks later when Miss Everett's niece came to spend a few weeks in London he was rewarded for his wide observance of the elder lady's hint. On a pretext Miss Everett summoned him to Park Gardens, where she scanned him with severe approval. He could almost see her passing him as a fit candidate for her recommendation. On the following day he received a call from Mrs. Sutton, who, since the condition ran, apparently, in the family, wished the same hay-fever treatment as her aunt. This time he had no compunction about injecting the useless Eptone of the useful Messrs. Glickert. He made an excellent impression upon Mrs. Sutton. And before the end of that same month he was called to a friend of Miss Everett's who also occupied a flat in Park Gardens.

Andrew was highly diverted with himself. He was winning, winning, winning. In his straining eagerness for success he forgot how contrary was his progress to all that he had hitherto believed. His vanity was touched. He felt alert and confident. He did not pause to reflect that this rolling snowball of his high-class practice had been started, in the first place, by a fat little German woman behind the counter of a ham and beef shop near that vulgar Musselburgh Market. Indeed, almost before he had time to reflect at all the snowball took a further downhill roll—another and more exciting opportunity was offered to his grasp.

One afternoon in June, the zero hour between two o'clock and four, when nothing of consequence normally occurred, he was sitting in the consulting-room, totalling his receipts for the past month, when suddenly the phone rang. Three seconds and he was at the instrument.

"Yes, yes! This is Doctor Manson speaking."

A voice, anguished and palpitant, came back to him.

"OH, Doctor Manson! I'm relieved to find you in. This is Mr. Winch—Mr. Winch of Laurier's. We've had a slight mishap to one of our customers. Could you come? Could you come at once?"

"I'll be there in four minutes." Andrew clicked back the receiver and sprang for his hat. A 15 bus, hurtling outside, solidly sustained his impetuous leap. In four minutes and a half he was inside the revolving doors of Laurier's, met by an anxious Miss Cramb, and escorted over swimming surfaces of green-piled carpet, past long gilt mirrors and satinwood panelling against which, as if by chance, there could be seen one small hat on its stand, a lacy scarf, an ermine evening wrap. As they hastened, with rapid earnestness, Miss Cramb explained:

"It's Miss le Roy, Doctor Manson. One of our customers. Not mine, thank goodness, she's always giving trouble. But, Doctor Manson, you see I spoke to Mr. Winch about you——"

"Thanks," brusquely — he could still, on occasion, be brusque! "What's happened?"

"She seems—oh, Doctor Manson—she seems to have had a fit in the fit-fitting room!"

At the head of the broad staircase she surrendered him to Mr. Winch, pinkly agitated, who fluttered:

"This way, doctor — this way —, I hope you can do something. It's most dreadfully unfortunate——"

Into the fitting-room, warm, exquisitely carpeted in a lighter shade of green, with gilt and green panelled walls, a crowd of twittering girls, a gilt chair upturned, a towel thrown down, a spilled glass of water, pandemonium. And there, the centre of it all, Miss le Roy, the woman in the fit.

Please turn to Page 26

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Complete Short Story

GHOST of CASTLEHALL

By.. Ethel MANNIN

THE moment she set eyes on Castlehall, Dorothy knew that it was exactly the sort of "country place" she and Peter had been looking for. It was a beautiful old Tudor house, standing in spacious wooded grounds which were now a wilderness of overgrown shrubs and weeds, but which, as Dorothy pointed out to Peter, could be soon subdued to order.

Peter was dubious from the first. The house, he said, had obviously been untenanted for months; it was in a bad state of unrepair, and the price was ridiculously low.

"The place is probably over-running with rats or something. Nobody in their senses would let a house like this go for a couple of thousand if there wasn't something radically the matter with it! And Major Derk and his agents are much too anxious to get rid of it. I tell you, Dorothy, there's something fishy about it!"

But Dorothy had set her heart on the place and refused to consider the probability of rats or anything else.

"We can always let the place if we find we don't like it," she urged, "and think what topping house parties we could give in a place like that. We can have a house full of people at Christmas. And what a beautiful address, 'Castlehall'—I mean it positively suggests Yule logs and mistletoe boughs, doesn't it?"

And Peter, to whom two thousand pounds was not a great deal of money, and who had long ago formed the habit of finally giving in to his wife, gave in, telling himself that he could always sell the place or let it if his misgivings about it proved true, or Dorothy got tired of it, as he supposed she would as soon as she had given this Christmas house party she had set her heart on.

Dorothy was a creature of whims. Last year, he reflected, she had been all for Christmas on the Riviera, with mimosa and sunshine. This year she wanted snow and English holly and mistletoe—and Castlehall.

But Dorothy was rather an adorable person, and Peter asked very little more of life, really, than the privilege of indulging her whims.

So Peter acquired Castlehall for Dorothy as a sort of preliminary Christmas gift, and Dorothy proceeded to fill it with old furniture, and to convert what had been an Elizabethan servants' hall into a neo-Georgian dance-room, and to enjoy her "haunted house," as she laughingly christened it, immensely.

THE bright young people of Dorothy's and Peter's set who began to fill the house early in December all insisted, with neo-Georgian scepticism, that the house must have a ghost.

"It positively reeks of ghosts," they said, helping themselves to cocktails.

To Dorothy's intense surprise, however, Peter's dislike of the house persisted.

"I can't explain it," he said, "but I feel somehow that there's something queer about the place. I was questioning old Hardwick, the gardener fellow, and he told me that nobody ever stays here, and that that was why Major Derk was so keen on selling the place. He wanted to get rid of it."

"But why?" Dorothy asked, bewildered. "There's nothing wrong with it—the drains are all right; we haven't seen a trace of a rat or mouse. Perhaps it's because people don't want a place so far out of town nowadays; it is rather off the map, isn't it, and of course it's old-fashioned, no central heating, and having to make our own electric light and things like that."

"I don't think that's got anything to do with it," Peter answered. "I think it's the atmosphere of the place. Don't you feel it? That the house, or something in the house, resents your being there, as though you were an intruder?"

Dorothy shook her head. "How queer you are, Peter! It's the people in the house who make its atmosphere." Even as she spoke there was the sound of a gramophone and laughing voices.

She sat up suddenly and blind, unreasoning fear swept over her.

Illustrated by WEP

It was a beautiful old Tudor house, standing in spacious wooded grounds which were now a wilderness of overgrown shrubs and weeds.

Peter said: "It isn't only the people in the house who create its atmosphere—there's the spirit of the people who have once lived there to be reckoned with."

Dorothy's only answer was to ruffle his hair, tell him not to be morbid, and to urge him to come and have a cocktail.

A few days before Christmas, however, Dorothy, returning from one of the glasshouses with some flowers for the table, was aware of an unfamiliar figure leaning on the gate and looking towards the house from the road. In the dusk of the winter afternoon Dorothy could only make out that the figure was a girl with a pale face and dark eyes—curious dark eyes that regarded her sullenly.

"As though I'd no right to be walking in my own garden," as Dorothy, recounting the incident to Peter, afterwards described it.

To her surprise Peter said, "I've seen a girl hanging about the place on and off for the last fortnight. I asked Hardwick about her, and told him to warn her off. He said that she was a village girl, Hester Pearce, and that when the house was empty she would spend whole days roaming about the grounds of the place.

"She's rather eccentric, it appears; there's a young architect who wants to marry her, and everyone knows that she's madly in love with him, yet she won't marry him. Her people run the little art shop in the village, and from what Hardwick says she appears to be quite clever, in spite of her strangeness; she paints pottery and things like that."

Dorothy looked troubled. "But why should she hang about here? She's so wild and strange-looking."

"I know. I don't like it. And I don't like Hardwick's manner. He seemed stunned when I mentioned that we'd bought the place and weren't just renting it. He looked at me—curiously. I asked him what was wrong with the place and he laughed sort of awkwardly, and said nothing that he knew of, only that I'd find that I wouldn't get any servants to sleep there over Christmas.

"I told the man he was a fool, but he said that he'd always done the gardens of Castlehall when anyone was living there, and he'd never yet known any servants to sleep there over Christmas nor any tenant who had been there at Christmas to remain there. The last lot, he said, packed up and returned to town on Christmas morning!"

Dorothy said: "I don't believe it. The man is simply a village gossip. None of the servants has said anything to me yet about not staying there over Christmas. It's absurd."

In spite of her attempt to treat the matter with contempt, however, Dorothy felt that she had better interview the servants. It would be awkward to be servantless at Christmas with a house full of visitors. She sent for the cook then and there.

She said: "I am relying on you to do your best over Christmas. I shall not be able to spare any of you. You understand that?"

The cook fidgeted with her apron.

Please turn to Page 12

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SHIP to TARSHISH

A Complete Short Story
by
JOHN BUCHAN

Illustrated by
WYNNE W. DAVIES

Brilliant writer of thrillers and spy stories, John Buchan, Baron of Tweedsmuir, is also Governor-General of Canada

THE talk one evening turned on the metaphysics of courage. It is a subject which most men are a little shy of discussing. They will heartily applaud a friend's pluck, but it is curious how rarely they will label a man a coward.

Perhaps the reason is that we are all odd mixtures of strength and weakness, brave in certain things, timid in others; and since each is apt to remember his private funks more vividly than the things about which he is bold, we are chary about dogmatising.

Lamancha propounded the thesis that everybody had a yellow streak in them.

Sandy Arbuthnot observed that the most temerarious deeds were often done by people who had begun by funking, and then, in the shame of the rebound, did a good deal more than those who had no qualms. "The man who says I go not, and afterwards repents and goes, generally travels the devil of a long way."

"Like Jonah," said Lamancha, "who didn't like the job allotted him, and took ship to Tarshish to get away from it, and then repented and went like a raging lion to Nineveh."

Collatt, who had been a sailor and one of the Q-boat heroes in the war, demurred. "I wonder if Nineveh was as unpleasant as the whale's belly," he said. Then he told us a story in illustration, not, as one would have expected, out of his wild sea memories, but from his experience in the city, where he was now a bill-broker:

I got to know Jim Hallward first when he had just come down from the University. He was a tall, slim, fair-haired lad, with a soft voice and the kind of manners which make the ordinary man feel a lout. Eton and Christ Church had polished him till he fairly glistened.

His clothes were sober works of art, and he was the cleanest thing you ever saw—always seemed to have just shaved and bathed after a couple of hours' hard exercise.

Somebody called him an "apolaustic epicene," which sounded accurate, though I don't know what the words mean. He used to come down to business about 11 o'clock and leave at four—earlier in summer, when he played polo at Hurlingham.

This lotus-eating existence lasted for two years. His father was the head of Hallwards, the merchant-bankers, who had been in existence since before the Napoleonic Wars. It was an old-fashioned private firm with a tremendous reputation, but for some years it had been dropping a little out of the front rank.

It had very few of the big issues, and, though reckoned as solid as the Bank of England, it had hardly kept pace with new developments. But just about the time Jim came down from Oxford his father seemed to get a new lease of life.

Hallwards suddenly became ultra-progressive, took in a new manager from one of the big joint-stock banks, and launched out into business which before it would not have touched with the end of a barge-pole. I fancy the old man wanted to pull up the firm before he died, so as to leave a good thing to his only child.

In this new activity Jim can't have been of much use. His other engagements did not leave him a great deal of time to master the complicated affairs of a house like Hallwards. He spoke of his city connection with a certain distaste.

The set he had got into were mostly eldest sons with political ambitions, and if Jim had any serious inclination it was towards Parliament, which he proposed to enter in a year or two. For the rest he played polo, and hunted, and did a little steeplechasing, and danced assiduously.

Dancing was about the only thing he did really well, for he was only a moderate horseman and his politics were not to be taken seriously.

So he was the complete flaneur, agreeable, popular, beautifully mannered, highly ornamental and the most useless creature on earth.

You see, he had slacked at school, and had just scraped through college, and had never done a real piece of work in his life.

In the autumn of 192— whispers began to circulate about the Hallwards. It seemed that they were doing a very risky class of business, and people shrugged their shoulders.

But no one was prepared for the almighty crash which came at the beginning of the New Year. The firm had been trying to get control of a colonial railway, and for this purpose was quietly buying up the ordinary stock. But an American group, with unlimited capital, was out on the same track, and the result was that the price was forced up, and Hallwards were foolish enough to go on buying.

They borrowed up to the limit of their capacity and called a halt too late. If the thing had been known in time the city might have made an effort to keep the famous old firm on its legs, but it all came like a thunderclap.

Please turn to Page ■12

Jim Hallward led a lotus-eating existence. He played polo . . . hunted . . . did a little steeple-chasing . . . danced assiduously.

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THE KING'S DAUGHTERS . . .

Concluding an intimate and authentic study of Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose

It is with great regret that we bring to a close this fascinating study of the children of our King and Queen, which has been appearing exclusively in serial form in The Australian Women's Weekly.

This week Lady Cynthia Asquith gives us an intimate glimpse of Their Majesties' simple country house, Royal Lodge, Windsor Great Park, taking us into Princess Elizabeth's and Princess Margaret's own charming rooms.

Having brought their story up to the present year, we must, of course, leave them to grow up a little more, and so we end with the greatest event of their young lives—the Coronation of their father and mother.

By LADY CYNTHIA ASQUITH

Written and published by the gracious permission of Their Majesties, and illustrated with many photographs taken by the King himself.

THESE DELIGHTFUL SNAPS, taken by His Majesty the King, and graciously lent by him to The Australian Women's Weekly, have never been published before. They show Princess Margaret Rose at the ages of four (above) and five.

A LOVELY informal study of Princess Elizabeth with one of her pets.

IT was a great relief to the Princesses when their father became King to be told that, though Windsor Castle must now of course be occupied for State occasions, there was to be no question of Royal Lodge—their parents' cherished little private country home—being given up.

It would indeed have been too sad if the Princesses had had to leave their very own gardens and their old friend the toad who inhabited the flower beds.

And the Queen has made "indoors" so delightful, too. Let us glance inside the children's own rooms, beginning with the nursery which looks out on to the Welsh Cottage and the sunken garden.

In the color scheme of this room the prevailing note is a warm cream. The carpet is a pale fawn. The curtains have a design of scattered pink flowers on a cream foundation.

In the walls there are lovely toy cupboards that light automatically when their doors are opened, several very comfortable diminutive easy-chairs, and a nice soft sofa to sprawl on.

The fire-screen is embroidered with music and nursery rhymes. Standing on the mantelpiece a picture of Queen Elizabeth presides over a room pleasantly populated with diverse toy animals, especially with stuffed lions and their cubs.

The walls of the schoolroom are also painted cream and its carpet is fawn colored. The centre table — easily scrubbed—is of plain oak; the chairs of white apple wood, and all the chintzes are pink.

Almost the whole of one side of this room is taken up by a model farm, all the livestock of which has been gradually collected from Woolworth's toy department.

On the other side of the room is a book-case filled with very special books, many of them given by Queen Mary, including a set on poets, musicians and artists, which belonged to Queen Alexandra.

Colored maps of the world adorn one wall. Each Princess has her own special clock, and Princess Margaret has already learned that most difficult lesson, that it is the small and not the big hand that tells the hour.

Playing Tennis

IN Princess Elizabeth's lovely cream and pink bedroom all the chintzes are quilted.

The heart-shaped dressing-table has an apron made of the chintz that covers the chairs, and on it, symmetrically arranged, gleams the pink enamel set of brushes, combs, mirrors, boxes, hand-glass, etc., given by Queen Mary.

The large cupboard for the Princess' clothes is of walnut wood. It is scarcely necessary to say that the pictures on the walls are of horses.

The color scheme of Princess Margaret's bedroom is very much the same as her sister's. The armchairs are covered in a chintz of pink and blue flowers on a cream background.

The lovely little wooden bed is carved with thistles at its four corners and a York Rose adorns its top.

Besides all the old outdoor attractions at Royal Lodge, there is the new hard tennis court that had just been made.

The Princesses love to watch their parents playing a single, and are soon to learn to play themselves, but Princess Margaret must wait until she is a little higher than the net!

Yes, it is lovely to know that in spite of all the exciting changes in their lives, there will still be those peaceful family week-ends, undisturbed by officials or visitors, when they will be able to watch their mother carefully cultivating her "wild garden" and applaud their father reviving himself from the labors of the week by wielding his axe with all his old energy and dexterity.

BUT, blessed sanctuary though it be, even Royal Lodge cannot protect the children it has in its keeping from the inevitable sorrows of life, and recently the Princesses suffered a very sad bereavement.

The life of Peggy, the darling, rather temperamental pony, on whose sturdy back they had both learned to ride, came to an end.

"Are you going to ride Peggy today?" asked someone, who had not heard of the tragedy.

"No," answered Princess Margaret. "Peggy's dead. Peggy's gone to Heaven, and I expect Jesus is riding on her now, instead of on that donkey Mummie told us about."

A new pony called Comet has lately joined the others in the stables at Royal Lodge. No doubt he will soon be as dearly loved as his predecessor, but at present he still has much ground to make up.

"His countenance is not nearly so pleasant, and he is much less nice to feed," pronounced Princess Elizabeth.

It was at a quarter to six on Thursday, the 18th of February, that the King's daughters actually moved into Buckingham Palace.

Palace Life

SAD though it had been to leave the happy home of her early childhood, Princess Elizabeth was soon obliged to admit that her new residence had some very remarkable advantages.

To begin with, the gloriously large and unoverlooked garden of which they now have the full freedom makes an immense difference to everyday life in London. Forty acres allow plenty of room for every kind of game.

They can bicycle to their hearts' content, play Red Indians, race themselves to a standstill, and get just as hot and untidy as they like without fear of any camera fiend, with the possible exception of some very enterprising airman.

And then there is the large lake with boats and, if ever we have a proper winter again, they will be able to learn to skate in their own garden. (It was while skating on this very lake that their great-great-grandfather, Prince Albert, once fell through the ice.)

No wet weather need ever hinder them from being thoroughly well exercised; for in Buckingham Palace there are literally miles of red-carpeted passages down which the children can tear to their hearts' content, and the elder sister can run quite out of sight of the younger.

And, when the time comes, these vast passages will be marvellous places for teaching their little cousins of Kent to "pretend horses."

It is a very long time since the walls of this great Palace resounded to the ring of children's laughter and the scamper of their feet.

The sons and daughters of Queen Victoria were the last children who were brought up under its roof.

I should imagine it will be some months before this latest generation of the Royal Family really learn their way about their vast home or find time to examine half its contents.

Amongst other unusual features, it has its own Post Office, and the newcomers found it very amusing to meet a real live postman indoors, and to learn that he delivered their letters at the doors of their very own rooms.

Continued on Page 10

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4614871

The King's Daughters

Continued from Page 9

THE schoolroom at present in use is the room that Princess Elizabeth occupied as her night nursery when, during the second year of her babyhood, she spent some months with her grandparents while her father and mother were away in Australia.

The interminable passage outside this room begins to look like home. The children's two cabinets of playthings, already described at 145 Piccadilly, have been installed, and there is another large glass-fronted cupboard full of dolls—one to represent each nation.

Just by the present night-nursery door stands an immense and fascinating doll's house, bearing the interesting inscription: "Designed, prepared, and presented by Queen Mary to her granddaughter Elizabeth, 1930."

FROM their schoolroom window the Princesses watched the advancing preparations for their father's Coronation.

Last November Princess Elizabeth told me that she was going to attend the Coronation—little knowing whose Coronation it was going to be. "And I am to wear robes," she said, with wan pride, adding, "but Margaret is not."

But when she became daughter instead of niece to the reigning King, Princess Margaret was also to wear robes.

"Oh, but I must have a train!" she indignantly exclaimed when she heard her mother order the necessary extra tiny length of velvet and ermine for her younger daughter, and add the words, "But, of course, she need not have a train."

The first time they tried on their tiny coronets, Princess Margaret thought it a great joke, a particularly exhilarating kind of dressing-up.

"I put on my coronet and walked and walked about, just like Johnny Walker!" she told me, and I hear it was not long before her tilted coronet was perched upon her nose instead of on her head.

Trying on their Coronation robes has not been the only dressing-up since the Princesses moved into Buckingham Palace.

The other day they attended a children's fancy dress party, both enchantingly dressed as Italian angels, in flowing silver dresses, silver wings, and silver haloes.

"I am not sure that you look wholly angelic, Margaret," Queen Elizabeth remarked, smilingly surveying the impish countenance of her younger daughter as they drove to the party.

"Do I look a holy terror?" flashed back the ready-witted angel, without one second's hesitation.

A BEAUTIFUL STUDY of the Royal Family, specially obtained for The Australian Women's Weekly.

IT is well known how beautifully the King's daughters acquitted themselves at his Coronation, and how the presence in the great Abbey of the two enchanting diminutive figures added a welcome touch of pathos and humor to the almost overwhelming beauty of pageantry and symbolism.

Both walked up the aisle in the most approved manner, keeping in step, holding their heads erect, and, when they came to the steps, daintily raising their long skirts just like two children about to paddle.

Both sat through the very long service quite as quietly as could be wished, and, occasionally exhorting her to keep quite still or read the order of the service, Princess Elizabeth, as usual, kept an ever vigilant and protective eye on her young sister.

Princess Margaret profited by her example, watching her sister with an anxious "follow-my-leader" look, particularly when the crucial moment came for placing on the two little golden heads the lovely golden crowns.

Princess Margaret looked as blithely excited as any child attending her first circus; while Princess Elizabeth watched her father with evident anxiety, as though fully aware of the magnitude of that which he was undertaking.

From first to last her young face looked deeply awestruck by a sense of both the traditions of the past and the obligations of the future.

Thus We Leave Them

THUS, tiptoe with expectancy on the bright threshold of their lives, we leave our little Princesses, confidently relying on them to be the solace of their parents' arduous days, and to keep their Palace, for all its sentries, huge size and vast staff, as genuine a home as any cottage in the country.

Under the loving vigilance of the guardian-angel of their childhood, Queen Elizabeth, may their hearts and their minds long remain as bright as their golden hair and their blue eyes.

THE more those close to her observe Princess Elizabeth, the more they are struck by her pronounced unselfishness, her consideration for others and her quiet, natural, unobtrusive dignity.

In a world of delight shot through with duty, we see this dedicated child preparing herself for her destiny with precisely the right blend of awe and courage; and—dancing at her side—a delicious little will-o-the-wisp of a younger sister, to keep life shining around her and hold over-seriousness at bay.

PHONES FOR PRINCESSES

QUEEN ELIZABETH has definite ideas about the labor-saving and comfort-making devices required in a modern Palace, and many renovations are being carried out at Buckingham Palace according to her own specifications.

The first thing the workmen tackled was the house telephone system, which was quite inadequate to the larger family and greater state of the new King and Queen.

The little Princesses have a new telephone with "Our very own extension number," as Princess Elizabeth proudly explained to one of her friends.

Alike in the coloring of their hair, eyes and complexion, and each showing the results of their admirable upbringing, the two sisters are yet delightfully dissimilar.

Princess Margaret, I think, resembles her mother more in appearance and less in nature.

One is loath to analyse, but each time I see the King's daughters I find myself reminded of the two lines of poetry in which Wordsworth defines two contrasting vocations of Womanhood (in his poem they are different facets of the same woman).

One line is:

"To warn, to comfort and command."

The other:

"To haunt, to startle, and waylay."

But, since labels are so misleadingly limiting I hasten to add that to credit Princess Elizabeth with every qualification "to warn, to comfort and command," is by no means to question her capacity "to haunt, to startle or waylay."

Equally, to pronounce the Princess Margaret.

"A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay,"

is not to imply her unfitted to be a comforter. No, indeed! Already the mere sight of her is a consolation for the sterner aspects of life. As a soldier once said of her mother, "her smile is a refreshment."

"She is only a bud," remarked Princess Elizabeth of her baby sister.

And in truth both these "White Roses of York" (as the Princesses used to be called) are still but little more than buds.

But I think it is with high hopes that England may await the full flowering of the two fair roses she has in her keeping.

Of each of them, in the fullness of time, may it justly be said: "The King's daughter is all glorious within."

The End.

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Books

Conducted by . . . Leslie Haylen

Baltimore Belle Who Married Younger Brother of Napoleon

American's Bid for Throne

"I would rather be the wife of Jerome Bonaparte for one hour than the wife of any other man for my whole life."

Elizabeth Patterson, of Baltimore, U.S.A., said it in 1803—and she didn't expect Fate to call her bluff.

DESTINY seems to hover over Baltimore. Out of that Maryland city in our day comes Wallis Warfield to conjure a King from the throne of England, and more than 100 years ago this other Baltimore beauty married Jerome, youngest brother of Napoleon Bonaparte.

Jerome, unlike the Royal husband of the more modern case, preferred a throne. He loved a bride and left her.

Elizabeth Patterson he left at Lisbon aboard the ship that carried them both to Europe, and he allowed his brother not only to seal the ports of Europe against her, but to annul the marriage, flying in the face of the Pope, and to marry him off to the ugly daughter of the King of Wurtemburg.

Wallis Warfield married a man who had been king; Elizabeth Patterson was discarded by a man who wanted to be a king.

Jerome was crowned King of Westphalia while his American wife, banned from France and all the Continent, went to England to await the birth of their son.

The story has already been told by the historians. It was revived five years ago by E. M. Oddie in "The Bonapartes in the New World."

It is told anew by Susan Ertz, in the guise of fiction, in her latest novel, "No Hearts to Break."

Elizabeth's father was a dour Celt from Donegal who went west for bread in 1766 and pursued the normal story-book course from office boy to millionaire.

Jerome was nineteen, a lieutenant in the French navy, when he reached America, visited Baltimore and (not without a certain manoeuvring on her part) met the loveliest girl in the place, the eldest daughter of the president of the Bank of Maryland, one-time Donegal boy, one-time gun-runner.

They met for a moment at the races (Elizabeth had seen to that), and then at a ball, where the young philanderer's doom was sealed, in spite of all his reputation for gallantry (of the boudoir rather than the battlefield, be it said).

Jerome proposed, and was accepted.

Father Patterson, influenced by his own common sense and wise friends, set his face against any union with the Bonapartes. But Elizabeth's mother was won over and the Church offered no objection.

The First Consul of France, important as he was, was not a reigning monarch, and Bishop Carroll, of Baltimore, was certain that the validity of the marriage contract would never be questioned.

So Betsy I of Baltimore was to be married to her Jerome with the full sanction of the Church.

There was a wedding that rocked Baltimore. Susan Ertz describes it:

Jerome was magnificent. His purple satin coat, laced with gold, had long tails which fell nearly to his heels and were lined with white satin. White satin, too, were his knee-breeches and his shoes, and his shoe-buckles were of diamonds. To complete the picture he had . . . powdered his hair.

Handsome Jerome

HE looked so extremely handsome that he stole from the bride some of the admiration that on such occasions is usually reserved for her. His face resembled, though in a softer, more youthful way, that of his famous brother.

He had the same bold nose, short upper lip, thin mouth and full, rounded chin.

But Elizabeth, however splendid the groom, was quite able to hold her own, and looked exquisite enough in her finely-embroidered, high-waisted gown of India muslin. It was, indeed, of a cobweb fineness, and was worn over a scanty and tightly-fitting foundation of satin.

"I don't believe," whispered the ladies to one another, "that she's wearing anything at all underneath!" Arms, shoulders, breast were bare . . . Her only ornament was a small string of pearls given to her—a little sadly—by her father.

Well, pearls mean tears . . . They meant tears at least for Jerome Bonaparte's "belle Elize."

There were gay months in America where Jerome won all hearts, Elizabeth's family and friends were swamped in all the glory of the Bonapartes.

In a ship provided by the dour and still disapproving William Patterson they left for Europe. Elizabeth, greeted offensively by Napoleon's agent as "Mdlle. Patterson," was turned back at Lisbon and eventually turned out of Europe.

Jerome obeyed Napoleon's order to join him at Milan, never, indeed, disobeyed any order of Napoleon's again.

Napoleon approached the Pope.

"I could easily have this marriage broken in Paris," he wrote. ". . . but it appears to me better to have it done in Rome. . . . I beg your Holiness to do this quietly, and as soon as I know you are willing to do it, I will have the marriage broken here by civil process . . ."

But the Pope found that the marriage had been performed with all the formalities of the Church, and he refused to break it.

That was nothing to a Napoleon. He had it declared null and void by his own Council of State.

In England, after the birth of the younger Jerome, Elizabeth gained that taste for luxury and Continental society which she retained for the rest of her life.

Pensioned by Napoleon and always well-to-do, she became an earnest Bonapartist and devoted her life to establishing the claims of her son to legitimacy and succession.

Jerome senior stuck to his Wurtemburg wife and his debt-encrusted crown.

Jerome junior got fed-up with this throne-seeking, and to his mother's fury, married a nice little American girl and "settled down."

"No Hearts to Break." Susan Ertz. Hodder and Stoughton.

ELIZABETH PATTERSON, whose beauty and brains failed to win for her a throne.

CRAWLED UPSTAIRS LIKE A CRAB

Owing to Rheumatism in Her Knees

It was not a very dignified way of going upstairs, but she had rheumatism in her knees, and it was the best she could do, at the time. Since then, she has been taking Kruschen Salts, and now feels 20 years younger. Read her letter :—

"I had very painful gout in my big toe and could only get upstairs like a crab owing to rheumatism in my knees. It is over three years ago since I commenced taking Kruschen Salts. I must say on damp days I still have a little gout, but my knees are quite better. I am over 60 years of age, have a complexion like a girl's, and feel very fit. I am fully repaid for taking a half teaspoonful of Salts each morning in a cup of hot water."—(Mrs.) A.W.

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GHOST *of* CASTLEHALL

Continued from Page 7

"YES, ma'am, perfectly, ma'am; but you see, ma'am, we all live in the village, and we know all about the goings on up here at Christmas, ma'am, and if it's all the same to you we can't none of us sleep up here after the 23rd. It always begins on the 24th, do you see, ma'am?"

Dorothy demanded coldly: "What begins on the 24th? What on earth are you talking about?"

"The lady of Castlehall, ma'am," and the cook burst into tears and began to sob, hysterically.

"It's been all we could do to stay up here so close to Christmas, ma'am," she sobbed. "Every night we've been dreading it would begin. Not that it ever has begun afore Christmas Eve, ma'am, so they say."

Dorothy said irritably:, "For heaven's sake pull yourself together and explain what you mean. Are you afraid of ghosts, or what?"

The woman made an effort of self-control. "Yes, ma'am, that's what it is. Everyone in the village knows about it. It's why the Major can't get tenants to stop here; they stay until Christmas, and then they see her—the lady. And the gardener says you've bought this place not knowing, and it's a downright shame that no one should have told you before.

"But we'll all come daily over Christmas, ma'am, only we can't none of us sleep here. There's not a soul in the village as would sleep at Castlehall over Christmas, ma'am."

"It's absurd," said Dorothy. "You're a silly, superstitious lot. It's probably someone who plays a trick—or just imagination."

The woman shook her head. "You'll see for yourself, ma'am."

Dorothy was more disturbed than she cared to own, and attempted to treat the matter lightly to reassure herself. She said at dinner that night: "Well, it seems we have an authentic ghost at Castlehall," and recounted her conversation with the cook.

Someone said: "I vote we give a ghost ball on Christmas Eve, with prizes for the best ghost."

The cynically gay interest which everyone took in the ghost of Castlehall would have completely allayed Dorothy's uneasiness but for the fact that whilst she was dressing for the Christmas Eve dance she had arranged, hearing the sound of footsteps on the gravel path below her window, and peering out she looked down full into the white, upturned face of Hester Pearce.

She drew back instantly, startled, and called to Peter, who was dressing in the adjoining room.

"Peter—come quickly—there's that girl again."

Peter came instantly, but when he looked out of the window there was nothing but the darkness, the frosty stars, and the dark hulks of the trees.

He said with an irritability which was a mask for his uneasiness: "What on earth does she want hanging around here? Ring the bell and tell whoever answers it to send Jarvis out to see if he can see the girl and to order her off the premises!"

Dorothy rang. She rang several times, but no one answered. Sudden panic swept over her. "Peter—I believe the servants have all gone!"

"Nonsense!" said Peter, and rang the bell himself.

They waited for several minutes, then stared at each other.

"We'd better go and see if we can see anyone," said Peter, "and ask them what on earth they think they're doing! Who's going to serve dinner if the staff's gone?"

They went out of the room and on the landing met one of their guests, Reggie Farrow.

"Where have all the maids got to?" Reggie demanded in an aggrieved tone. "No jolly hot water to wash with, and I've rung no end of times!"

"I believe they've all gone," Dorothy said despairingly. "You'd better join in the search party, Reggie."

They all three went downstairs. Dinner was laid and the candles lighted, but there were no signs of butler or parlormaid. They descended into the kitchen; the lights were all on, and there were cooked dishes standing on the rack above the oven, but no sign of cook or scullery-maid.

HOST, hostess and guest all stared blankly at each other.

"They must have seen the ghost!" said Reggie. "Let's go and acquaint the rest of the party with the cheery fact."

The party, as a matter of fact, took the news of the disappearance of the servants with considerable hilarity, and the dance after the dinner, which they all helped to serve, went with a real Christmas Eve swing.

The party broke up in the small hours of the morning, and wishing each other "A Merry Christmas" scattered to their various rooms.

Dorothy said: "Well, we've got over Christmas Eve and nothing happened! I suppose it was just superstition which made the servants go off like that! Of course, I shall dismiss the lot."

Peter said: "It's wonderful what a little suggestion will do! They probably worked themselves up into a pitch of sheer funk."

Dorothy, undressing in the big panelled room by flickering candlelight, tried to sustain her indignation against the servants, and to tell herself that they were nothing but a pack of superstitious fools. But she shivered in spite of herself when the wind set a branch of the tree outside the latticed window scraping against the pane.

SHE started violently at a dull thud in the next room, and then realised that it was nothing more supernatural than Peter dropping his shoes heavily off his dance-weary feet.

The room, when she had blown out the candle, seemed more than usually dark, and the little door which communicated with Peter's room more than usually far away.

She huddled the bedclothes up round her and presently out of sheer weariness she slept. But it seemed to her that she had only just closed her eyes when, with a sudden sense of shock, she wakened, gripped by an instinctive conviction that there was something, someone, in her room.

She sat up, snatching aside the curtains of the four-poster bed designed in keeping with the Tudor room. Blind, unreasoning fear swept over her.

She was aware that dim candlelight filled her room, and that it came from a candle held by a tall woman in the ornate evening gown of the youth of 60 years ago.

She was young and her face was white, and a curl lay on a white, bare shoulder; her eyes were dark and wild, and her face had a curious resemblance to that of Hester Pearce; but she was taller, this lady of the candle, and unsubstantial, transparent as the flame of the candle in her hand.

Please turn to Page 20

SHIP *to* TARSHISH

Continued from Page 8

HALLWARDS went down, the American group got their railway stock at a knock-out price, and Mr. Hallward, who had been ailing for some months, had a stroke of paralysis and died.

I was desperately sorry for Jim. The foundations of his world were upset, and he hadn't a notion what to do about it. You see, he didn't know the rudiments of the business, and couldn't be made to understand it.

He saw nobody but his solicitors, and when he met a friend in the street he turned and ran. A perfectly unreasonable sense of disgrace took possession of him, and there was a moment when I was afraid he might put an end to himself.

This went on for the better part of a month, while I and one or two others were trying to save something from the smash. We put up a fund and bought some of the wreckage, with the idea of getting together a little company to nurse it.

There is a good deal of camaraderie in the City, and a lot of us were willing to combine and keep Jim going. We were all ready to help him, if he would only sit down and put his back into the job.

But that was just what Jim would not do. He had got a horror of the City, and felt a pariah whenever he met anybody who knew about the crash.

It was very little use reasoning with him. I pointed out that the right thing for him to do was to shoulder the burden and retrieve his father's credit. He laughed bitterly.

"Much good I'd be at that," he said. "You know I'm a baby in business, though you're too polite to tell me so."

"You can have a try," I said. "We'll all lend you a hand."

He said he meant to go to Canada and start life anew. He would probably change his name. I got out of patience with his silliness.

"You're offered a chance here to make good," I told him. "In Canada you'll have to find your chance, and how in Heaven's name are you going to do it? You haven't been bred the right way to succeed in the Dominions. You'll probably starve."

"Quite likely," was his dismal answer. "I'll make my book for that. I don't mind anything so long as I'm in a place where nobody knows me."

"Remember, you are running away," I said. "Running away from what I consider your plain duty. You can't expect to win out if you begin by funking."

"I know—I know," he wailed. "I am a coward."

I said no more, for when a man is willing to admit that he is a coward his nerves have got the better of his reason.

Well, the upshot was that Jim sailed for Canada with a little short of two hundred pounds in his pocket—what was left of his last allowance.

He had still the absurd notion of disgrace, and felt that any handicap he laid on himself was a kind of atonement.

He reached Montreal in the filthy weeks when the spring thaw begins—the worst sample of weather to be found on the globe. Jim had not procured any special outfit, and he landed with a kit consisting of two smart tweed suits, a suit of flannels, riding breeches and knickerbockers—the remnants of his London wardrobe.

It wasn't quite the rig for a poor man to go looking for a job in. He had travelled steerage, and, as might have been expected from one in his condition, had not made friends, but he had struck up a tepid acquaintanceship with an Irishman who was employed in a lumber business.

The fellow was friendly, and was struck by Jim's obvious air of education and good breeding, so, when he heard that he wanted work, he suggested that a clerkship might be got in his firm.

Jim applied, and was taken on as the clerk in charge of timber-cutting rights in Eastern Quebec. The work was purely mechanical, and simply meant keeping a record of numbered lots, checking them off on the map, and filling in the details in the register as they came to hand.

BUT it required accuracy and strict attention, and Jim had little of either. Besides, he wrote the vile fist which is the special privilege of our public schools. He held down the job for a fortnight and then was fired.

He had found cheap lodgings in a boarding-house down east, and trudged the two miles in the slush to his office.

His fellow-lodgers were willing enough to be friendly—clerks and shop-boys and typists and newspaper reporters most of them. Jim wasn't a snob, but he was rapidly becoming a hermit, for all his nerves were exposed and he shrank from his fellows.

But there was one lodger, a sub-editor on a paper which I shall call the "Evening Hawk," who saw a little farther than the rest. He realised that Jim was an educated man—a "scholar" he called it, and he managed to get part of his confidence.

So when Jim lost his lumber job he was offered a billet on the "Hawk"

Please turn to Page 40

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Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published here.

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LET'S HEAR FROM YOU

Try your hand now at writing a letter in answer to one of those already given on this page, or on some new topic. Our address will be found at top of page 3 of this issue.

NO EMOTION

MOST young people, these days, seem to have a tendency to conceal their better motives and kinder impulses. They seem to dislike to be thought "good," and consider it a disgrace to be "caught" showing any "softness" or tender feelings.

To be considered "hard as nails," both physically and emotionally, indifferent to praise or blame, "tough" in the sense of not being tender and gentle, exhibiting an immovable, stern, emotionless, poker-face and exterior—these are held up as the hardy and Spartan virtues by the young people of to-day.

It has its advantages, I suppose. It serves as a protection, and is harmless if not carried to the point of being really brutal, hard, and indifferent. What do readers think?

£1 for this letter to Mrs. E. Marginson, 75 Brisbane Rd., East Ipswich, Qld.

"A GOOD ROW"

MANY people abhor even the suggestion of rows, however mild. But I think they can be helpful; they clear the air and make room for real friendship, without that strained "niceness" one too often finds between people who would like to have a difference over some things, but haven't the courage to "have it out" together.

Of course, I am not suggesting anything violent, but merely that when we have anything on our mind we would be happier and healthier emotionally if occasionally we let off steam.

It is noteworthy that married couples who have their "words" with each other are generally more happy, while those who bottle it up sometimes lift off the lid in the wrong place—the divorce court.

A quarrel is an excellent purgative that clears away animosity and leaves room to make friends.

Miss M. Roe, The Plateau, Summit Drive, Eaglemont N22, Vic.

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Should Street Musicians Be Allowed?

I QUITE agree with Miss Dowling (27/11/'37) when she protests against street musicians.

There is a time and place for everything, and the street is not the place, or business hours the time, for music.

Of course, I appreciate the fact that street musicians are trying to earn their living in the only way that seems open to them. But surely it would not only be more convenient for the listeners, but more profitable for the musicians themselves, were they to organise concerts in small halls or out of doors at week-ends or in the evenings when there is no work to be done.

Miss Margaret Bailey, Brisbane Street, Hobart.

Let Them Be

IT seems hard that street musicians should be prohibited in the streets, even if the music they make is not harmonious. But even if the music is unpleasing to the ear, one feels all the more sorry for the person who has to go to such lengths to obtain a few pence.

The number of street musicians seems to have diminished over recent years, doubtless due to police efforts, but I do not see why we should stop these people who endeavor to give something, however inadequate, in return for charity. Rather we should try to amend the conditions of society which force them to become beggars.

Mrs. G. Anderson, 61 E. Crescent St., McMahon's Point, Sydney.

Don't Worry People

I DO not agree with Miss E. Dowling's letter (27/11/'37). Unless the "musician" (elastic title) is very outstanding, or humorous, no one bothers to even stop and listen, much less "congregate" or cause any serious congestion.

The "music" is very rarely loud enough to be heard above the passing traffic.

Better for the unemployed to be thus occupied than causing real congestion by loafing on busy corners.

Mrs. W. T. Bell, 12 Main Street, Earlwood, N.S.W.

To Their Credit

MISS E. DOWLING should stop to think before condemning street musicians. Few of them serenade in the streets from choice, but from sheer necessity.

Since the introduction of "talkies," many thousands of musicians have been replaced by recorded music. Most men and women who had spent their lives in the study and practice of their art were totally unfitted for other employment.

Is it not to their credit that rather than apply for Government aid they seek to keep the wolf from the door by offering their wares to the public? The streets are their only market, since no other is open to them.

Mrs. J. Weaver, care Sth. Caulfield P.O., Melbourne.

Life and Gaiety

THIS reader, for one, Miss Dowling, does not agree with you in thinking that street serenaders should be prohibited in the cities.

I don't see how music can prevent concentration any more than the honking of motor horns, clattering of trams, and shouting of paper boys.

Brightening Up the City Streets

After all, we are not all stodgy business people, and to many country visitors the street musician spells life and gaiety in an otherwise busy city.

Mrs. H. A. De Lor, 65 Hillcrest Avenue, Hurstville, N.S.W.

Avoid Monotony By Changing Pictures

I DO not agree with Mrs. Neville (27/11/'37) on the subject of changing pictures. Any art lover will say that one good picture is worth a hundred cheap prints.

There is also another aspect to this question—what it means in the memory of a family to have had things settled in their home. I have often heard how in moments of distress men and women will conjure up an image of a beautiful picture, a room or a corner of the garden in the home of their childhood and find comfort.

Mrs. Wilkins, Glenelg Street, South Brisbane.

Like Good Wine

I FAIL to appreciate Mrs. Neville's idea of having a supply of cheap prints as a source from which to draw when we tire of the pictures upon our walls.

Why not have a few really good pictures? Like good wine, the value of a beautiful picture increases with age. These old, familiar things gather associations with the years that make a mere house a home.

Our memories of home are often spoilt by returning to find new things replacing the old. Surely this urge for continual change shows lack of appreciation of real beauty.

Lily McDonald, 20 Brigalow Avenue, Kensington Gardens, S.A.

Move the Furniture

I AGREE with Mrs. Neville when she says we should change the pictures in our rooms more often. But I have a young matron in mind who changes not merely the pictures but is continually moving her furniture about.

This change in the position of the various pieces is intriguing to her regular visitors, but it is not for their sake she does this, but to relieve the monotony for her own eyes.

She maintains that with changed positions the pieces always take on a new look.

Mrs. M. McCabe, 20 Louisa St., Goodwood Park, S.A.

The Sympathetic Sex

I AM sure there is no one among our readers who has not found how much more sympathetic man is than woman.

How comforting it is in some hour of difficulty or perplexity to be able to pour one's troubles into the ear of a sympathising male.

Men are always much better listeners than women, and, furthermore, they seem to drink more deeply from the experiences of life. Hence they are in a position to help and advise those who are in trouble.

Is this not so?

Miss B. Gray, Room No. 5, Manufacturers House, 12 O'Connell Street, Sydney.

Old Friends

I DO not agree with the idea of continually changing pictures. Pictures I would choose would become like inmates of a home, not merely pieces of furniture, and I should never get tired of them.

Life, perhaps, might bore one in time. But good etchings or paintings of well-loved places with happy memories would always be welcome.

Pictures with life studies in them generally retain their interest.

Mrs. F. E. Thomason, 73 Leinster St., Paddington, Sydney.

Two-sided Frames

MRS. NEVILLE'S letter which suggests constantly changing one's pictures reminds me of a suggestion I read in an overseas magazine lately.

It was that a double picture-frame be made so that when you grow tired of one picture you can turn the frame round and expose a different one. It seems a novel and sensible idea, and would allow one to vary pictures' arrangement with very little bother.

Miss J. Beale, 79 Ninth Avenue, Campsie, N.S.W.

Holiday Jobs —Their Virtues and Defects

WHILE agreeing with A. Dent (27/11/'37) that vacational jobs should be more popular, I do not think that the average student on holiday is a suitable type for the kind of work usually offering.

Most students and teachers have a white-collar complex and fear work-

Would He Be Useful?

stained hands. For this reason prospective employers will not engage young people who wish to play at working.

Perhaps the student's desire for prestige and "nice" jobs at all times is a reflection on our educational system, which makes them unfitted to face the realities of a workaday world.

Mrs. D. A. Halbert, 34 Drake St., Elwood SE3, Melbourne.

Help Mother

I THINK A. Dent's suggestions re holiday jobs an excellent idea.

Not only would it mean that the mother would be greatly helped if some teacher came to her during holiday times, but she would benefit in every way by the company of such a person in the home.

Miss E. Wiseman, Morven P.O., N.S.W.

Unfair to Others

I DO not agree with A. Dent (27/11/'37), who advocates holiday jobs for students.

Students whose parents are in a position to pay for their education should be able to be maintained at home during vacations and not keep girls and boys out of positions which might become permanent.

Mrs. R. Jukes, 62 Simpson Street, East Melbourne C2.

GOLD DIGGERS ALL

MOST girls of to-day are nothing but gold-diggers. They become friendly with a man, not because they see in him their future husband, but for the sole object of seeing how much they can get out of him.

No man likes to be made a fool of, and when he sees that a girl is treating him in such a way, he reciprocates by treating her indifferently.

The sedate and steady young man who concentrates more on his work and future cannot find a place in the hearts of modern girls.

They want the smart "man about town," who can afford to take them to cocktail parties and treat them to the best of good things.

Mrs. P. C. McCann, 12 Franklin Avenue, Flinders Park, S.A.

WHY BE BORED?

TRAVELLING by train and bus one sees so many faces. Tired faces, weary, careworn faces, sad and bored faces, but seldom do we see a happy face.

Life is still worth living in spite of hard knocks and reverses of fortune. Most people forget that life to-day is what we care to make it. The people who are bored ought to find a hobby. There is no need to seek expensive amusements.

Hiking, gardening, needlework and reading are all within reach of the leanest purse.

Mrs. J. Turnbull, Melville Dairy, Canning Road, Melville, via Fremantle, W.A.

COUNTRY PEOPLE

CITY people seem to have strange ideas about country people and the "terrible life they lead in the bush."

Many country homes compare favorably with city homes, and almost every country family has a car.

I compared the young people I met in the city—their manners, their ways, and their dress—with those I met in the country, and found in favor of the country.

I also found that the young people in the country travel a great deal more than the young city folk.

Isn't it time people realised that country people are no longer "woops"?

Miss N. Watson, Latrobe Terrace, Paddington, Brisbane.

Sour Temper or Sour Stomach

The wretchedness of continued stomach trouble has its reaction on the temper. Nerves get frayed by the pain and misery. Petty annoyances, which would be borne with patience by healthy individuals, seem unendurably irritating.

The time has come to put a stop to the cause of this wretchedness. De Witt's Antacid Powder will not only give *instant* relief to your unhealthy stomach, but will also go right to the cause, and remedy it.

Immediately it enters the stomach this ultra-fine powder quickly neutralises the excess acid, giving relief from heartburn and flatulence.

The valuable colloidal-kaolin protects the delicate stomach walls from further attacks by the acid, enabling the inflammation to heal. The output of acid which must take place in the stomach will then become normal. At the same time, De Witt's Antacid Powder actually digests a portion of your food, thus taking a further load off the sick stomach while it is recovering.

Other ingredients in this remarkable powder tone up the whole digestive system. Once again you can digest with comfort the whole of the nutritious elements of the food you eat; you enjoy your food, and your outlook on life becomes immeasurably more pleasant.

Get a supply to-day. Be sure you get the genuine—

DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

Of all chemists and storekeepers, in handsome sky-blue canister, price 2/6

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To Mark the Occasion

Whenever the occasion arises to commemorate an anniversary, or symbolise an event, let it be a gift of jewellery. Nothing less enduring, less personal, can serve the purpose so well.

Orchard's diamond rings and watches are right in design, right in setting, and right for the occasion. We also know that you will find that the prices are right.

WRITE FOR ORCHARD'S FREE CATALOGUE.

ORCHARD'S TWO STORES

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NEXT ANTHONY HORDERN'S SYDNEY

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BLOOD TONIC ★ SKIN and ECZEMA SOAP

Be Lovely to Look At!

Ensure a perfect skin by taking Diamond's Blood Tonic and using Diamond's Skin and Eczema Soap.

Recommended by Leading Doctors and sold by All Chemists.

RED PAVILION

Continued from Page 5

STEVE, when he came home late that afternoon, was restless. He followed Marcia about as if he had something on his mind. They were at dinner when he finally opened fire.

"Look here, Mar, do you feel any differently about things since Dick and Sid were here?"

Marcia's whole body grew taut. She said, trying to speak carelessly, "Think differently? About what?"

"About me going back to work for my old company," he blurted.

"You mean," she asked, her voice deceptively quiet, "leaving Wendover and living in construction camps, wherever you might be sent?"

He nodded eagerly. "I know you've always hated the idea," he urged rapidly, "but it was because you had a notion that we couldn't have a real home unless we settled in one place. I thought that maybe after you saw Sid and realised what a wonderful home life she and Dick have, you'd be willing to try it yourself."

"Home life! They've just come from Mexico, their only home at present is a junky car, and they're planning feverishly to go to South America. If that's your idea of home life, let's buy a tent at once!" She bent her head to hide her quivering mouth, and her hand, fumbling with her fork, shook so that she had to lay it down.

Across the table Steve looked at her as if seeing her for the first time. "Great Scott, Mar!" he exploded, "what's your idea of a home, anyway? A house that's lasted hundreds of years, plus an assortment of trees, lawns, and neighbors? Or is it just two people who love each other and have the same interests, so that they do everything together as if they were one person? Dick and Sid have the right idea! They're crazy about each other, and they're having a heck of a good time. They don't need houses or neighbors; wherever they happen to be, so long as they're together, is home to them."

He rose and stood looking down at her, his eyes stormy, his breath coming quick and hard. "Look here, Mar!" Steve cried, with sudden violence, "I'm stifling here. Can't you see it? Couldn't you see the difference between Dick and me yesterday? A year ago I was like him—brown, enthusiastic, full of pep. And you've made a tidy little house dog out of me!"

MARCIA twisted her hands. If he only knew, she thought, how all the blood in her body was congealing around her heart, leaving her limbs trembling and her head dizzy, he would stop.

"I'm the same type as Dick!" Steve stormed on. "I've given your way a fair try. I've done my best. But I'm an outdoor man—a construction man—and I'm going back to my job. You can come if you want to."

He strode from the room and slammed the door. A moment later he opened it again, saying in an entirely different tone, "Honey, please! You'd like it, really."

Marcia was crumbling a fragment of bread with stiff fingers. She said nothing because she could find no words for her chaotic thoughts. After a minute Steve came over and stood beside her, putting a big gentle hand on her shoulder.

"Listen, Mar. My old company wants to send me back to South America. I had a letter this morning. Mar, we could have fun. Come with me, please, dear." He bent till his flushed face brushed her hair.

Marcia's mouth trembled with her desire to bend back her head and reach his lips, but something in her that was adamant held her rigid. After a moment she said in a strained, expressionless voice that should have warned him how nearly hysterical she was, "I won't leave my home, even for you."

"Ah, please," he coaxed, "look at Sid! She goes with Dick and loves it!"

Marcia flung back her chair and swung to face her husband, eyes blazing, jaws rigid, arms upflung. "You—you——" she choked. White and quivering, she sputtered on. "Sid—look at Sid! The wife—the ideal woman—the ideal engineer's wife!" She shook both fists at him, gulping her breath in shallow gasps.

STEVE'S dark face changed, hardened. He nodded slowly, as if in sardonic amusement, and a cynical smile twisted his mouth. "Why, you jealous little cat!" he drawled in a hard, deliberately controlled voice. "Darned if I haven't gone and married a girl with a small-town mind!"

He strolled from the room, forcedly unconcerned, and closed the door quite quietly, quite definitely. Marcia stood and looked after him and thought, "So that's that." Suddenly she was crying, burying her head in her cradled arms while stormy, vehement sobs racked her.

She made no overtures when, after three days of armed truce during which she knew he was packing, Steve shook hands with her politely and departed.

"You have my address," he said quite impersonally. "If you ever want a divorce, let me know. For myself, it makes no difference." Then he was gone, and Marcia went up to her room which seemed so bare without his familiar belongings. Afterwards she walked through all the rooms wondering how the going of one person could make a whole house seem so profoundly still and empty.

AFTER the third day she admitted to herself that Steve was not coming back. When no word came she grew indignant. After all, she was his wife and might reasonably be expected to want news of him, even if she didn't choose to follow him to strange continents. But weeks passed and no letter came.

They had been mismated from the first, of course—the granddaughter of Judge Emerson Worth and a young vagabond who would have been at a loss if asked for his permanent address. Marcia ignored her steadily dropping weight and went out a great deal. When she was dancing or playing bridge she could shut out, for a time, the memory of a sardonically amused man drawling, "Darned if I haven't gone and married a girl with a small-town mind!"

And then, after two months had somehow crawled by and she had given up hope of hearing from Steve, a letter came. It was a cruelly thin white envelope, and Marcia kissed it savagely before she remembered that she was perfectly indifferent to Steve nowadays. She tried to open the letter with a hairpin, but her hand shook so that she could not insert it beneath the flap. Impatiently she ripped off one end of the envelope.

For an instant Marcia thought it was empty, and a wave of weakness started at her toes and flooded up over her. She shook the envelope with violent haste, and a single snapshot fell out. Snatching it, she saw low buildings of rough wood standing bleakly against a background of mountains. On the reverse side Steve had scrawled, "This is where I live now."

Marcia pored over the photograph, trying to imagine Steve into it. He would be sunburned and stalwart, brimming over with the exuberant vitality that had attracted her when she had first met him. The crude, stark buildings, lonely against the mountains, blurred, and she had to blink hard to clear her vision because she had suddenly noticed that Steve had not written, "This is my home," but "This is where I live now."

Marcia put the snapshot under her pillow that night. She slept lightly because she felt half sick, exactly as she had during the first few weeks at college. But then she had been away from Wendover for the first time in her life, and now she was at home. Or was she? Some subconscious part of her put the question to her half dormant mind, and suddenly she was wide awake in the first grey of dawn. Wave after wave of genuine nostalgia swept over her. She was in Wendover, but she was homesick—desperately homesick for a ramshackle, barren wood building standing against forbidding mountains.

Twelve hours later Mrs. Steve Hollister, smartly dressed and carrying a suitcase, walked briskly across the platform of the Wendover station. For the first time in her life, Marcia boarded an outbound train without regret.

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ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

The BRIDE'S COLUMN

By Mary Sheraton

MARRIAGES are the mode!

I am sure you will be surprised to know that 22,873 brides said "Yes" to 22,873 eager bridegrooms in New South Wales last year. The Government Statistician tells me that the popularity of marriage is even higher this year.

I wonder how many of the 440 brides who were married each week were really prepared when that glorious day dawned and they accepted their life's partner? I know definitely that the hundreds who wrote to me were very happy and well prepared.

TO HELP YOU

Now I want you to be one of the happy ones, so I have prepared the Bride's Book, which Bebarfald's are distributing to engaged girls free! The Bride's Book tells you everything that you want to know about your wedding. You will not have to worry about any of those hundreds of problems which crop up when you are planning your Wedding and home.

Problems that arise before, during and after the Ceremony are fully explained. This beautifully printed book also has authoritative chapters on home planning which will help you no end when you are setting up home.

This beautiful big book FREE . . . to engaged girls only. Present this coupon at Bebarfalds.

Miss Mary Sheraton,
Home Planning Bureau, 3rd Floor,
BEBARFALDS LIMITED,
Opp. Town Hall, Sydney.
Please send me the particulars I have marked with a cross without charge, without obligation:—
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Cocktail-proof — lasting — exquisitely flattering, these new lipsticks created by the master perfumer, Lentheric. In seven smart shades that you will love, including the new Brick Red No. 6.

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LIPSTICKS BY

LENTHÉRIC

FACE POWDER - COLOGNES - PERFUMES
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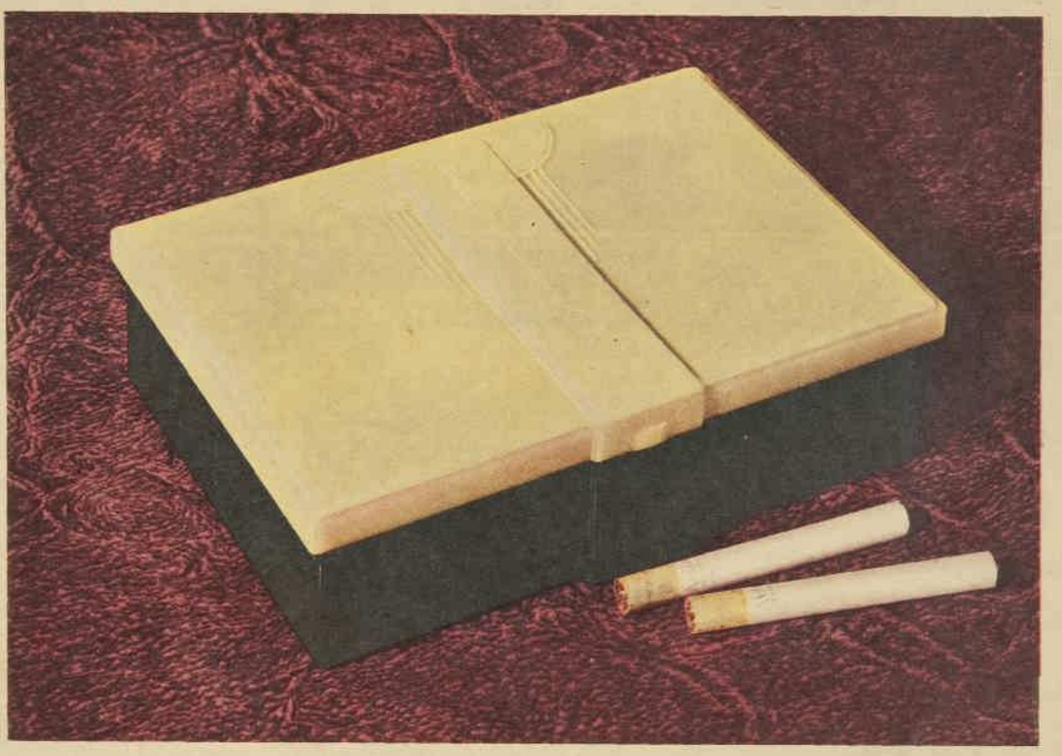
THE *Gift* YOU WILL BE PROUDER TO OFFER



ANYONE who smokes—and practically everybody does—would welcome this gift this Christmas. 100 Ardath Specials Cigarettes—a very special Virginia blend with a famous English name—in a bakelite box of permanent beauty. The outer carton is the festive affair you see illustrated at left. At all tobacconists everywhere, 10/-. Other Ardath Christmas packings—50's Flat Laube Boxes and 100's Square Laube Boxes in Pictorial Mailing Cartons; 200's and 500's Padded Boxes; 50's Oblong Bakelite Boxes (Pictorial Carton).

ARDATH *Specials*

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Duchess of Kent's Children—Exclusive Studies

THE DUCHESS OF KENT with her two children, whose upbringing she has supervised herself from the time they were born. Nothing is allowed to interfere with their daily routine.

THESE CHARMING PICTURES of Prince Edward and Princess Alexandra, children of the Duke and Duchess of Kent, were obtained specially for The Australian Women's Weekly. They were taken by gracious permission of the Duke and Duchess at their country home in Buckinghamshire. Pictures from left downwards show the children playing on the lawn.

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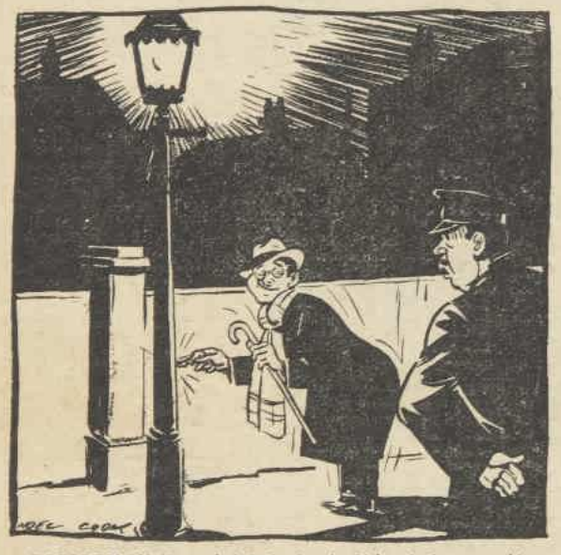
Some NEW LAUGHS

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen. When we are old and mellow they'll still be evergreen."

"Lily's been saying some dreadful things about me."
"Why don't you make her substantiate them?"
"Oh, I'm not such a fool as all that!"

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead

"Is there any law against it?"



POLICEMAN (to inebriate trying to fit key in lamp-post): There's nobody at home.
HOMING REVELLER: Must be; theresh light upstairsh.

"Swank, I call it just swank. Going about with her arm in a sling and her eye bandaged, just to make people believe her husband has come home again."

Women expect to be 'spoiled' at Xmas

Which woman does not like to be 'spoiled' at such times as this—to receive a gift which shows flattering forethought—a gift by Morny. For the name Morny is in itself a guarantee of quality and a criterion of good taste.

CHAMINADE
FRENCH FERN
GARDENIA
JUNE ROSES
PINK LILAC
TENTATION

MORNY, REGENT ST., LONDON
The Home of British Perfumery

Brainwaves

A Prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

"WHO was the little girl I saw you with, Tommy?"
"I dunno, daddy. I just pulled a bag of toffee out of my pocket, an' there she was."

JUDGE: Have you ever seen the prisoner at the bar before?
Witness: Can't say I have, sir, but I've often seen him when I strongly suspected he'd been at it.

"THE streamlined bathtub has made its appearance."
"Yes; and all that is needed now is soap equipped with hydraulic brakes."

SHOP ASSISTANT: If this doesn't please you, come back and I'll give you something that will.
Customer: Couldn't you give it to me now?

"WHAT! Do you mean to say that you've been married a year and never had to wash the dishes for the wife?"
"Yes . . . I bought her a set of Dresden china for a wedding present."

MAGISTRATE: What is your age? Remember, you are on oath.
Woman (blushing): Twenty-one and some months.
Magistrate: How many months?
Woman: One hundred and seven.

NURSE: Is this the pugilist who was knocked down by the motorist?
Ambulance Man: No; this is the motorist who knocked the pugilist down

Wise Investments

Wise investors desire their investments to fulfil two cardinal requirements:—

Safety of principal.
Regular income.

An *interest bearing deposit* with the Union Bank meets these requirements. It is an investment that is not subject to market fluctuations, and in addition, interest commences from the date of lodgment.

Full details of this simple and sound method of investing, whether the amount is large or small, will readily be supplied to you at any of the Bank's Branches.

THE UNION BANK OF AUSTRALIA LIMITED
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An Editorial

DECEMBER 18, 1937

THIS SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

THE nearness of Christmas is not evidenced only by crowded shops and brightly decorated windows.

Everybody is feeling it, talking it, sensing a mild excitement.

Why is it?

A commercial stunt, as some say?

An outworn tradition, as others protest?

A sentimental orgy, as cynics gibe?

Not a bit of it.

Christmas, apart from its religious significance, is a great communal expression of feeling.

Its annual grip over the imagination of millions may be explained only as the changing seasons may be explained.

Human beings cannot live like machines, coldly, calmly, logically, without change of habit or mood from year's end to year's end.

The human heart has its seasons like the earth.

A year of toil and concentration, of relentless pursuit of money, success, practical achievement . . . and the heart tires of this regimented life.

An urge to be happy, to be gay, to smile at strangers, and make little tributes of affection to friends comes over all of us. It's the human in us.

We have been sedate all the year—now we want to sing.

We thought of our diet from chilly health standards—now we want to plunge headlong into a carnival of poultry, puddings and punchbowls.

Blame it on the children if you will.

Certainly their joy is a delight to see. But it's not just the children.

Lonely men and women all the world over . . . at sea, in the outback, in drab city residentials, in palaces, grip hands at Christmas with a fervor that is as real as any human impulse ever was.

Christmas is the great festival of humanity—the expression of our fundamental kinship with every other man and woman on earth.

—THE EDITOR.

POINTS OF VIEW

These Milk Scares

MILK'S great stuff to help children to grow—adenoids!

That startling opinion was expressed to the Auckland Rotary Club by Dr. F. J. Gwynne. The doctor says cow's milk is no real substitute for mother's milk, and it's doubtful if it's as good a food as we imagine.

This sort of attack is not new. Some critics of milk get as fanatical about it as some advocates. Then there's the bitter controversy between those who urge that it must be pasteurised to kill germs, and those who vow it must be raw to preserve its vital elements.

But on the evidence of the remarkable improvement in thousands of children who have been put on milk diet after being undernourished, we can't argue about its food value.

And if we do, where's the substitute food to take its place?

Those War Toys

ONCE again there's an agitation to ban war toys.

One Australian woman psychologist says the move is futile so long as there's war in the world. To take toys away from a child who can have no appreciation of the horrors of real war is depriving him of an outlet for his natural instincts.

But war with weapons, gay uniforms, legends of glory . . . all this is not a natural instinct of mankind.

The natural instinct is simply one of combat—the desire for personal triumph. This can be far better expressed in athletic games, boxing and wrestling than in filling the head with false ideas about war.

And the best soldiers for the future defence of a democracy will be drawn, not from nursery Napoleons, but from children taught to love health, strength, fair play, and peace.

Taking the Air

MUSSOLINI has bought a new family plane and taken his family for a jaunt in it.

Once only the great had carriages . . . once only the rich had cars.

To-morrow Mussolini's jaunt will be the week-end routine of our sons . . . or maybe even our young brothers.

And the air will be full of flivvers.

LYRIC OF LIFE

CHRISTMAS TIME

THERE'S Fairyland in every store,
For Christmas time is here once more,
And oh, such heaps and heaps of toys
For all the little girls and boys.
And look who's standing over there
With scarlet suit and snowy hair!
It's Santa Claus I do declare.

And in the streets where shoppers pass
Small noses flattened to the glass
Of each window that contains
Toy cricket bats and clockwork trains,
Big teddy bears of pink and blue,
And bunny rabbits white and new,
And funny little doggies, too.

There are racing motor-cars
And Christmas trees with tinsel stars,
And nigger dollies quaint and brown
In every window in the town.
Real aeroplanes with folding wings
And stockings filled with mystery things
Are in the sack that Santa brings.

But best of all the Christmas fun
Are parcels yet to be undone,
The ones that Daddy's wrapped up tight
And carefully hidden out of sight
Upon the wardrobe's topmost tip
Where little fingers cannot dip,
Nor little eyes peep in to see
What these exciting things may be...
Intended for the Christmas tree.

—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.

Domestic Help as a Job

TALKING of the servant problem, Mrs. Beardsley, of the Australian Women's Association, declares some mistresses look on their servants as machines.

She was one of a deputation that urged the Victorian Government the other day to establish a wages board for servants.

It's high time. Every other industry has it. Surely we could forget the tradition of the family retainer, and regard servants just as workers specialising in the particular job of housework.

Once we did that, the eternal wrangling and unfairness on both sides would wither away.

"Jack's as good as his master" is a truism these days. The point of inferiority or equality should never arise. A engages B to do a specific job for specific wages and conditions—just as in any other field of work.

LOIS AND LOUISE, Los Angeles twins, married twin brothers, Ray and Roy Sibrine, in Honolulu, on the same day. Later they divorced them in the same court on the same day. Then they married twin brothers—Hubert and Herbert Sharpe—on the same day. Now they have been divorced again and are to remarry their first twin husbands on the same day.

Wages for Wives

SWEDISH women have it all over all the rest of the world's housewives.

Under a new law they must be paid a specific remuneration for their services in the home, and the money is entirely for their personal use.

It's safe to say that the majority of Australian women need no such law, since the finances of the family are largely in their hands.

But it's a grand thing to have a legal backing for one's moral rights. There are always instances of abuse that only law can rectify.

The Adventurer

GEORGE KENIN, of Broome, is 12. His recent achievements have been:

To leave home and travel to a wild spot by schooner.

To start inland from there and take a job with a lonely settler on a holding where not more than four white men have ever been.

To saddle up a mule on receipt of news that his mother wanted him, and ride 100 miles through the wildest country in Australia to Kunmunya Mission Station.

They say the pioneering age is over.

But the pioneering age is simply—youth.

Just a Line or Two About Twins

By Their Mother

The birth of the Dionne "Quins" amazed and thrilled us all. The tired, blase old world sat up and took notice and a country doctor found he was famous, and rightly so.

BUT I have found from my own experience that twins also have their own little important place in the world.

A baby at all times is a monarch in his own way, but when there are two to share the little family throne everyone's interest immediately doubles.

I am the proudly happy mother of twins and can write authentically on the subject.

They are indeed one's "whole-time job," but, candidly, it is infinitely worth while. They are of wonderful interest from birth, especially if the mother follows strictly the advice of the clinics.

Comparison in their individual progress, in weight, actions, intelligence, in accordance with their birth-weight becomes vitally important.

One of the twins may be smaller, perhaps a little weaker than the other, but most twins are reared in safety.

Double Work

MOST folk think that two are easier to rear than one. I do not think this is quite true.

There is essentially a double amount of work, the expense of clothing is doubled, they do not always agree to sleep at the same time, one's work sometimes has to just "go."

The commonest questions I have been asked are: "Aren't they a handful?" or "How can you tell them apart?" "Are they bottle or breast-fed babies?"

I maintain that a really good baby is one who has had only the necessary nursing.

The babes are happier if brought up to amuse themselves in the quietness of their cot or on a rug on the floor, and they find their toes are wonderful things to play with.

Everyone is so willing to shower their affection on a little one, and the result is often a cross, spoilt babe.

Moreover, it is so difficult for the mother, and one will understand it is even more so where twins are concerned.

If they did exactly the same thing at the same hour in the same way the work connected with them would be just a matter of working quickly and in a common-sense way to time—**but babies are very inconsiderate about an adult's job.**

Always Wonderful

SOME women yearn with a wistfulness that goes deeper than the surface for twins; others dread the prospect. But they are really very beautiful and wonderful

"Won't they be lovely when they are walking," people say. But their loveliness does not commence there. It had its origin when they first beheld light—the wonder and the helplessness of them!

A lot of work! They assuredly are—but, lying in the one big cot, so often sleeping with their helpless little arms outstretched in positions nearly always similar, an infinite peace resting on the pure little faces, one does not think of the work.

That is merely secondary and one wonders and dreams about them, praying that the Almighty One will keep them in the shadow of His wings.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . . *By WEP*

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HOW TO DO *Your* CHRISTMAS SHOPPING!

"Christmas shopping certainly has its points," says L. W. Lower, who always makes his purchases on the sprat-to-catch-a-mackerel plan.

L. W. Lower's Advice on the Things You Can't Think of to Buy People

— By —
L. W. Lower
Australia's Foremost Humorist

Illustrated by WEP

I always like to get my Christmas shopping done early and get in before the rush starts.

It's wonderful the number of things you can't think of to buy people.

MRS. LOWER is all for "sensible" presents. "There's the very thing for Aunt Maud! A set of aluminium saucepans!"

"Do you mean to tell me you'd have the nerve to give anyone a heap of saucepans for a Christmas present?"

"Certainly! She'll love them."

"Oh! Well, I'm going to buy Uncle Fred a box of cigars."

"But he doesn't smoke!"

"I know he doesn't, but I do, and we see him pretty often."

"Well, let's go to the toy department. Ask that man over there dressed up as Father Christmas. He'll direct us."

"All right. Hey, Jack!"

"Hullo, Lennie! What are you doing here?"

"Looking for the toy department, old son."

"Take the lift to the ground floor."

"Oh, what a lovely teddy bear! Isn't he cuddly? Seven guineas."

"Hmm. Look at this celluloid dog. Ninepence."

"You can't give anything cheap like that. It looks paltry."

"Well, you go ahead and buy your bear. I'll buy the celluloid dog."

"Anyhow, let's have a look around first; we might see something else."

"This duck looks fairly cheap. You wind it up and it quacks. Do for young Ronnie, don't you think?"

"But it makes an awful noise!"

"I like it. How much is this duck, miss? What, only two and six? I'll take it. Don't bother wrapping it up."

"Are you going to carry that thing around like that? You look ridiculous!"

QUACK! QUACK! QUACK! QUACK!

"Stop it, idiot! Everybody's looking at you!"

Valued Trophy

"I THINK we'll buy young Ronnie something else. I'll keep this to show the boys at the club" .. QUACK! . . . "That's funny, I just pressed it on the side here, like this—QUACK!—see?"

"Come on and don't make a show of yourself. We're going to get some face powder and a bottle of scent for Aggie."

"Why not buy her a cake of soap and a bath towel?"

"I suppose you think that's clever? Anyway, what are we going to buy for Uncle Charlie?"

"What about a billiard table?"

"How much are they?"

"You can get a fairly good one for about a hundred and forty pounds."

QUACK!

"Put that thing away! I didn't know they were as dear as that. What can I get him, then?"

"A box of cigars. He doesn't smoke, but if we send them to him early he'll say to himself, 'Young Lennie smokes cigars. This ought to be just the thing for him'; and back they'll come."

It Has Its Points

"SELFISH beast! Oh, I nearly forgot! I must get some bon-bons."

"What are they? Those things you pull and little mottoes fall out of them? Oh, yes! I remember I got one last Christmas.

"'Full many a grave with the teeth is dug,
So don't stuff yourself with pudding, you mug.'"

QUACK!

"Listen, if you do that again I'll slap you in the face in front of everybody!"

"Well, would you like some afternoon tea?"

"That's just what I want. That is thoughtful of you, dear."

"That's all right. Dash off and have it. I'll stroll over the road and I'll be waiting for you outside. Here, take these parcels."

"Pah! I might have known. No! We're going straight home!"

"Oh, all right." QUACK!

"And if you quack that thing in the tram you just see what happens to you!"

"I thought this was supposed to be the season of goodwill and all that? . . . Oh, hullo, Stella! Haven't seen you for weeks. How're things?"

"Who was that you were talking to?"

"Just a friend, dear. As a matter of fact, she's the mother of sixteen children. Don't you think——?"

QUACK!

"—And incidentally, what's in this parcel?"

"That's not our parcel! Where did you get it?"

"I just picked it up off the counter. I must be getting parcel-conscious."

"You'll look fine if you're arrested for shop-lifting."

"My word, yes! I never thought of that. Here; you'd better carry it. Women always get off with lighter sentences than men. You won't get more than three months at the outside, and look at the money we can save on the housekeeping. I could get a room and store the furniture, and the change would do you good. When you come out you'd be able to knit oakum door-mats."

QUACK!

"Please don't do that. I've got a splitting headache. Let's go home."

"Suits me. You run off home and I'll follow you. I've got some business to do in town."

And some ten minutes later a small but interested group may be seen gathered around in one of the more select clubs.

"How do you do it?"

"You just press it on the sides."

QUACK !

"I see." QUACK! QUACK! QUACK!

Certainly this Christmas shopping has its points.

How does she keep her LOVELY FIGURE

SHE'S the kind of figure which shows off her swim suit to perfection—but once she'd a tendency to put on weight, to lose those graceful lines, until a friend recommended her to take Bile Beans. Now her figure's as lovely and slim as ever it was.

Don't envy her, but get that slim, fashionable figure for yourself by taking Bile Beans nightly. These fine vegetable pills tone up the system, ensure internal health and melt away all surplus fat.

"As a friend told me that Bile Beans are splendid for eliminating waste fat and keeping one fit I started taking them nightly. My weight reduction has already amounted to 16 pounds and my health is wonderfully improved. I am altogether delighted with Bile Beans."—Mrs. N. Keen.

* * *

"I owe my slim figure, clear complexion and youthful appearance to taking Bile Beans regularly. I now enjoy such splendid health that I am able to get full pleasure out of life."
—Miss M. C. Windrim.

BILE BEANS

IMPROVE YOUR FIGURE WITHOUT DIETING

For the BEST *Xmas Gift*

PERFUMES . . .
COLOGNES . . .
POWDERS . . .
TALCS . . .
CASKETS . . .
NOVELTIES . . .

Buy Quality—ask to see . . . .

Coty

THE WORLD'S GREATEST PERFUMER

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4614881

If you should know the Viscountess Moore well enough to ask her how she keeps her skin so beautiful, she would tell you this: "I simply trust my complexion to Pond's Creams. They are so easy to use, and so effective."

"Skin-Vitamin" keeps your skin radiant.

"Skin-Vitamin"! Who ever heard of that?

Doctors have known for some time that a certain vitamin is particularly beneficial to the skin. When we eat foods that contain it, this vitamin helps to keep skin healthy.

Then doctors applied this vitamin right to skin in cases of wounds and burns—and found it healed the skin more quickly! This is the "Skin-Vitamin" that you now get in Pond's Creams.

POND'S VANISHING CREAM has always been especially good for smoothing out the rough places. Now, with the active "Skin-Vitamin", it makes the skin smoother, softer and gives a livelier look.

POND'S COLD CREAM with the active "Skin-Vitamin", cleanses, softens and smoothes for powder. It invigorates the skin and fights off blemishes, smoothes out lines, makes pores less noticeable.

Here you see microscopic section of skin treated with Pond's "Skin-Vitamin" Creams. Without the "Skin-Vitamin" this section of skin was harsh, dry and old looking. Now, with the "Skin-Vitamin", dried-up, flattened cells are rounded out, the oil glands healthy.

Listen to "Your Cavalier," 2CH, 3DB-LK, 4BK-AK, 6IX-WB every Monday, 9 p.m.; 5AD-MU-PI every Wednesday, 8.30 p.m.

FREE! Pond's "Skin-Vitamin" Creams. Mail this coupon to-day with four one penny stamps in a sealed envelope to cover postage, packing, etc., for free tubes of Pond's two "Skin-Vitamin" Creams—Cold and Vanishing. You will receive also a sample of Pond's new Face Powder. Indicate shade wanted: Brunette (Rachel) ( ), Light Cream ( ), Rose Cream (Natural) ( ), Naturelle (Light Natural) ( ), Rose Brunette ( ), Dark Brunette (Sunset) ( ).
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MOST FASCINATING XMAS PRESENT FOR MAN, YOUTH, OR BOY. Saddler-made of the finest selected Oak Bark, Tanned Solid Hide, with a Monogram Buckle Clasp of ANY TWO or THREE letters.

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JACK AFRIAT, Pacific House, 296 Pitt St., Sydney. Established 1903.

GHOST *of* CASTLEHALL

Continued from Page 12

DOROTHY sat paralysed with horror while the figure moved soundlessly towards the door, and faded through the panelling. Then she sprang out of bed and rushed blindly, sobbing, terror - stricken, into Peter's room.

Peter had his candles lighted on the dressing-table, and he was standing at the foot of his bed. Dorothy rushed into his arms without pausing to wonder why he was not in bed and asleep.

"Peter," she sobbed. "Oh, Peter, something dreadful——" and could get no further, but only stood, huddled against him, shuddering.

He said, his arms closed protectively about her, "I know. She came in here, but I thought I must have been dreaming. I got up and lit the candles, trying to shake off the nightmare of the thing—I don't understand—we couldn't both have had the same dream——"

"She was like Hester Pearce," shuddered Dorothy, and then, despairingly, "Oh, Peter, what does it all mean, the servants going off like that, and Hester Pearce hanging about the house, and this — this phantom with the candle? It couldn't have been Hester Pearce, in the house and dressed up, do you think?"

"Hester Pearce is a living person," said Peter, "and living persons don't pass through doors without opening them. I knew, I always felt—didn't I tell you — that there was something queer about this house."

On that Christmas morning Dorothy and Peter anxiously scanned the faces of their guests for any sign of nocturnal disturbance, but no one appeared to have seen anything supernatural, and everyone still joked about "the ghost of Castlehall."

They said: "If your ghost doesn't show up soon we shall have to manufacture one."

Dorothy and Peter, steeped in the normality all about them, began to wonder if they had not both been the victims of suggestion and nerves on Christmas Eve. Peter had almost convinced himself that nothing out of the ordinary had happened the night before, when, crossing the grounds with an armful of logs for banking up the fires, he caught a glimpse of Hester Pearce standing with her back against a tree, her dark, wild eyes turned towards the lighted windows of the house.

Rage flamed up in him at the sight of her; he dropped his logs and rushed across the frozen grass and caught her by both arms.

"Look here," he said, "this is not the first time I've seen you hanging about here. What do you want? This house is occupied now, and the grounds are private property. You're trespassing."

Her face was deadly white, but her eyes burned like dark fires. She said, sullenly, "It's you who are trespassing. I belong here."

"What do you mean, exactly?" He did not loosen his grip upon her arms.

"I am a Reynolds on my mother's side. The Reynolds' owned this house, for generations, before the Derks got it. My great-grandfather sold it to the Derk family when he got into financial difficulties. But his daughter, Lucy Reynolds, my grandmother, was going to marry Anthony Derk, and that would have brought the house back into the family again.

"But he contracted pneumonia a week before they were to be married, and died on Christmas Eve, the day they had planned to return from their honeymoon and come into Castlehall. So we never got back——"

HIS hands fell away from her arms. He asked: "But why do you come here? What is it you want? Your grandmother is probably dead now, as well as Anthony Derk, and the house is no longer even in the Derk family."

"I know. I—I don't know why I come here. I don't think I want to come, but something impels me here." Her hands flew suddenly to her face, and she shuddered. "Even when I was a child the house seemed to draw me. I used to be glad that it was so often untenanted: I used to come and play in the grounds, and there used to be a caretaker who used to let me come in sometimes, and it was like coming home.

"I used to say that when I grew up I would buy Castlehall, but there's never been any money in our family; we can't afford even to rent it. I could marry and have a home of my own to-morrow, but I don't want any home but this—the house in which my mother would have been born if my grandmother had not lost Anthony Derk and Castlehall with him. It's—it's as though my grandmother's love for Castlehall has been handed down—it's in me, and I suppose it's that that draws me back here——"

There was something hopeless in her voice. Peter saw her suddenly as the tormented medium which carried on a dead woman's spirit—and dead dreams. A sudden idea flashed to him.

He said, "Look here, Miss Pearce, it's beginning to snow and you look frozen. Come in and have a cup of tea with Mrs. Vernon."

"Thank you." She brushed back a lock of dark hair from her white face with a gesture of weariness, and they walked up the path together.

She said as they approached the house, "You know that my grandmother's ghost is supposed to haunt Castlehall at Christmas?"

GIRLIGAGS

"A COVER charge is what you used to pay for an old-time bathing-suit."

He said grimly, "I've met the lady."

She laughed, unsteadily. "I'm supposed to be very much like her."

"You are." He hesitated, then added: "You'd be afraid—if you met her?"

"Afraid of my own spirit?"

He was silent, thinking for a few moments, then he said: "Miss Pearce, what time did you get to bed last night?"

"ABOUT half-past twelve, I think. I was helping my mother put up the holly and mistletoe, and it took a long time. But I heard two o'clock strike before I got to sleep. Why?"

He said, ignoring her question, "It was shortly after 1, too, heard two o'clock strike that I saw—the lady of Castlehall. Look here, Miss Pearce, will you do something for me? Will you sleep at Castlehall to-night?"

She looked at him with startled dark eyes. "Yes—but I don't understand. Why?"

"I want to test a theory I've developed concerning this ghost business."

After a little discussion it was arranged that Hester Pearce should come up to Castlehall round about midnight and sleep there. Peter and Dorothy both invited her to join their party for dinner and the Christmas night festivities, but she refused on the grounds that there was a party at her parents' house.

Promptly at midnight she arrived.

"You're just in time for the last round of drinks," said Peter, with a forced brightness, helping her off with the heavy fur coat which enveloped her. He conducted her to the dance-room and poured a drink from the cocktail-shaker.

She responded unsmilingly and drained her glass in silence. Peter introduced her to a number of people, then crossed the room to Dorothy.

"In 10 minutes' time you must take Miss Pearce to her room," he said quickly, "there was a strong sleeping draught in her drink and she will begin to feel drowsy in a few minutes."

Dorothy, watching from the other side of the room, saw Hester Pearce suddenly raise her hand to her forehead confusedly. She crossed to her instantly.

"You look tired, Miss Pearce; let me take you to your room."

The girl murmured confusedly: "Thank you — I feel a little — muddled. It must be the cocktail. I'm not used to them."

Dorothy held her arm and conducted her upstairs. She helped her off with her dress, and then the drug overcame the girl and she collapsed on to the bed. Dorothy rushed away to inform Peter.

Peter gripped her arm. "Now," he said, "if my theory is correct, we shall meet the lady of Castlehall. You mustn't be afraid. Come."

He led her back up the stairs and drew her close beside him into a window recess.

"Watch the door of Hester's room," he whispered.

Dorothy watched, fascinated. In spite of her horror, and even as she turned her head a tall, slim figure in the costume of 60 years ago appeared, emerging imperceptibly from the panels.

She advanced slowly down the corridor, her figure erect, the transparent candle in her transparent hand; she stared straight before her with a fixed unearthly gaze, and as she passed there was a soft sound of weeping; she passed down the passage, and, it seemed to the watchers, melted out of sight.

"Now," whispered Peter, and drew Dorothy after him and across the corridor to Hester Pearce's room. He opened the door softly, and they both saw the girl lying on the bed as Dorothy had left her.

"YOU see," Peter whispered, "the spirit of Lucy Reynolds lives in her body, and when she sleeps it is released, and at Christmas time, the time of the tragedy of her life, that spirit wanders back here to Castlehall, the home that was to have been hers—the house that holds all her dreams.

"Don't you understand how that unhappy restless spirit wanders about these corridors and rooms? It was that I felt when we first came here without realising what it was, and it's that spirit inhabiting Hester Pearce which impels her back here at this time of the year."

He closed the door softly behind him and walked back slowly down the corridor with Dorothy.

"What can we do?" she asked. "It seems so awful—that poor girl possessed by the spirit of her unhappy ancestress, and that tragic spirit wandering the rooms of the house that was to have been hers — the house in which she was born, and in which her children would have been born if Fate hadn't been so cruel.

"We can't go on living here. I should always feel that I hadn't any right; that I was an intruder and every Christmas to know that that ghost must walk the house—" She shuddered involuntarily, "No, I can't do it."

He said: "There's only one thing to do. Hester Pearce must marry her architect and come and live here, so that the spirit of Lucy Reynolds may find rest."

All the bright young people of Peter's and Dorothy's set said that of course they knew that Dorothy would soon get tired of her "haunted house"—particularly as it hadn't a ghost after all, and they were not at all surprised to hear that she and Peter had let it furnished after Christmas to a newly-married couple at a purely nominal rent.

Neither Peter nor Dorothy ever troubled to explain, but they surprised those friends who had predicted that they would spend their next Christmas on the Riviera by going to stay at Castlehall with their tenants.

There was a baby at Castlehall then, a girl-baby called Lucy, and no one talked about ghosts, because where there is a baby there is so much of importance to talk about, and villagers who would not have dreamed of passing the gates of Castlehall after dark on Christmas Eve before now passed fearlessly, for they knew, with the deep instinctiveness of simple natures, that it only wanted a descendant of the unhappy Lucy Reynolds to tenant the old house for her wistful ghost to be laid; for ghosts, after all, are nothing but dreams that have got lost, and a dream lost in one generation may be found in another, and the world's eternal dream of love crystallised in a little child, as at the first Christmas. (Copyright)

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FASHION PORTFOLIO

MARCH of the MODE

By RENE

Cocktail Time

●NAVY CREPE FROCK, which features shirred draped sleeves, draped beltless waistline, and is drawn in to a centre back which buttons with tiny buttons from the neck to below the hipline.

● BLACK SATIN makes this frock with scalloped-edged tiers from neck to hem—an unusual line. A white satin collar and red velvet bow finish the neck.

●MIDNIGHT-BLUE American sheer frock embroidered with tiny silver flower motif. Draped bodice, low V neck, and very full skirt. Matching yellow flowers at waist and posed high on the small satin cocktail hat.

●BLACK JERSEY makes a smooth, sleek frock with neck drape and sash made of deep gold lame.

●BLACK LACE trimmed with appliqued white lace, worn over a taffeta slip. Note matching lace halo hat.

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The Fashion Parade sketched by Petrov

Dinner at Home!

- ABOVE LEFT: Dull black lace over a shiny black satin slip forms a simple shirtmaker frock.
- CENTRE: Quaint flaring suggesting a peplum distinguishes this dinner frock in red faille.
- RIGHT: Flat crepe in deep blue makes this little suit, which may be worn to a film after dinner. Six large mirror-buttons fasten the jacket and there is a blouse of platinum satin.
- AT RIGHT (seated): For dinner at home you can safely indulge that fancy for bizarre prints. In this case, a colorful chintz of tropical intensity is used for both dress and scalloped bolero.

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THESE ARE *Their Favorite* SWIM SUITS

● ROCHELLE HUDSON, who is toying with the fringe of her big sun umbrella, has chosen a blue wool one-piece suit in which to take her morning dip. It is in the new ripple weave and is backless, allowing a generous area for sun-tanning. The V-necked front is fastened with four scarlet buttons. Her dark sandals, tied with white rope, give a note of contrast.

● CECILIA PARKER is wearing her new three-piece bathing-suit modelled in gaily floral print. The shorts are topped with a flared skirt and matching brassiere top. Miss Parker is a clever M.-G.-M. player.

● RECLINING luxuriously on her surf towel, Betty Grable is absorbing sunshine on a Californian beach. Her white bathing-suit contrasts piquantly with the vivid coloring of her surf towel. Betty is shortly to marry Jackie Coogan, formerly a child star. She was recently selected by the noted American artist, Russell Patterson, as the girl with the most beautiful figure in Hollywood.

Natural color photographs taken in Hollywood.

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CHANGE *Your Ideas* ABOUT COLORS

Experiment With Unusual Combinations: Try Wearing New Shades: Avoid a Color Habit

By Alison Settle

English Fashion Expert. Exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly.

Have you spent years saying, "I can't wear reds: they don't go with my hair." Or, "Blue is just my color," when half your friends (the courageous half) are dying to tell you that it's the last color you should ever wear?

DON'T have a color fixation. Stop wearing the colors that have become a habit with you and practise with the colors you've always been doubtful about, and from there go on to the colors you swear are not for you.

Because you may have got into that set way of thinking when colors were not so perfectly blended as they now are. Maybe it's a hang-over from your childhood?

At any rate, drop all that and start afresh with curious new shades and blends. Give up the blue you are used to and try a purplish-blue and with it wear a rich red-brown.

Try a lime-yellow with a certain tinge of bottle-green, since bottle-green in itself can be dull.

Try raspberry with your navy; rust and royal-blue combined with navy; lavender, slate, and navy in combination.

You like wine-red and think it "suitable" for autumn? Distrust anything that seems suitable; you may be meaning "dull." Use the wine-red, but wear with it a bright turquoise scarf.

You think brown also suitable, and always wear it in autumn? Right, but a corn-yellow and rust combined will take off the curse of dullness.

And again have with your brown a blouse of pillarbox-red.

The navy you are giving up in favor of bright-navy, and you are about to wear fuchsia scarves, two of them, one in each shade, to make it gayer . . . did you know that?

Your coppery-brown will have also two scarves tied together, one in blue-grey and one in yellow. It takes a little time to realise that grey and brown are just as good a combination as beige and brown, and younger.

Plaids will do a lot to "zipp" up your daytime color sense; say a plaid of mauve-pink and grey on slate-blue.

Also try reversing your color ideas. Instead of a black coat over a purplish-blue dress try the purplish-blue over a black dress, the lemon coat over the brown, the grey coat over the navy suit.

And in the evenings try real rich color for your evening coat. Too many women take their evening wrap ideas from the days when wraps were parked in the cloakroom.

Nowadays, when restaurant entertaining equals private house entertaining, you take your evening coat or cape in with you and it is a feature of your evening.

Your taste and color knowledge are judged by that quite as much as by your dress. That is, by the other women. The men won't take much notice, though. But we dress for women rather than for men, don't we?

She opened her Christmas Stocking —

and found that super-swish "Cherie" suit by Jantzen. Its half-skirt gives a divinely sleek line with modesty. Tailored-in elastic bra. In Jantzen's slenderising wave-stitch fabric. 32/6 Other Jantzens from 21/-.

He opened his Christmas Stocking —

and found the Jantzen "Streamliner" trunks that he's wearing. (Looks pretty swagger, too.) They've a roll-proof waistband. Speed-type leg. Simulated fly. Pocket on white web belt. Price 16/6. *Jantzen gives you its famous knit and tailoring in trunks from 11/9 Full Suits from 16/6.*

Take off your whiskers, Santa Claus—we've seen you before! . . . . You're the same fellow that we often see doing so well for himself in these Jantzen advertisements. And we'll bet our own new Jantzen trunks to sixpence that you said "Merry Christmas" to the lovely young lady with that glamorous, glorious Jantzen she's so proudly wearing. . . . . Here's a Chrismas thought for every Santa Claus — what gift could be more perfect than Jantzen for anyone who swims?

Jantzen

(Australia) Limited, Lidcombe, N.S.W.

You'll see the new Jantzens in your favourite Store.

PARIS Snapshots

BELTS are in the news again. No matter how plain the frock it must have a chic belt, either in brightly-embroidered felt, linen or suede, or in gold leather inset with highly-colored stones.

One shop window in the Rue de la Paix shows a selection of these jewelled belts with matching pointed gold leather hats. These hat-and-belt sets look like something out of Arabian Nights.

* * *

FINGER-NAILS have gone into two colors, the nails themselves being varnished in cherry or flame, while the half moons are being painted with the new opalescent varnish that looks like soap bubbles.

* * *

APPLIQUED taffeta, velvet and felt flowers are the latest decoration for the full hems of Victorian evening gowns. In every ballroom one sees at least half-a-dozen frocks whose hems are gay with gigantic roses, lilies, autumn-tinted leaves, and even geraniums and nasturtiums.

* * *

HAIR is going childishly curly again. Young girls and older women, getting a little tired of the page-boy cut—it is a bit uncomfortable and hot round the neck—are returning to curls all over the head; a fashion very popular in the late 'nineties when it was worn with stiff mannish collars and shirt blouses.

The bandeau and halo wreath are the two favorite evening decorations for this type of hair-dressing, while experts state that pearl collars are the most becoming jewels to wear with it.

Paris jewellers are already busy transforming strings of pearls, real and synthetic, into pearl collars.

* * *

PHOTO signet rings—worn on the little finger of the right hand—are the fad of the moment in Parisian jewellery. Instead of a single stone or a seal the ring is decorated with a tiny photograph or miniature of the best-beloved, whether it be sweetheart, husband or child.

Some of the rings are very elaborate, the photographs being circled with diamonds, emeralds or sapphires set in white gold or platinum.

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What Women Are Doing

To Manage Tour

MRS. A. H. MORPHETT, of Westbourne Park, S.A., will have double duties to perform when she accompanies the South Australian Women's Bowling Association team to Sydney to take part in the Australian carnival early next year, as she will be both treasurer and manager.

She was manager of the team which took part in the interstate matches in Sydney two years ago, and was one of the unbeaten skippers in those matches.

✣ ✣ ✣

Active Worker Since League Was Formed

EVER since the Queensland League of Women Relatives of Sailors and Soldiers was established in 1919, Mrs. E. E. Floyd, of Brisbane, has been connected with it. In the early days of the club's activities she acted as honorary financial secretary for three years. In 1924 she took over the work as assistant librarian to Mrs. Harvey Gibbon, and continued with this work until her retirement in 1933, when she became honorary librarian.

Mrs. E. E. Floyd —Norton Trevaire.

The library serves the club members with books at a very reasonable fee, and, although the club only meets once a week, the number of books issued to members averages 4000 volumes a year.

A SECRET METHOD FOR THE MASTERY OF LIFE

WHENCE came the knowledge that built the Pyramids? Where did the first builders in the Nile Valley acquire their astounding wisdom that started man on his upward climb? Did their knowledge come from a race now submerged beneath the sea? From what concealed source came the wisdom that produced such characters as Amenhotep IV, Leonardo da Vinci, Isaac Newton, and a host of others?

To-day it is known that they discovered and used certain *Secret Methods* for the development of their inner power of mind. They truly learned to master life. This secret art of living has been preserved and handed down throughout the ages and to-day is extended to those who dare use its profound principles to meet and solve the problems of life in these complex times.

This Sealed Book — FREE

Has life brought you that personal satisfaction, the sense of achievement and happiness that you desire? If not, it is your duty to yourself to learn about this rational method of applying natural laws for the mastery of life. To the thoughtful person it is obvious that everyone cannot be entrusted with an intimate knowledge of the mysteries of life, for everyone is not capable of properly using it. But if you are one of those possessed of a true desire to forge ahead and wish to make use of the subtle influences of life, the Rosicrucians (not a religious organization) will send you A Sealed Book of explanation without obligation. This Sealed Book tells how you, in the privacy of your own home, without interference with your personal affairs or manner of living, may receive these secret teachings. Not weird or strange practices, but a rational application of the basic laws of life. Obtain your complimentary copy by addressing your inquiry to Scribe Z.S.R.

The ROSICRUCIANS (AMORC) San Jose, California

Anniversary Celebrations

SYDNEY women are now working on a concerted plan for the part they are taking in Australia's 150th Anniversary Celebrations. They are concentrating on four different things—a memorial garden in the Botanic Gardens dedicated to pioneer men and women, to be officially opened on February 3; a section in the exhibition to be held in conjunction with the Royal Agricultural Show in April; a memorial book entitled "The Peaceful Army"; and an international conference from February 1 to 4 inclusive, at which "This changing world and women's part in it" will be the subject for discussion.

Vice-Principal Returns From Interesting Tour

MISS BEATRICE CHILVERS, vice-principal of Fintona Girls' School, Balwyn, Melbourne, returned recently from a most interesting tour abroad.

These trips are made possible by the principal of Fintona, Miss Cunningham, who believes the experience gained abroad is very valuable for education.

Many parts of the Continent were visited by Miss Chilvers before journeying to London.

She did a post-graduate course at Cambridge, and attended an educational conference at Brighton.

✣ ✣ ✣

Bureau to Help Travellers to Europe

DR. CLAIRE WEEKES, who returned from overseas this year, has established and is now conducting a bureau in Sydney to help Australians to travel abroad economically.

Dr. Weekes has lived and studied in Europe for many years. She was impressed by the possibility of Australians travelling in Europe much less expensively than is commonly believed, and is now aiming to teach them how to do so.

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President of Queensland Croquet Association

TO take as keen an interest in croquet as Mrs. W. H. Austin, of Brisbane, does, means to devote nearly all your time to the game. That does not mean just playing, but, in her position as president of the Queensland Croquet Association, it means being interested in many clubs, and being very prominent every year at the interstate tournaments played in Brisbane, when over 500 entries are received.

Mrs. Austin —Noel Maitland.

Mrs. Austin's own club is South Brisbane. She is a life-member and until last year was president of her club, an office she held for twelve years. South Brisbane Croquet Club has a very flourising bridge circle which Mrs. Austin convened six years ago. The object of the circle is to get money for improvements for the club, and recently £100 was raised for the purchase of an electric mower.

Regular bridge parties are arranged every fortnight, and are always looked forward to by members and their friends, and are well attended.

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Victorian Women Graduates Elect New President

THE members of the Victorian Women Graduates' Association have elected Mrs. Allan Southey as their president in succession to Dr. Lucy Bryce.

Mrs. Southey, who is a daughter of Mr. R. B. McComas, of Hawthorn, is a graduate of the University of Melbourne. She received her early education at the Methodist Ladies' College.

She first became interested in the Women Graduates' Association, and its parent body, the International Federation of University Women, 11 years ago when visiting Europe. While in London she met several former students who were going to attend the triennial conference of the federation at Amsterdam, and they asked her to accompany them.

On her return she joined the Victorian Association, and has been connected with it ever since.

Miss Merle Robertson "On the Air"

A RECENT broadcast from Adelaide through the A.B.C. has brought the name of Miss Merle Robertson once again into prominence. Although a South Australian, and now living in South Australia, her musical reputation is an international one.

After winning the S.A. scholarship, she went to the Royal College of Music, London. While on a short tour of the Continent, giving recitals and appearing as soloist, she met Eugen D'Albert, who offered to take her as a pupil, during her stay in Copenhagen and Berlin. After this post-graduate work, her performances brought forth praise from the leading London critics, while her New York debut established her as a pianist of great strength and determination, but not lacking in delicate coloring. While in America, Miss Robertson made many joint appearances with Percy Grainger and also played chamber music with the New York String Quartet. She returned to Adelaide about three years ago.

Miss Robertson

✣ ✣ ✣

On a Holiday Visit This Time

ON leave from the South Australian Education Department, where she has been psychologist for the past 13 years, Dr. Constance Davey booked to leave in the Esperance Bay for a six months' trip to England.

This is Dr. Davey's first trip abroad since 1926, when, as winner of the Catherine Helen Spence Scholarship, she studied at the London University, and in the U.S.A. Her trip this time, however, will be purely a holiday one.

As well as her work with the Education Department, Dr. Davey lectures in psychology and logic at the University of Adelaide, where she graduated in medicine and as a Master of Arts. She is also a Doctor of Philosophy, gaining that degree for research work on the "Problem of Mental Efficiency and Deficiency."

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Supplying Books to Remote Bush Dwellers

MRS. H. A. GRIFFITHS, president of the Ipswich branch of the Queensland Bush Club, has occupied that office for the last ten years. She says she has a most efficient committee of willing assistants who work together most unselfishly, packing weekly parcels of books to those in the country who otherwise would not be able to obtain books, magazines and periodicals.

Mrs. Griffiths

"I think," said she, "that nearly every parcel we send out has a copy of The Australian Women's Weekly included, so you see we supply interesting reading matter."

The Queensland Government carries the book parcels free on the railways, the books are given to the club from kind, generous friends, and bridge benefits are run during the year to pay for the expense of rent for a packing-room, paper, string, and carters' accounts.

Hopes to Study in Vienna

KATHLEEN CASTLES, who gave a most successful recital at the Assembly Hall, Melbourne, recently, was one of the lucky young singers to be given an audition by Lotte Lehmann, who said she had a very good natural voice, good either for concert work or radio, and advised her to go abroad.

Kathleen Castles —Antoine

When she goes to Europe, as she hopes to next year, Miss Castles is to go straight to Madame Lehmann, who will advise her as to the best course to pursue.

Miss Castles won a Mary Campbell Scholarship in 1930, and after four years at the Albert Street Conservatorium joined the Puller Grand Opera Company.

Work with the Gilbert and Sullivan Company followed and she has also done quite a lot of broadcasting over the National network.

The Lady Mayoress, Mrs. Edward Campbell, is among those working to raise funds to enable this promising singer to carry out her ambitions.

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Winner of John Howard Clark Prize

THE distinction of winning the John Howard Clark Prize at the Adelaide University this year has fallen to a girl—Miss Margaret McKellar Stewart. Miss McKellar Stewart, at the recent examinations, completed her honors degree in English for Bachelor of Arts, which degree will be conferred at the Commemoration this week.

As daughter of Professor McKellar Stewart, and on her own merits as well, she is well known in Adelaide University circles. In her first year at the University she won the Tormor Prize for an essay in connection with the English course.

Miss McKellar Stewart was editor of "On Dit"—the Varsity weekly magazine—in 1935, and woman editor of "Phoenix" (the annual magazine) for 1935, 1936, and 1937, and has become known as a pleasing writer of verse. Before beginning her University course, she won the Tennyson Medal for English in the Leaving Honors examination.

Schoolgirl Wins Fencing Honors

THE honor of being the winner of the first open handicap competition conducted by the South Australian Amateur Fencing Club has fallen to a schoolgirl, Miss Cynthia Miller, who is a student of the Methodist Ladies' College, Wayville.

Fencing is a comparatively new sport in South Australia—the club was formed last year—and Miss Miller is one of the club's newest members. She had her first fencing lessons in September, and had only ten lessons to her credit when she won the handicap competition. Miss Miller has been a student at M.L.C. for about eight years and is a member of the school hockey and tennis teams.

✣ ✣ ✣

S.A. Nurses Decide on Increase in Fees

MISS VIOLET A. RALPH, the energetic secretary of the S.A. Girl Guides' Association, was one of those instrumental in the agitation that resulted in the decision made recently by South Australian nurses that their fees should be increased to four guineas a week from January 1, 1938.

With Mrs. M. Goldney, Miss G. Watts, and Mrs. L. M. Green, Miss Ralph was elected to consider the present fee of three guineas a week, which is lower than that in the other States, and she acted as chairman at the meeting of nurses called to discuss the increase. Miss Ralph is principal of the Florence Nightingale Home, Adelaide.

✣ ✣ ✣

Success of Youthful Brisbane Violinist

ONE of Brisbane's most musical young girls is Miss Minnie Crilly, A.L.C.M., who gained the highest marks in Brisbane this year for the violin, diploma section, London College of Music. Although still in her teens Miss Crilly has twice gained first place in music examinations held by the Trinity College of Music (Brisbane Centre), and holds several honor certificates.

Miss Crilly —Norton Trevaire.

She is a keen member of the Metropolitan Symphony Orchestra, and also takes a great interest in arts and crafts, and sport, and possesses a medal for physical culture.

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DON'T FORGET TO PACK 'ASPRO' IN YOUR BAG

THE CITADEL

Continued from Page 6

SHE lay on the floor, rigid, with spasmodic clutchings of her hands and sudden stiffenings of her feet. From time to time a straining, intimidating crowing broke from her tense throat.

As Andrew entered with Mr. Winch one of the older assistants in the group burst into tears.

"It wasn't my fault," she sobbed. "I only pointed out to Miss le Roy it was the design she chose herself——"

"Oh, dear. Oh, dear," muttered Mr. Winch. "This is dreadful, dreadful. Shall I—shall I ring for the ambulance?"

"No, not yet," Andrew said in a peculiar tone. He bent down beside Miss le Roy. She was very young, about twenty-four, with blue eyes and washed-out silky hair all tumbled under her askew hat. Her rigidity, her convulsive spasms were increasing. On the other side of her knelt another woman, with dark eyes, apparently her friend. "Oh, Toppy, Toppy," she kept murmuring.

"Please clear the room," said Andrew suddenly. "I'd like everyone out but"—his eye fell upon the dark young woman—"but this lady here."

The girls went, a trifle unwillingly—it had been pleasurable diversion assisting at Miss le Roy's fit. Miss Cramb, even Mr. Winch, removed themselves from the room. The moment they had gone the convulsions became terrifying.

"This is an extremely serious case," Andrew said, speaking very distinctly. Miss le Roy's eyeballs rolled towards him. "Get me a chair, please."

The fallen chair was righted, in the centre of the room, by the other woman. Then slowly and with great sympathy, supporting her by the armpits, Andrew helped the convulsed Miss le Roy upright into the chair. He held her head erect.

"There," he said with greater sympathy. Then, taking the flat of his hand, he hit her a resounding smack upon the cheek. It was his most courageous action for many months and remained so—alas!—for many months to come.

Miss le Roy stopped crowing, the spasm ceased, her rolling eyeballs righted themselves. She gazed at him in pained, in infantile bewilderment. Before she could relapse he took his hand again and struck her on the other cheek. Smack! The anguish in Miss le Roy's face was ludicrous. She dithered, seemed about to crow again and then began, gently, to cry. Turning to her friend she wept:

"Darling, I want to go home."

Andrew gazed apologetically at the dark young woman who now regarded him with restrained yet singular interest.

"Sorry," he muttered. "It was the only way. Bad hysteria—carpopedal spasms. She might have harmed herself—I hadn't an anaesthetic or anything. And anyway—it worked."

"Yes, it worked."

"Let her cry this out," Andrew said. "Good safety valve. She'll be all right in a few minutes."

"Wait, though"—quickly—"you must see her home."

"Very well," Andrew said, in his busiest professional tone.

In five minutes' time Toppy le Roy was able to make good her face, a lengthy operation punctuated by a few desultory sobs.

"I don't look too foul, do I, darling?" she inquired of her friend. Of Andrew she took no notice whatsoever.

THEY left the fitting-room thereafter, and their progress through the long showroom was sheer sensation. Wonder and relief left Mr. Winch almost speechless. He did not know, he would never know, how this had come about, how the writhing paralytic had been made to walk. He followed, babbling deferential words. As Andrew passed through the main entrance behind the two women he wrung him fervently with a spongy hand.

The taxi took them along Bayswater Road in the direction of Marble Arch. There was not even pretence of speech. Miss le Roy was sulking now, like a spoiled child who has been punished, and she was still jumpy—from time to time, her hands and the muscles of her face gave slight involuntary twitches. She was, now that she could be seen more normally, very thin and almost pretty in a scrawny little way. Her clothes were beautiful yet, despite them, she seemed to Andrew exactly like a young pulled chicken, through which traces of electric current periodically passed. He was himself nervous, conscious of the awkward situation, yet he was determined in his own interests to take advantage of it to the full.

The taxi rounded the Marble Arch, ran alongside Hyde Park and wheeling to the left they drew up before a house in Green Street. Then, almost immediately, they were inside. The house took Andrew's breath away, he had never imagined anything so luxurious as the wide soft-pinewood hall, the cabinet gorgeous with jade, the strange single painting set in a costly panel, the reddish-gold lacquer chairs, the wide settees, the skin-thin faded rugs.

TOPPY LE ROY flung herself down on a satin-cushioned sofa, still ignoring Andrew, and tugged off her little hat which she flung on the floor.

"Press the bell, darling, I must have a drink. Thank Heaven father isn't home."

Quickly, a manservant brought cocktails. When he had gone Toppy's friend considered Andrew thoughtfully, almost, but not quite, smiling.

"I think we ought to explain ourselves to you, doctor. It's all been rather hurried. I'm Mrs. Lawrence. Toppy here—Miss le Roy—had rather a row over a dress she's having specially designed for the Arts Charity Ball and—well!—she's been doing too much lately, she's a very nervy little person—and the long and the short of it is that although Toppy's very cross with you we're frightfully indebted to you for getting us back here. And I'm going to have another cocktail."

"Me too," said Toppy peevishly. "That Laurier woman. I'll tell father to ring up and get her sacked! Oh, no I won't!" As she tilted her second cocktail a smile of gratification slowly overspread her face. "I did give them something to think about, though, didn't I, Frances! I simply went wild! That look on old Mamma Winch's face was too, too funny." Her scraggy little frame shook with laughter. She met Andrew's eyes without ill-will. "Go on, doctor. Laugh! It was priceless."

"No, I don't think it was so amusing." He spoke quickly, anxious to explain himself, establish his position, convince her she was ill. "You really had a bad attack. I'm sorry I had to treat you as I did. If I'd had an anaesthetic I'd have given you that. Much less—less annoying for you. And please don't imagine that I think you tried to bring on that attack. Hysteria—well, that's what it was—is a definite syndrome. People oughtn't to be unsympathetic about it. It's a condition of the nervous system. You see, you're extremely run down, Miss le Roy, all your reflexes are on edge, you're in a very nervous state."

"That's perfectly true," Frances Lawrence nodded. "You've been doing far too much lately, Toppy."

"Would you really have given me chloroform?" Toppy asked Andrew in childish wonder. "That would have been fun."

"But seriously, Toppy," Mrs. Lawrence said, "I wish you'd take yourself up."

"You sound like father," Toppy said, losing her good humor.

There was a pause. Andrew had finished his cocktail. He put the glass down on the carved pine mantelpiece behind him. There seemed nothing more for him to do.

"Well!" he said effectively. "I must get on with my work. Please take my advice, Miss le Roy. Have a light meal, go to bed, and—since I cannot be of any further service to you—call in your own doctor tomorrow. Good-bye."

Mrs. Lawrence accompanied him into the hall, her manner so unhurried that he was obliged to restrain the busy briskness of his exit. She was tall and slim, with rather high shoulders and a small elegant head. In her dark beautifully waved hair a few iron-grey strands gave her a curious distinction. Yet she was quite young, not more than twenty-seven, he was sure.

Please turn to Page 32

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Mandrake the Magician

THE STORY SO FAR:

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and his giant Nubian servant.
LOTHAR: Go to the South Pole to rescue
MOLLY BRUNSWICK: Airwoman. They walk through a wall of steam into a prehistoric world, find Molly. They also meet
LANCE: Member of the super-race of cro-magnons, whose race has been enslaved by ruffians led by
CLEM STONE: Former American pilot, who is determined, in spite of Mandrake's warning that the land will turn to ice, to get oil from this country. Stone captures Molly, wounding Lance, who is protecting her, and places her in a tank, which, at a given signal, can be filled with oil. Mandrake, who has also been captured, hypnotises the guard, who is waiting to destroy Molly. He is threatened by Stone, but just then the wooden house is shattered by a pet dinosaur, a huge, prehistoric animal, belonging to Lance. NOW READ ON—

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NEW FASHIONS *Launched in* PARIS

Highlights of the Mid-season Shows

By M. PAUL PELLIER, Well-known Sydney Fashion Authority

Paris, Nov. 22.

When passing through New York a few weeks ago, the opportunity was given me of inspecting the collection of French models of the two most exclusive dressmaking establishments. They were showing gorgeous gowns very French in their conception but not what I would call "Parisienne."

THIS impression, which I always had, is now once more confirmed by what I see in the actual collections in Paris, and I cannot help thinking how lucky is the Australian woman having the seasons at the opposite time to Europe.

This fact permits the very smart women to have in Australia the very latest creations, 100 per cent. French, as everybody knows the couturiers are showing very early each season a first collection which is particularly intended for the buyer abroad.

Then when the season starts some new blood, typically French, is added to this first collection, and some of the first models are adapted to the personal taste of the Parisiennes.

I have been round to practically all the couturiers, and to reduce the mid-season collections to a common denominator is not as easy as it might seem, as the trend is not definitely in one direction; there are in fact several definite trends accentuated in various degrees in many of the houses. There remain, however, a few universal accents that punctuate nearly all the collections.

Shirring and tucks, as well as finely gathered drapery, to accentuate the bust and mould the hips are common to all.

Rarity of belts in some houses, prevalence of half belts in all.

Tight basque line with fullness, sometimes gathered (all around or in panels), or on the bias starting from bottom of the tight basque. Mostly used in evening dresses.

Tightness over diaphragm is universal, the fullness invariably bursting out above the high bust line.

Waistcoat tops to coats or dresses in contrasting color or material.

Many pleated skirts both for evening and day.

Many bows on evening dresses, used to tie fullness drapery to one side, directly in front or at back below hip, or a sash and bow knot around knees on a slip under a lace dress (Chanel).

AFTERNOON FROCK of black crepe showing at the high bustline the new feeling for fullness. In this model the fullness is achieved by rows of fine shirring.

Many Varieties

MATERIALS AND COLORS: Jerseys of all kinds from sheer chiffon jersey (Alix) to complicated wool and silk mixture—and satin jersey.

Rayonne satins—satin faced taffetas, surahs.

Interesting combinations: Taffeta and romaine, suede and chiffon, satin sleeves on wool coat.

Whole back of dress and half of the long tight sleeves of dull crepe satin, and the front of the dress made up on the shiny side.

Colors: Lots of blue, baby-blue, virgin-blue, sky-blue almost as deep as turquoise and royal and violine blues and purples, still combined plentifully with rich wine and raspberry colors. Mustard-yellow, greens and dove shades. Lots of light coats over dark dresses.

Embroidery: Raised leather embroidery, fur embroidery, Byzantine and jewelled embroidery, plain, flat or quilted.

Simplicity in sleeves, except for a few puffs here and there on some evening dresses.

Various lengths for suit jackets from the short saucy bolero—Schiaparelli—to the finger-tip length jacket at Mainbocher's.

Short slips under tulle, lace and mousseline dresses.

Sequin slips at Chanel's under chiffon and tulle.

Many evening dresses with one or more slits to the knee.

Dropped shoulders decolletes in several houses, notably Chanel.

Long tunics or the 1885 line with "tiebacks."

High necks following the influence of the '90's.

Corselet bodices.

Plaids are prevalent, so are stripes.

Fine pin-tucks on chiffon should come under the head of embroidery as it makes a definite decoration on this material. One of the loveliest dresses in the Dormoy collection had the whole bodice of pin-tucks and also the slightly puffed sleeves; the circular skirt (evening dress) was plain and simply tied at the waist with a bow, the long streamers of which reached far down the skirt.

Simple and Graceful

EVENING dresses at Francevramant are impressive because of their simplicity and gracefulness of line, drapery pulled tight to the front in Egyptian manner falling to the hemline or to one side into a bow or long ends falling.

Coats are often collarless and lapelless, frequently buttoned to the neck.

Criss-cross and spiral seem to be popular methods of treatment of any material, be it leather, metal or silk. One can be almost twisted from top to toe and not mind it.

On a smart woman at luncheon the other day, wearing a particularly intricate dress as regards drapery, the sleeves were noticeable because of their spiral formation. They were draped tight around the arm from shoulder to wrist in a continual spiral turn.

IT is safe to say that you do not remember one-half of the gifts you received last Christmas. Too many presents have no future. By giving an *electrical* gift you express sentiment in practical terms . . . in terms which *endure*. And the fact that most electrical gifts are inexpensive does not detract from their unique appeal . . . their instant attractiveness . . . and their infinite usefulness. The electrical dealer in your district . . . or the friendly attendants at the Sydney County Council Showrooms . . . are the most reliable allies of the modern (and *sensible*) Santa Claus.

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But don't let us spoil your fun trying to pick your gift for you. Here are some of the "electric servants" you'll see around the city . . . and as a help — an idea of their average prices.

Electric Jugs, 19/6; Coffee Percolators, £3/3/-; Mixers with juice extractors, £8/11/6; Washing Machines, £34; Ranges, £28; Electric Clocks in endless variety, 37/6; Wash Boilers, £7/10/-; Fans, 17/6; Reading Lamps, 25/-; Table Lamps, 17/6; Hair Dryers, £3/17/6; Electric Fires, 17/6; Ironing Machines, £19/10/-; Refrigerators, £44/15/-; Kettles, 38/-; Floor Polishers, £17/17/-; Vacuum Cleaners, £9/10/-; Irons, 18/6; Toasters, 17/6; Immersion Heaters, 6/9; Waffle Irons, £3/10/-.

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HER WORSHIP, *Madame* MAYOR

Will Keep a Wet Cupboard and Permit Smoking

"If a woman has a flair for public affairs she will find her place in public work and still manage to run her home, however many children she may have," says Mrs Lillian Fowler, the new Mayor of Newtown, and the first woman mayor in Australia.

She insists that it requires efficiency and energy to take part in public life, and that, therefore—logically—a woman successful in municipal or other spheres will organise her home well.

A CHARMING HOME STUDY of Australia's first woman mayor, Mrs. Alderman Lillian Fowler (left) with her daughter, Mrs. E. T. Tierney (who will act as mayoress), and granddaughter.

MRS. FOWLER gets up at 6 o'clock every morning and cooks breakfast for her household of three—herself, her daughter, Mrs. Tierney (the new mayoress) and her granddaughter.

This was her day's programme the day she was elected mayor: Up at 6 a.m., got breakfast, did the housework, played with her granddaughter aged four and a half, baked a cake and a batch of scones, got lunch, went to town for a meeting and shopping, returned home and cooked a hot dinner, and then went to the council meeting.

"Having been brought up in the country, where we had no modern appliances to make work easier, and made everything from jam to candles ourselves, housework in the city is child's play to me. And I would rather go to a political or a council meeting than an opera or a picture any day. I like the reality of people, personalities, and problems at a meeting."

Mrs. Fowler should know plenty about problems.

"When I first became a council member," she said, "I thought I knew everything about municipal government. I learned pretty quickly that I knew nothing, and set about remedying my ignorance.

"Though I do not understand all engineering technicalities, I think I can say when a job has or has not been well done on the roads or in other municipal works. Being on the unemployed relief, works, lighting, and playgrounds committees, I found all the problems I wanted. And as mayor I shall be president ex officio of all these committees.

"While I am in office I would like to establish a club for boys leaving school without any immediate prospect of work—not an institutional sort of club, but one where they can learn crafts if they want to, where they can borrow good books and have a good time. I would like one for girls, too, the sort of club where they can drop in to do some dressmaking or bake a batch of scones if they fancy.

"And most of all I would like to get other women on the council. The trouble with women in municipal affairs is that if they are defeated in their first election they lose heart. I failed in three elections before I won a seat, and tried four times for the mayoral chair.

"We need women in municipal affairs. Don't believe accusations that women are petty in public life. They are magnificent and loyal supporters, and I believe they would be the same if they were elected to the council.

"Women would be particularly valuable on finance committees. A woman looks twice at a shilling before she spends it. Her training as a housewife makes her that way, while a man is apt to be reckless with large or small sums."

Will Not Wear Robes

MRS. FOWLER has been buying toys for the children's party she will give for about a dozen children on Christmas Day, and has been preparing her Christmas dinner for her household and guests from the country.

There will be roast turkey sent from her old home at Cooma, apple sauce and vegetables, plum pudding made from a recipe of her mother's, fruit and nuts, and sweets.

This is her plum pudding recipe:—

One pound butter, 1lb. brown sugar, 1lb. plain flour, 1 cup breadcrumbs, 1lb. sultanas, 1lb. currants, 1lb. raisins, 2lb. mixed peel, ½lb. figs, 10 eggs, 1 teaspoon ground nutmeg, 1 teaspoon carbonate soda, 1 glass rum or brandy, drop of lemon essence, a little spice, ½lb. shelled almonds, ½lb. cherries.

Boil for six hours first day, 2 hours next day.

Her Worship the Mayor does her own mending, and sometimes when she wants a rest does a little knitting or fancywork.

She will not wear mayoral robes, will keep a "wet" cupboard, although she herself is a total abstainer, and will permit smoking at meetings though she does not smoke herself.

"I do not want to be a mayor with a woman's point of view, though it is inevitable that I will bring a woman's point of view to much of the council's work. When I finish my term I want to be able to say, 'Lillian Fowler, this is a man's job. You have done it well.'"

Honeymoon Suites On Airliners

By Air Mail from New York

GIANT flying-boats with three decks, private cabins and "honeymoon suites" are being built for the transatlantic service between the United States and Europe.

The largest airliners ever developed in the United States, they will be bigger than the ships in which Columbus first crossed the Atlantic.

Driven by four 1500 h.p. engines, they will weigh over 42 tons and have a top speed of some 200 m.p.h.

Accommodation for the Atlantic flight will be available for fifty passengers. On shorter routes it can be expanded to take seventy-five passengers. Cruising range with fifty passengers will be over 3300 miles.

The airliners will have a complete dining-room and lounge with connecting gallery.

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One of the leading Secondary Girls' Schools of Sydney. Situated in beautiful and healthy surroundings within 15 minutes of Sydney. Accommodation for boarders of most comfortable and modern kind. Liberal education provided to Leaving Certificate Honors Standard, Scientific Physical Culture and Instruction in Art and Musical Appreciation.

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A shilling for lovely, lovely Revelry! Makes me laugh when I think what I've paid for face-powders . . . Makes **me** nearly cry over the money I've wasted . . . Never mind, we know better now . . . We've seen what Revelry did for our little Janet . . . We've discovered how alluring **we** can look . . . too . . . And we never **imagined** . . . Neither did anybody else . . . But now. Well, **now** . . . Isn't it fun to be nearly engaged?

What is it about Revelry Face Powder? Just that it's the only "balanced" powder—not so light as to disappear after an hour or two, not so heavy as to get that "doughy" look. To achieve this "balance" it takes 3 extra processes, exclusive to Revelry.

REVELRY
the Exclusive "BALANCED"
FACE POWDER
J. & E. ATKINSON PTY. LTD.

Now IN THE NEW 1/- BOX

A microscope test soon shows the wonderful smoothness of Revelry compared with other face powders which often contain harsh, splintery particles. Don't endanger the delicate tissues of your skin — use no powder but Revelry.

56.23.26

HERE THEY ARE—
The new WEMCO fabrics!

Brand-new Bayadere and Paisley prints, colourful Persian patterns, chic Monotone designs—so gay, so colourful, they'll inspire you to new dressmaking heights.

There's WEMCOLISSA (a crepe that doesn't crush), silky CILMASOL and CILMIDENE; also TUSEDA, the crease-resisting fabric in pastel shades and navy—it's the very thing for summer suits.

WEMCO fabrics are English weaves, dependable in quality. Yet reasonable in price. See them at the better stores.

Wemco REGD FABRICS
PRODUCED IN ENGLAND

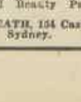
W. C. Williams, Ryan House, Charlotte St., Brisbane. Marshall Flower, 757a Hay St., Perth
K. Mather, Pawson House, Flinders La., Melb. Keogh & Co., Grace Bld., York St., Sydney

NUMERALS are still in vogue for decoration. Many of the latest foulards and figured crepes carry a motif embodying sixes and sevens and belts are being made with a design incorporating one's age, telephone or car number.

Another notion is to have the number of one's house or flat in large steel numerals on one's handbag, with the address in tiny steel lettering on the inside.

This would be a splendid idea if a midaid bag always fell into the hands of honest citizens, but in some circumstances it might be awkward, especially if the bag contained one's keys.

Enduring Charm assured by



PERMANIN
Clear Dye

Easy to apply—18 exquisite shades. Defies Sun and Water—insist on it. Obtainable at all Beauty Parlours and Chemists.
Agent: R. G. HEATH, 154 Castlereagh St., Sydney.

NANCYE WYNNE (above) and Thelma Coyne (at left), whom Dorothy Bundy, the American player, regards as certainties for the Australian women's tennis team to go to England next year.

SPECTACULAR *Tennis... Order* OF THE DAY

Great Duels Expected in International Matches

By JOAN HARTIGAN, ex-Singles Champion of Australia.

With the men's international tennis matches against Germany in Sydney next Thursday and Friday, the women's international tennis match, Australia v. America, in Melbourne on December 27 and 28, the Victorian championships just played in Melbourne, and the Australian championships to be contested in Adelaide on January 20, all thoughts are on tennis just now.

THE women's international match against Dorothy Bundy and Dorothy Workman is likely to be more closely contested than the other matches we have seen the Americans play, as they are now acclimatised, and are showing better form every day.

This despite that the Australian side will be without the services of its No. 1 player, Nancye Wynne, who decided that after the Victorian championships she would take a rest from tennis in order to be at her fittest for the Australian championships in January.

The American stars, Donald Budge and Gene Mako, and Miss Bundy and Miss Workman added much interest to the Victorian championships this year.

The semi-finals of the women's singles proved somewhat disappointing, while the men's singles were spectacular.

Dorothy Bundy, who certainly produced her finest form since she has been in Australia, defeated Thelma Coyne, and so reversed the result of the recently-played international match.

On the other hand, the spectators saw an entirely different Thelma. Her game was not characterised by her usual consistency, and at no period of the game did she hit with confidence.

Her service since the commencement of the tournament has been erratic and defensive.

In the other semi-final, Nancye Wynne and I had a match marked by some good rallies, but at different stages we were both guilty of bad errors.

At one set all Nancye produced her best tennis, and won this set without the loss of a game.

Patchy Tennis

THE women's tennis on the whole has been very patchy. This is a pity, for the selectors entrusted with the task of choosing the team to tour England next year have watched the women's matches very closely. Maybe this made the girls over-keen to show their best.

In my opinion, the girl showing most improvement is Dot Stevenson. Her game in the last twelve months has improved beyond recognition. As well as being a fine singles player, she shows excellent knowledge of the doubles game, her return of service being a model of consistency.

If she keeps on producing this form it seems likely that she will catch the selectors' eye.

Margaret Wilson is another who should come to light in the Australian championships. University examinations right up to the commencement of the Victorian championships did not allow her to obtain the necessary practice.

Mrs. Westacott, the Queensland star, must also be given claims for inclusion. Emily has a very colorful personality and would prove a great attraction overseas.

Mrs. Harry Hopman has not produced her best form, and will have to show some improvement in the Australian championships if she wishes to hold her Australian grading.

The English Trip

I ASKED Dorothy Bundy whom she would choose for England next year. She said:

"Nancy Wynne and Thelma Coyne for certainties, and the way Emily Westacott played when I was in Queensland she should also be included. But she doesn't seem to have produced the same game in Victoria.

"I think the remaining two places should be allotted between May Hardcastle, Emily Westacott, Dot Stevenson, and Joan Hartigan.

"Nell Hopman must be considered. As well as being able to take part with the team, she would be an excellent chaperon for the girls.

"I think Nancy Wynne has an excellent chance of reaching the semi-finals or even the finals at Wimbledon, but it is too much to expect her to win the world's championship first trip. The conditions, the courts, and everything are quite different.

"There are definitely two women who can beat her—Lizana, the Chilean champion, and the Polish star, Jedrjowska.

"I have seen Nancye play brilliant tennis, but have also seen her play erratically. The Wimbledon standard is so high that you must be at your best even in the first rounds. A player must produce her best form for the whole of the tournament. However, Nancye has an excellent chance for the world's championship the following year.

"Tennis in Australia compares more than favorably with that of other countries. Even against girls outside the first few graded players you only need to be the slightest bit off form, and they will clean you up."

. . . . *for successful salads*

Aged like a fine old Liqueur

CORNWELL'S
PURE MALT
VINEGAR

2/- Weekly

secures this delightful ensemble for the smart woman, in printed continental silk and sent

On Approval

The frock has the new uplift line, is belted and inverted pleat in skirt, the jacket has a loose sleeve, and the ensemble is finished with a posy at the neckline of the frock.

SIZES: X.S.S.W., S.S.W., S.W., W., S.O.S., O.S., X. O. S., X.X.O.S.

COLOURS: Black, navy, brown, saxe, pink, green, and the same colours in multifloral grounds. Please state preference.

All you have to do is send name and address, together with 4/- postal note, and 9d. for postage; balance to be paid in fortnightly payments of 4/-. Name of employer, if married, husband's name and where employed; if under 21, parent's signature will suffice, and garment will be sent to you on approval.

Price: X.S.S.W., S.S.W., S.W., W. 29/11
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Please state bust, hips, and length sleeve measurements, hip to be measured 9 inches below waist.

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THE CHRISTMAS SHOW for children in the Blaxland Galleries . . . with Santa in icy regions at the Pole. Admission is by docket only.

FARMER'S

MAIL ORDERS to P.O. Box 497 AA, Sydney. Telephone M 2405. Or call in and have an efficient guide pick out inexpensive gifts for you.

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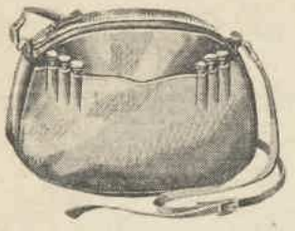
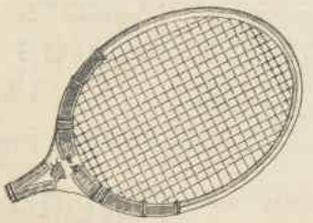
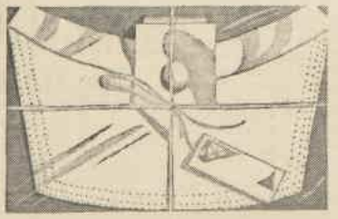


Ladies' Golf "Carryall" Bag. Room for any amount of Accessories. Selected Leathers with Adjustable Shoulder strap. Brown, navy, green or red. **15/11**



Slazenger's "Silver Shield" Racket. Made from imported ash. Blue and White with walnut facings. Usually 60/-. **39/6**

Gift Boxes of Three Golf Balls in Dunlop, Kro-flite, Silver King, Tournament and other makes. Prices range from **4/6**



Square Peak Tennis Shade. White, navy, green or brown. Keeps hair tidy . . . Adjustable head fitting, washable **3/11**

All above articles from the Sports Goods Department Lower Ground Floor. Freight is extra.

Kabe Nightie

A dream of a nightgown in floral kabe crepe silk. Bias cut. Pink, sky-blue, lemon or pink on a white background. Washes, wears well. SW, W, OS. Price **11/9**

Undies on the 4th Floor.

Floral Court

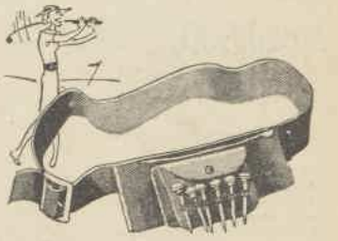
One of 250 styles from Farmer's Slipper Bazaar. 3 florals in this high-cut seam-to-toe court. Royal blue, black, multi-coloured. Fur trim. Halfs, 2 to 7. **7/11**

Shoe Salon, Third Floor.

Electric Hair Dryer, made in England. Dries Hair and Undies admirably. Many colours. Freight extra. **45/-**

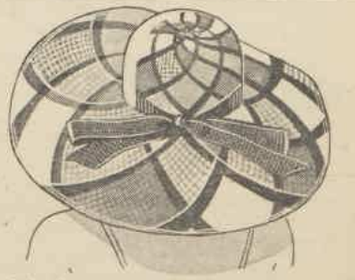
Royal Doulton Tankard Gift. Price, 5/11
Electric Travelling Iron. Weighs only 1½ lbs. Ideal for holiday use. **10/6**

Freight extra.



Golf Belts with place for Card, Pencil, Tees and a pocket for hankie. Suede leathers in Brown, Red, Green, **2/11**

Freight extra.



Colombo Beach Hat. Light as a feather. Multi-Colour Straws. Wear one with your beach playsuit. And inexpensive. **5/11**

Electrical and Sports Goods—Lower Ground Floor Chinaware—Ground Floor. Millinery—Third Floor

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● The rosebud softness of youth comes to mouths touched by Michel! It gives pulsating color to lips . . . makes them soft and warm. And it is so truly indelible, one application lasts all day. Try this smarter, gayer, more permanent lipstick today. Beware of imitations. Genuine Michel has the name on the case.

5 APPEALING SHADES
Blonde Scarlet Vivid
Raspberry Cherry

For an entrancing complexion, use Michel adherent compact rouge; for eye beauty, use non-irritating waterproof Michel cosmetique.

Michel
LIPSTICK
Obtainable From All Chemists and Stores.

Shampoo Hair after Surf

to preserve silky texture, rich colour . . . and lustre

A LITTLE sea-water creeps under your cap . . . or beach mist falls over your hair. Then the alkali in sea-water dries the scalp's edges—makes the hair stiff, sticky, dull, brittle. A rinse with fresh water is not enough.

After the beach, give your hair a quick shampoo with Colinated. Watch the rich "cocoanut foam" dissolve every trace of sand and sea-water—and leave hair soft, wavy, sparkling, *silky-clean* . . . and quite easy to dress.

BLONDES—Colinated Shampoo preserves fascinating true gold tints.

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A 2/6 bottle gives 14 perfect shampoos. All chemists. Give your hair a real "beauty wash" with

COLINATED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

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THE CITADEL

Continued from Page 26

DESPITE her height she had fine bones, her wrists especially were small and fine, indeed her whole figure seemed flexible, exquisitely tempered, like a fencer's. She gave him her hand, her greenish hazel eyes fixed upon him in that faint, friendly, unhurried smile.

"I only wished to tell you how I admired your new line of treatment." Her lips twitched. "Don't give it up on any account. I foresee you making it a crashing success."

Walking down Green Street to pick up a bus he saw to his amazement that it was nearly five o'clock. He had spent three hours in the company of these two women. He ought to be able to charge a really big fee for that! And yet, despite this elevating thought—so symptomatic of his brave new outlook—he felt confused, strangely dissatisfied. Had he really made the most of his chance? Mrs. Lawrence had seemed to like him. But you never could tell with people like that. What a marvellous house, too! Suddenly he gritted his teeth in angry exasperation. Not only had he omitted to leave his card, he had forgotten even to tell them who he was. As he took his seat in the crowded bus beside an old workman in soiled overalls he blamed himself bitterly for missing a golden opportunity.

The following morning at a quarter past eleven, as he was on the point of taking his departure on a round of cheap visits centred about the Mussleburgh Market, the telephone rang. A manservant's voice, gravely solicitous, purred at him.

"Doctor Manson, sir! Ah! Miss le Roy wishes to know, sir, what time you will be calling on her today. Ah! Excuse me, sir, hold on—Mrs. Lawrence will speak to you herself."

Andrew hung on, with a quick throbbing excitement while Mrs. Lawrence talked to him in friendly fashion, explaining that they were expecting him to call, without fail.

As he came away from the phone he told himself exultantly that he hadn't missed the opportunity yesterday, he hadn't, no, he hadn't missed it after all.

He dropped all his other calls, urgent or otherwise, and went straight to the house in Green Street. And here, for the first time, he met Joseph le Roy. He found le Roy impatiently awaiting him in the jade-bedizened hall, a bald thick-set figure, downright and bejowled, who abused his cigar like a man who has no time to lose. In one second his eyes bored into Andrew, a swift surgical operation which ended to his satisfaction. He then spoke forcibly in a colonial tongue.

"See here, doc, I'm in a hurry. Mrs. Lawrence had a terrible bother tracking you down this morning. I understand you're a clever young fellow and you don't stand any nonsense. You're married, too, aren't you? That's good. Now you take my girl in hand. Get her right, get her strong, get all this darn hysteria out of her system. Don't spare anything. I can pay. Goodbye."

Joseph le Roy was a New Zealander. And despite his money, his Green Street house, and his exotic little Toppy it was not difficult to believe the truth that his great-grandfather was one Michael Cleary, an illiterate farm hand on the lands around Greymouth Harbor, who was known colloquially to his fellow "scrubbies" as Leary. Joseph le Roy had certainly faced up to life as Joe Leary, a boy whose first job was that of "milker" on the great Greymouth farms. But Joe was born, as he said himself, to milk more than cows. And thirty years later, in the top-floor office of the first Auckland skyscraper, it was Joseph le Roy who put his signature to the deal unifying the Island dairy farms into a great dried milk combine.

IT was a magic scheme—the Cremogen Combine. At this time dried milk goods were unknown, commercially unorganised. It was le Roy who saw their possibility, who led their attack on the world market, advertising them as God-given nourishment for infants and invalids. The cream of the achievement lay, not in Joe's products, but in his own rich audacity. The surplus skim milk, which had been poured down the drain or given to the pigs in hundreds of New Zealand farms, was now sold in the cities of the world in Joe's neat brightly-papered tins as Cremogen, Cremax, and Cremefat at three times the price of pure fresh milk.

Co-director in the le Roy Combine, and manager of the English interests, was Jack Lawrence, who had been, illogically enough, a guards officer before he went into business in the city. Yet it was more than the bare association of commerce which drew Mrs. Lawrence and Toppy together. Frances, rich in her own right and far more at home in the smart society of London than Toppy who occasionally betrayed her brushwood antecedents—had an amused affection for the enfant gate. When Andrew went upstairs after his interview with le Roy she was waiting for him outside Toppy's room.

INDEED, on subsequent days, Frances Lawrence was usually present at the time of his visit, helping him with his exciting, wilful patient, ready to see an improvement in Toppy, insistent that she continue with the treatment, asking when they might expect his next call.

Grateful to Mrs. Lawrence, he was still diffident enough to feel it

MYRNA LOY chooses this blue-and-white crepe dress for afternoon wear. The girdle ties tightly around the waist and forms sash-ends down the front. The scarf collar is interesting.

strange that this patrician, self-admittedly selective person whom, before he came to see her photographs in the illustrated weeklies, he knew to be exclusive, should have even this mild interest in him. Her wide and rather sulky mouth usually expressed hostility towards people who were not her intimates, yet for some reason she was never hostile to him. He had an extraordinary desire, greater than curiosity, to fathom her character, her personality. He seemed to know nothing of the real Mrs. Lawrence. It was a delight to watch the controlled actions of her limbs, as she moved about the room. She was always at ease, watchful in everything she did, with a mind behind her friendly guarded eyes, despite the graceful casualness of her speech.

He hardly realised that the suggestion was hers yet—though he said nothing to Christine, who still contentedly balanced her housekeeping budget in shillings and pence—he began to ask himself impatiently how any doctor could develop a high-class practice without a smart car. It was ridiculous to think of him stepping along Green Street, carrying his own bag, with dust on his shoes, facing the slightly superior manservant without a car. He had the brick garage at the back of his house, which would considerably reduce the cost of upkeep and there were firms who specialised in supplying cars to doctors, admirable firms who did not mind graciously deferring the terms of payment.

Three weeks later a brown folding-roof coupe, brand new and darkly glittering, drew up at 9 Chesborough Terrace. Easing himself from the driving seat Andrew ran up the stairs of his house.

"Christine!" he called out, trying to suppress the gloating excitement in his voice. "Christine! Come and see something!"

He had meant to stagge her. And he succeeded.

"Goodness!" She clutched his arm. "Is it ours? Oh! what a beauty!"

"Isn't she! Look out, dear, don't handle the paintwork! It's—it's liable to mark the varnish!" He smiled at her in quite his old way. "Pretty good surprise, eh, Chris? Me getting it and licensing it and everything and never saying a word to you. Different from the old Morris. Step in, lady, and I'll demonstrate. She goes like a bird."

She could not admire the little car enough as he took her, bareheaded, on an easy spin round the Square. Four minutes later they were back, standing on the pavement, while he still feasted his eyes upon the treasure. Their moments of intimacy, of understanding and happiness together, were so rare now that she was loath to relinquish this one. She murmured:

"It'll be so easy for you to get about now, dear." Then again, diffidently, "And if we could get out a little bit into the country, say on Sundays, into the woods—oh it would be wonderful."

"Of course, he answered absently. "But it's really for the practice. We can't go gadding about, getting mud all over it!" He was thinking of the effect this dashing little coupe would have upon his patients.

The main effect, however, was beyond his expectation. On Thursday of the following week as he came out of the heavy glass and iron-grilled door of 17a Green Street he ran straight into Freddie Hampton.

"Hello, Hampton," he said casually. He could not repress a thrill of satisfaction at the sight of Hampton's face. At first Hampton had barely recognised him, and as he did so, his expression, falling through various degrees of surprise, was still frankly nonplussed.

"Why, hello!" said Freddie. "What are you doing here?"

"Patient," Andrew answered, jerking his head backwards in the direction of 17a. "I've got Joe le Roy's daughter on my hands."

"Joe le Roy!"

THAT exclamation alone was worth a lot to Manson. He put a proprietary hand on the door of his beautiful new coupe.

"Which way are you going? Can I drop you anywhere?"

Freddie revived himself quickly. He was seldom at a loss, and never for any length of time. Indeed, in thirty seconds, his opinion of Manson, his whole idea of Manson's usefulness to him, had undergone a swift and unexpected revolution.

"Yes," he smiled companionably. "I was going along to Bentinck Street—to Ida Sherrington's Home. Walking to keep the old figure down. But I'll step in with you."

There was a pause for a few minutes while they ran across Bond Street. Hampton was thinking hard. He had welcomed Andrew effusively to London because he hoped Manson's practice might occasionally provide him with a three guinea consultation at Queen Anne Street. But now the change in his old classmate, the car, and above all the mention of Joe le Roy—the name had for him infinitely more worldly significance than it had for Andrew—showed him his mistake. There were Manson's ideal qualifications too, useful, extremely useful. Looking astutely ahead, Freddie saw a better, an altogether more profitable basis for co-operation between Andrew and himself. He would go carefully, of course, for Manson was a touchy, uncertain devil. He said:

"Why don't you come in with me and meet Ida? She's a useful person to know, though she keeps the worst nursing home in London. Oh! I don't know! She's probably as good as the rest of them. And she certainly charges more."

"Yes?"

"Come in with me and see my patient. She's harmless—old Mrs. Raeburn. Ivory and I are doing a few tests on her. You're strong on lungs, aren't you? Come along and examine her chest. It'll please her enormously. And it'll be five guineas for you."

Please turn to Page 46

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You get a great thrill in giving a Christmas present you know will be really appreciated, because it is something that will be of great service to the recipient.

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All women love these world-famous cremes and powder.

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No. 1 casket contains a full sized box of the famous Charmosan face powder and costs 2/6 over the counter.

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Each casket is wrapped in cellophane and you have the choice of six different coloured caskets in each size. Sold everywhere by chemists, drapers and stores, including New Zealand.

Give Charmosan Xmas Gift Caskets

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BAYER THE SIGN OF SAFE ASPIRIN

Does not Depress the Heart nor Upset the Stomach

Everyone accepts the fact that Bayer Aspirin gives safe quick relief from headaches, neuralgia, neuritis, periodic pain, and other suffering. If you've tried it you know too. But no one need hesitate to take these tablets because of their speed. They are perfectly safe. They do not depress the heart nor upset the stomach. They have no ill effects of any kind.

The rapid relief they bring is due to the rapidity with which they dissolve. Pain begins to ease almost the moment Bayer Aspirin reaches the stomach. In a few minutes your headache, neuralgia or rheumatism disappears.

So keep these tablets handy and keep your engagements—free from pain or discomfort. Carry the neat pocket tin of 12 for emergencies; buy the 100 bottle for economy. Bayer Aspirin costs no more than ordinary aspirin, so insist on Bayer when you buy. Bayer means Better.

Kill Kidney Trouble Quick

Thousands of sufferers from Kidney trouble and Bladder weakness have stopped Getting Up Nights, Leg Pains, Circles Under Eyes, Swollen Ankles, Nervousness, Stiffness, Rheumatism, Dizziness, Lumbago, Burning, Itching, Smarting, Acidity and Loss of Vigour by a Doctor's new discovery called Cystex (Sistex). Gently soothes, tones, cleans and heals raw sore kidneys. In 15 minutes Cystex starts refreshing your blood. Brings new health, youth and vitality in 48 hours. Guaranteed to end your troubles in 8 days or money back. Get Cystex at all chemists.

TRY THIS FOR INDIGESTION

Go to your chemist for a packet of TWIN SODA and take a small teaspoonful in a little water or milk. Relief will be almost instantaneous. TWIN SODA also gives wonderful relief in treating Acidity, Wind, Heartburn, Catarrh of the Stomach, and similar ailments. Large packets of TWIN SODA cost only 1/6.*

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THE MOVIE WORLD

December 18, 1937 | The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement | Page One

Calling Australia!

Moviedom News As It Happens

By JOHN B. DAVIES and BARBARA BOURCHIER

from New York and Hollywood

Storm Over Gable

A CASTING battle still rages over the screen presentation of the novel, "Gone With the Wind," which producer Selznick will make next year.

Almost everyone who has read the book is agreed that Clark Gable is the only choice for the leading role of Rhett Butler. But Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has refused to lend Gable to Selznick unless he will agree to release the film through their company.

Since forming his own producing company, Selznick has released all his films through United Artists.

But it is probable he will release through M.-G.-M. in the future, and in that case he should have no difficulty in hiring Gable.

Mary Maguire Film Takes New York

● *"Alcatraz," the prison picture in which Mary Maguire plays the leading role, has broken the year's record for attendance at the Strand Theatre, New York.*

This film was made by Warners as a secondary feature, but was released as an A picture.

It is the first film to deal with the amazing Alcatraz Island in San Francisco Bay, sometimes called America's Devil Island.

On this island is located the Federal prison which houses the country's most dangerous criminals.

Calamity Carole

CAROLE LOMBARD, most dreaded of filmland's practical jokers, was the victim of a harsh trick herself the other day.

Carole had been complaining of nerves, caused by news photographers who scare her continually by popping flashlight bulbs in her face.

Director Wesley Ruggles went to her dressing-room and replaced every light globe with a flashlight bulb and fixed them so they'd all go off when the door switch was turned on.

That night Carole wandered wearily up to her dressing-room, opened the door, and flipped the light switch.

She says her revenge will be dire.

DOG IS BONE OF CONTENTION

● THE CHARMING WIRE-HAIRED TERRIER that won fame in "The Thin Man" has another important role in "The Awful Truth." Irene Dunne and Cary Grant, a separated couple, go to law to decide who shall have custody of him. Above: Cary Grant and "Mr. Smith," the terrier. Lower left: Irene Dunne and Cary Grant. Centre: Joyce Compton. Lower right: Ralph Bellamy.

Warbler Loses Feathers

FOLLOWING a controversy between movie producers and opera lovers a change has been made in the script of the Lily Pons picture, "Hitting a New High."

The fight started when R.K.O. released pictures showing the tiny diva clad in a brief "bird" costume, consisting of a few feathers, and stated that in this costume Lily would sing a selection from the opera "Mignon."

A host of opera-lovers protested that this attempt to garnish serious music with sex-appeal would rob opera of its dignity.

As a result, Lily will wear a more suitable costume for the scene.

Cary Grant Marches On

ONE of Hollywood's most prosperous at the moment is Cary Grant. He scored such outstanding comedy successes in his last two pictures, "Topper" and "The Awful Truth," that every producer in town is bidding for his services.

Grant has been doing very nicely for some time now, but with these two hits to his credit he will be able to drive a hard bargain with almost any studio.

Round-up of Warner Stars

THE brothers Warner are taking up a new publicity idea. They contemplate putting all their players in one picture.

The picture is the musical "Hollywood Hotel," and the idea is to get every star in the studio to show his or her face in it, if only to be introduced and take a bow.

But we hear the stars who have been approached are not enthusiastic.

In the Cantor picture, "Ali Baba Goes to Town," 20th Century-Fox tried a similar gag, in which they showed practically every star in the studio arriving for a big premiere.

The shots were taken at the premiere of "Wee Willie Winkie."

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MEET THE MASTER SHOWMEN

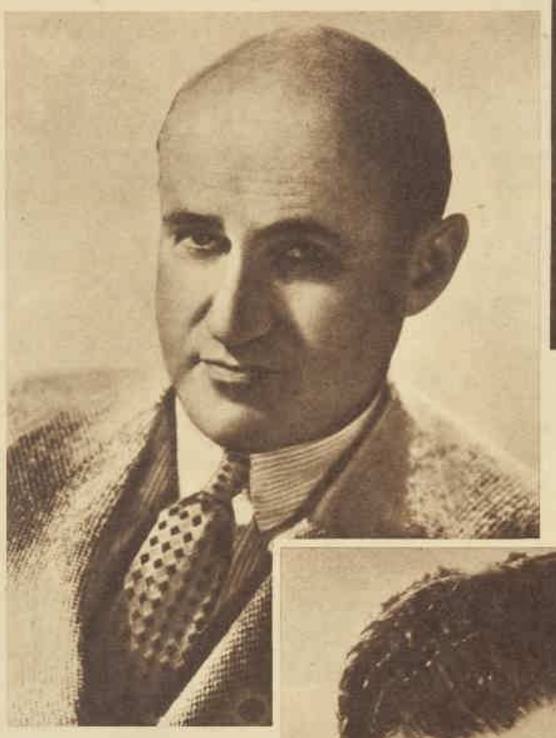
Producers Have Vast Power, Little Publicity

IF screen players are called stars, producers should be called planets. They are the most important people in the film industry.

Yet, strangely, these key men in the world's most publicised industry are almost unknown to the public.

...By...
ESTHER JAYNE
FROM HOLLYWOOD

●*DARRYL ZANUCK, (above) known as the "Wahoo Boy," in charge of production at 20th Century-Fox, holds, at the age of 34, the biggest job in the film world. It brings him in £160,000 a year.*



●*SAMUEL GOLDWYN (left) is one of the older generation of producers. Discoverer of Colman, Cooper, and other stars, he likes to make pictures with lavish sets and costumes. His conversational misuse of the English language is the oldest joke in Hollywood.*

THESE men choose theme, director and players; decide questions of treatment and setting; hold together the complex structure — artistic and financial—of every film.

And as a result each producer stamps his films with his own personality.

Goldwyn is responsible for the circumstance that many pictures by United Artists are produced in magnificent settings and costumes.

That 20th Century-Fox films are high-pitched in tempo, and newsy in content, is due entirely to the tastes of Darryl Zanuck.

The tendency of Warner Brothers to make thoughtful, unusual, intelligent films may be ascribed largely to the guidance of Hal Wallis.

The star-power and production opulence of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer pictures are a credit to the brain of Louis B. Mayer.

And the imaginative atmosphere of the best products of London Films can be traced to one dominant man, Alexander Korda.

Glove Merchants

THE stories of some of these film kings are as absorbing as any they have put onto the screens of the world.

Speaking generally, they can be separated into two distinct classes: first, the "fur, glove, and junk merchants" who built up the industry; and second, the "bright boys" who have since risen to high positions.

Goldwyn, whose name once was Goldfish, began as apprentice to a glove maker. Mayer was a shopkeeper. Old Carl Laemmle graduated from work in shops to be bookkeeper of a clothing firm. Adolph Zukor started as a sweeper in a fur store.

The Cohn brothers of Columbia Pictures came from the East Side of New York, and the Warner brothers (like Lord Nuffield) began by opening a bicycle-shop. Joseph and Nicholas Schenck were errand boys in a chemist shop before becoming pharmacists and owning their own chain of shops.

Sam Goldwyn, who formed his first film company in 1913, is the most famous name of them all.

Discoverer of Ronald Colman, Gary Cooper, and many other top-line players—producer of the Cantor films—he is nevertheless best known for his alleged mutilation of the English language.

It was Goldwyn (they say) who yelled concerning his latest opus: "It's colossal! It's stupendous!! **It's mediocre!!!**"

But this legend of illiteracy gives a wrong impression. Many Goldwyn films—such as "Dead End," one of the latest—indicate that he is a man of taste and intellect as well as a showman.

The "bright boys" were headed, until his death, by Irving Thalberg, the most brilliant of them all. Leaders in their ranks are Darryl Zanuck, Hal Wallis, and David O. Selznick.

Although there are not more than 25 of these near-geniuses altogether, they are the gamblers who spend more than £50,000,000 a year on making pictures—and get more than that in return.

Dynamic little Darryl Francis Zanuck is the king of 20th Century-Fox, and has proved his lively and eccentric skill in scores of money-spinning films.

Born only 34 years ago in Wahoo, Nebraska, Zanuck is known in Hollywood as "the Wahoo boy," and might also be known as the wonder-boy.

Zanuck reads scripts incessantly, and he smokes cigars incessantly (30 to 40 a day). When he finishes reading a script he is likely to pick up a dictaphone and rattle off a 30,000-word comment which amounts to a complete rewrite of plot, scenes, and characters.

One of his first movie jobs was writing scenarios for Rin-Tin-Tin. He left school earlier than most boys do, but his intelligence is such that he hires the ablest writers, directors, producers, and cutters, and then does their work himself.

High Tension Work

HIS job, which pays him £160,000 a year, is the biggest one-man show in Hollywood.

Toothy and excitable, Zanuck plays much polo, squeaks at his team-mates in the same shrill tones he uses in story conferences, likes bombastic entertainment and pictures with a high pitch.

Unlike David Selznick and the late Irving Thalberg, Zanuck cares nothing for high polish in his films, for he feels that every picture will have uneven spots and will succeed if its entertainment content is strong enough to wipe out flaws.

He reads each version of every script; sees the daily rushes of each picture in production; works on each rough negative with the cutter; lunches daily with all his executives so that they can get his reactions without waiting for an office appointment.

He gets to the studio at 10.30 a.m., works until 7 p.m., goes home to Beverly Hills for tea, returns at 8.30 p.m. and works until 2 or 3 a.m. His energy is phenomenal, and his cigar-smoking has produced no visible effect on his physique.

His favorite trick is to create a film story from some subject being read in current headlines.

In this manner he originated Hollywood's famous gangster cycle of films, and also its cycle of historical-biography pictures.

David O. Selznick is the son of a movie producer, and the son-in-law of another, for his wife is Irene Mayer, daughter of Louis B. Mayer.

In 1919 the best-known slogan in the film industry was "Selznick Pictures Make Happy Hours." Lewis J. Selznick had begun as a jewellery salesman, but by the time his sons, Myron and David, were in college, he was a film producer.

When Selznick Pictures crashed through over-expansion in 1923, David Oliver Selznick was already, at 21, an experienced film executive.

Affable, industrious, and intelligent, David set out to restore the family's fortune, and while Myron established himself as an actors' agent, David became in rapid succession head of Paramount's writers' department, assistant to Paramount's production chief, production chief at RKO, associate producer at M.-G.-M., and finally head of his own production company: David O. Selznick Productions, which has no slogan.

●*DAVID O. SELZNICK, son of a producer of silent films, was a film executive at 21. Taste and high finish mark his best work, of which "The Prisoner of Zenda" is a splendid example.*

Except for Carl Laemmle, junior, David O. Selznick is the only able producing son of an able producing father in Hollywood. And in an industry filled with jittery midgets, he is distinguished by being large, placid, and cultured.

Harold Brett Wallis, now 40 years old, got his first job sweeping out the office of an electric company, and soon became sales manager.

From sales he branched into advertising, and later into show business. Finally he landed in Warner Brothers' publicity department.

Increasingly the Warners came to rely on Hal Wallis for production as well as exploitation decisions, and when they bought the First National studio in 1928 they put him in charge of it.

Among his big successes were "Dawn Patrol," "Five Star Final," and "Little Caesar."

Warners' Wallis

IN 1931 Warners brought their two plants together; the centre of production was the old First National lot, and Darryl Zanuck was put in charge.

Under Zanuck, Wallis was an associate producer, and when Zanuck left two and a half years later to form 20th Century, Wallis' name went back on the most important door in the Warner studio, and it has remained there ever since.

The office behind the door is modest, unostentatious, panelled in dark oak. Wallis spends 12 to 14 hours a day in it.

Outside is a lounge resembling a small cocktail bar, where daily waits a long succession of studio experts for decisive two or three-minute interviews. Wallis checks every budget, red-pencilling items he thinks too high.

Models of every important set are carried in to be demonstrated to him. The mild, incessant hum of well-routined activity is occasionally broken by stormy story conferences.

His success as an executive rests on a shrewd instinct in selecting men, and Wallis may reject other men's ideas but rarely enforces his own.

Of all important Hollywood executives, he is least known to the public—far less known than his wife, comedienne Louise Fazenda.

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GARBO'S One TRAGIC Love

Story Revealed for First Time

By EUGENE NIFFORD
from Hollywood

THE only real love story in Garbo's life began in 1920, when as Greta Gustafson she was an extra in a film that was being made in Stockholm.

Circumstances gave me a special knowledge of that story from its beginning to its tragic end.

IN that film at Stockholm I was the star, and one day I was required to select a dance partner from a group of extras seated in a cafe sequence.

I selected Greta, as I was attracted by her soft, rounded curves. She was plump in those days.

As we danced I became fascinated with the thick, long, curling lashes fringing the most unusual eyes I have ever seen. Smouldering grey-blue eyes that glowed like moonlight on a blue lake when she looked up at me and said, "It must be wonderful to be a star."

In addition to my screen work I was starring at the Folkstheatre. Einar Hansson, a handsome country lad who had become a great lady's favorite playing juvenile leads at the same theatre, was my room-mate.

● EUGENE NIFFORD, friend of Garbo and first person to make these facts public, was once a star of the silent films. He now keeps a smart restaurant in Hollywood.

The day he dropped over to our set my casual "Einar, meet Greta," was the beginning of a chain of events that eventually led Garbo to Hollywood.

In the year that followed, Einar left the stage to become the protege of Director Mauritz Stiller, who was grooming him for screen stardom.

We are all familiar with Garbo's progress during this time when she left her job at the barber shop, and later gave up modelling hats at a department store when she won a scholarship in the Royal Dramatic Theatre.

From the first, Greta and Einar were drawn to each other. Although Einar was a reigning favorite, showered with attention and ladies' smiles, he was attracted to this unknown girl of humble birth. But Einar was temperamental and moody.

Often as we left the theatre after a performance I have seen him pass Garbo, huddled in a great coat as she stood in the inevitable group that always gathered around the stage door, with only a brief nod in her direction.

At intervals there would be extended periods when he would refuse to see her. These times were usually followed by an explosion from Einar—"I wish Greta would keep her nose out of my business!"—when he rushed home in preference to listening to a lecture on drinking from Garbo.

Garbo, Einar, Stiller and myself had just returned from Berlin, disappointed that our plan for filming a picture had fallen through due to the collapse of financial backing, when Stiller received a call from Louis B. Mayer, who was making a tour of Sweden.

When Mr. Mayer invited Stiller to sign a contract to direct pictures for him in Hollywood, Stiller agreed to accept, provided that his protege, Einar Hansson, was also given a contract.

It was not Garbo upon whom he insisted (as Hollywood seems to believe) but Einar. However, before Mr. Mayer had reached a decision on this proviso, Einar—according to his story to me—came out with the ultimatum that unless Garbo was also given a contract he would not go.

There the matter stood, a triumvirate that could not be broken. For six weeks they dickered back and forth. In the meantime I sold a play and left for New York.

A few weeks after my arrival I was at the pier greeting Greta, Einar and Stiller. Greta and Einar—according to Einar—had signed contracts paying each four hundred dollars a week.

Those three months were very happy ones for Garbo and Einar. Together they went on sightseeing excursions. They saw the shows—visited night clubs.

As business called me to Hollywood two weeks before the triumvirate left, I was at the station to welcome them upon their arrival in Los Angeles.

Without doubt the next four months were exceedingly lonely days for Greta. A stranger in a strange land, she was left to herself day after day.

Einar—genial, handsome, generous—was immediately taken up by the gay set of Hollywood. The lad who refused to come to Hollywood without Garbo now found gayer companions.

It was during these days that Stiller commenced to seriously coach Garbo. Garbo, who always looked upon Stiller as the Great Master, was an apt pupil.

Among other things he kept continually pounding that she must diet. "With your broad shoulders, narrow hips and sleek head, you can take on the glamor of the Egyptian beauties of old," he would say. "But you must get slim. Slim as a match."

It was Stiller who taught Garbo how to walk—the walk that no other actress has been able to imitate. He taught her how to carry her body with the grace of a panther. How to use her hands and her eyes.

It was due to his supervision that a test resulted in her being cast in "The Temptress." From that time on her progress is a familiar story.

Stiller's only satisfaction from his trip to Hollywood was the realisation that his pupil had made good. He told me that in Garbo he saw the reflection of his art.

Last Evening Together

BY this time Einar had become in great demand in Hollywood. He was earning more money than he had ever earned before. But he was drifting farther and farther away from Garbo and Stiller.

As both he and I were prospering, we rented Conrad Nagel's beach home on the Malibu road. To celebrate we gave a dinner, inviting Garbo and Stiller.

It was to be an informal, old-time get-together on the cook's night out. The kind of evening we all loved. Garbo, who disliked dressing, came in her favorite brown tweed suit and low, heavy English walking shoes.

Garbo was very gay that evening. She came in calling out her usual greeting to us—"Tjanare," a slang expression of endearment, meaning "Hello, my boys."

During this evening, which was to be the last we four were to spend together, everything went smoothly and Einar commenced to partake too freely of Swedish punch.

Garbo, without a word, abruptly got up and left. Stiller went with her.

Soon after the door closed, Clara Bow telephoned, inviting us to join a party in progress at her house.

When I declined Einar ran outside, jumped into his high-powered roadster and was off. At three o'clock that morning he was found pinned under his overturned car in the ditch on Malibu road. He had been dead an hour.

Garbo was stunned. For a week she refused to go out. It was a terrible shock to Stiller.

In a short time Stiller returned to Sweden. A few months later, he, too, was dead. Garbo was left in Hollywood to carry on alone.

Do not these unknown facts of Garbo's life explain her aloofness, her attitude towards life, the secret of her success? Is it not easy to understand why she lives so apart from Hollywood? Why it is that her native land will always be home?

She still comes often to my little restaurant to eat food made from those recipes that Einar and I prepared for her in days when we were just struggling Swedes in a strange land.

GALLERY OF STARS

Joan Bennett
(United Artists)

Her next film will be "I Met My Love Again."

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4614897

● GEORGE TEMPLE, seen here with his daughter, was a banker before Shirley became famous. Now he has a bigger job handling the financial side of her career.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE IS BIG BUSINESS

She Keeps Thousands In Work

From Barbara Bourchier
Hollywood

Eight-year-old Shirley Temple, the richest star in Hollywood, is a business figure whose like has never existed before and may never exist again.

THIS curly and dimpled child is the head of a great commercial empire that gives work to thousands of people.

What Shirley means financially to her studio can only be guessed at. They don't know themselves.

For her first picture (a short feature) she was paid £2/10/- a week. For "Stand Up and Cheer" (her first full-length feature) she received £37/10/- a week. That was in 1934.

Now 20th Century-Fox pays her £12,500 a picture. She makes four pictures a year, thus earning £50,000.

In addition to this she makes £100,000 a year by associating her name with commercial products.

The management of the Temple fortune falls, of course, on her parents. Her father, George Temple, was formerly a banker, and does his big job very efficiently.

Twenty-five major industries depend on Shirley to help them sell goods and keep people employed.

Millions of copies of Shirley Temple's life story, the Temple Story Book, Temple Song Book, Temple editions of "The Littlest Rebel," and "The Little Colonel" have been sold.

Dolls, Pyjamas

OUT on Long Island, New York, and visible many blocks away, is a building upon which is erected a huge likeness of Shirley.

From out of this building come the Shirley Temple dolls which have brought gladness to children all over the world and have built a small manufacturing plant into a huge concern.

In Philadelphia a company makes underwear, pyjamas and nightdresses, bath robes, hosiery, footwear, bathing suits, gloves, handbags—all with the magic name of Shirley Temple attached.

To the number of employees whom Shirley keeps busy in the manufacture of endorsed products must be added, of course, the number who work on her films.

Extras, technicians, musicians, writers—hundreds depend on that mighty atom of curls and charm.

Recently alarm was given to Shirley's far-flung army of fans by a rumor that her curls were being cut.

The origin of this mistaken rumor was the new style of hairdressing which she is given in her latest picture, "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm."

To Visit London

THE new coiffure is a shade more schoolgirlish than the old sunburst of curls.

The hair has been brushed back and tied over each ear with a ribbon.

"Shirley's thoughts and her talk now are all about her visit to London in the spring," said Mrs. Temple to me the other day.

"She's going to make a film there if plans aren't changed in the meantime, and her great ambition is to see the little Princesses, Elizabeth and Margaret Rose.

"She has three specially lovely dolls called Elizabeth, Margaret, and Rose, dressed just like the pictures of the Princesses.

"She loves all kinds of games and plays happily with other child actors at the studios, but she has no one you could call a boy friend—yet," her mother said.

"People thought she might make a playmate of Freddie Bartholomew, but she hasn't really met him yet because he works in a different studio and is never near her lot.

"It was said she had him to tea, but that was all hooey—and anyway Shirley doesn't drink tea.

"I think for some time it will be best for Shirley to continue in the same type of picture, but future ones will be more musical.

"Her voice is developing wonderfully, and we must make the most of it."

The Gift that thrills LORETTA YOUNG

SHE could have any lovely thing in the world for Christmas . . . this exquisite 20th Century Fox Star, Loretta Young. And still her biggest thrill is a gift of Max Factor's in her individual Color Harmony! It's the same with 96% of the Hollywood film stars who all use Max Factor's Make-up. It's the same with smart women everywhere. Max Factor's cosmetics are obtainable separately, or in glamorous gift boxes. These sets contain correct Color Harmony tones for blondes, brunettes, brownettes and red-heads, in shades so lifelike that they have the reality of life itself.

Max Factor gifts are sold at all leading stores and chemists throughout the Commonwealth.

This Max Factor Gift Box includes medium size Melting Cleansing Cream, Skin Freshener, Powder Foundation, Make-up Blender, Face Powder. Also Rouge, Lipstick, Masque, Eyeshadow and Eyebrow Pencil. Price £2/4/9.

An Enchanting Gift — Max Factor's medium size Face Powder, Rouge and Lipstick in red and gold gift box. 12/6.

Max Factor ★
Hollywood & London

Representatives for Australia:
JAMES AND ANDERSON
C4, Her Majesty's Arcade, Sydney.

Joel McCrea Grows Up

Learns Gary Cooper's Acting Technique

When Joel McCrea first graduated to motion pictures, nobody, least of all Joel himself, saw any likelihood of his becoming more than at best a handsome hero.

Now he is one of the most improved players in pictures.

THIS development from handsome extra to significant star is one of those phenomena of the film industry which constitute a producer's idea of a miracle.

Joel McCrea is Hollywood born and bred, born in 1905 and educated at Hollywood High School. On leaving college he joined the ranks of film extras, and if it had not been for his prowess as a footballer might well have stuck there.

As a local football hero he was a social asset, and, squiring such famous ladies as Gloria Swanson, Dorothy Mackail, and Constance Bennett, he was brought forcibly to the notice of high personages.

At this time he was still considerably more a feminine "rave" than a film actor. People who worked with him then said that he impressed them as being just a nice boy, proud of his athletic prowess, but as an actor quite unambitious.

Nasal Accent

HIS first tentative steps to stardom were greeted by critics with such sceptical comments as "an ordinary American young man, rather in need of a haircut, badly handicapped by an aggressive nasal accent, and possessed of no particular acting ability."

But after many minor parts he got his opportunity to demonstrate his professional maturity in "These Three," in the part of a young doctor who was the mainstay of two schoolmistresses, facing the wreck of their private and professional careers.

A mere "college idol," as McCrea once was, could not have made the slightest impression in a production which was one of the best-acted and most subtly-characterised films of last year.

McCrea, in fact, played it with an intuitive sympathy and understanding which made the part as significant as anything in the picture. By this time critics had changed their tunes to the extent of referring to "Joel McCrea, who is rapidly becoming one of my favorite young men about films." Joel McCrea had grown up.

Unemphatic Style

HE has learned the technique of Gary Cooper, which consists of under-emphasis and precise timing. It gives the impression of acting simply by virtue of transparent integrity, which registers every shade of expression without effort.

How or why McCrea has developed in this unexpected fashion is a mystery which can only be explained by the natural process of growing up. People in Hollywood who used to scorn him as a dumb ladies' man now seek him out as an intelligent companion.

In "Dead End," his latest picture, McCrea has been given yet another side of human character to portray. He is cast as a product of the slums who has risen above his sordid surroundings to become an architect.

His sympathies are with his slum friends, and he dreams of some day tearing down those awful hovels to replace them with decent, clean buildings, but there is an underlying note of weary hopelessness behind his outward enthusiasm.

Some American critics have predicted that McCrea will soon be a serious competitor of Gary Cooper.

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It's the Happiest Picture of the Year!

General Exhibition.

Xmas attraction Sydney Plaza Theatre.

Soon for release in all capital cities of Australia.

Beautifully Fresh & Rosy

HER SKIN NOW FREE FROM PIMPLES

"My complexion was ruined by pimples," states Miss B.D., of Bundaberg, Qld. "I had very poor blood and no colour at all in my face. I was distressed with headaches and backaches and was always short of breath.

"My mother advised me to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and, by the time I had taken the second bottle, to my delight my skin became clearer and I began to get stronger. After taking a few more bottles of these splendid pills my complexion is now beautifully fresh and rosy, and I do not suffer from headaches, pains and breathlessness. I have plenty of energy and think Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are wonderful for enriching the blood."

The rich, red blood which Dr. Williams' Pink Pills help to create brings rich gifts of fitness and loveliness to women and girls. Pimples and skin blemishes vanish as this new blood flows throughout the system; a natural colourful complexion and lustrous eyes appear which tell of perfect womanly fitness, youth and energy. Get rid of your pimples, headaches and languor by taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to-day. At chemists and stores, 3/- bottle.***

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HOT NEWS *from* ALL STUDIOS!

From John B. Davies, New York; Barbara Bourchier, Hollywood; and Judy Bailey, London

MARY MAGUIRE has been suspended by Warner Brothers because she refused to accept the role they offered her.

After supporting Kay Francis in "Confessions," she was offered a secondary part in "The Mystery of Hunting's End," a B picture.

Mary rebelled on the grounds that it was beneath her standing. She had been on the stock list of the studio for several months.

Mary may be suspended at the moment, but she's still destined to be a star—at least, so says Joe May, the German director who handled the megaphone on "Confessions," in which Mary had a small part.

Coming from anyone else, that statement might not mean much, but May is famous in Hollywood as a star picker.

He discovered Conrad Veidt and Francis Lederer, gave Luise Rainer her first screen test and gave Marlene Dietrich and Annabella their first screen roles.

* * *

UNIVERSAL has just closed a contract with Deanna Durbin, giving her £210 a week and gradually increasing to £550 a week. Her salary up to now has been £60 a week.

In addition, the young girl will receive a bonus of £2000 for every picture.

This salary increase puts her in the top brackets of the film colony's fabulous salary group.

Her next picture will be "Mad About Music." As usual, Deanna has her pick of screen fathers, and this time it is charming Herbert Marshall.

In this story Deanna will have her first screen romance, not a serious affair, but a light love interest with a boy of her own age.

* * *

IF Elaine Barrie sees to it that her husband is well dressed John Barrymore does as much for her.

Elaine never goes shopping for dresses, hats, or coats without him, and it is his decision which determines the selection.

Never before did John make such frequent appearances in Hollywood night places in formal dress.

Elaine is always a striking figure, outstanding even in Hollywood, for she affects the bizarre and exotic, particularly in evening clothes.

* * *

NICE gesture department:

Tough-looking Pat O'Brien, who is really quite soft-hearted, has just given his parents the deed of ownership to a cosy little Hollywood home.

Mama and Papa O'Brien have lived in the same small apartment in the East for thirty years, and it was only a week or so ago that Pat persuaded them to live near him in Hollywood.

AT the invitation of Eddie Goulding, Greta Garbo went to his Palm Springs estate for a few days' rest. Immediately on her arrival she went to the swimming-pool.

The Earl of Warwick was also enjoying a swim. Seeing Garbo, and knowing her reputation, he refrained from approaching her and stayed at the opposite end of the pool the whole day.

Garbo left hurriedly and then telephoned Goulding.

"Who was that strange man?" she asked. "He wouldn't speak to me, so I left."

* * *

FILM actresses come and film actresses go with such transatlantic regularity these days that they only occasionally hit the headlines.

But a blonde bombshell from Broadway, Rita Davis, who descended on London the other day, made a hit at her first meeting with British reporters.

"What have you been doing all your life?" one of them had the temerity to ask Miss Davis.

"I have had my tonsils out, my appendix removed, shortly I'm going to lose an eye and Parliament is just now meeting to decide whether I shall keep my M.-G.-M. contract or play for England in the next Tests," replied Miss Davis.

Then she gave him an aspirin and a glass of water.

* * *

THE pretty Melbourne brunette, Janet Johnson, is playing the role of woman reporter in Herbert Wilcox's production, "Blondes for Danger," starring Gordon Harker.

Janet, knowing that her reputation as a Shakespearean actress is made, is having a shot at films.

With Hollywood companies becoming more active in England, Janet does not see the need for going to Hollywood—just yet.

* * *

MUCH has been said and written about Katharine Hepburn's jealousy of Ginger Rogers during the filming of "Stage Door," but Ginger could find no better publicity agent than Kathie herself.

She is still singing the praises of her co-star.

"Ginger was wonderful in the picture," she said the other day, "especially in the drunk scene. It's hard to play a drunk and be convincing."

* * *

SO madly in love is Francis Lederer with his young bride, Margo, that he showers her with gifts every day.

Last week Joan Crawford met him in a dress shop where he was ecstatically picking out everything he could find in Margo's size.

He was so thrilled with his purchases that he heaped the frocks over his arm and ran off without waiting for them to be wrapped.

Hardly a day goes by but that Margo finds a present at her place at the dinner-table. A diamond bracelet, a pearl brooch, and diamond trinkets for her charm bracelet are a few of the gifts.

When they dine in restaurants, onlookers are amused at the way the newlyweds manage to hold hands even while eating. What they eat doesn't seem to matter at all.

DOTS and DASHES

● Her studio bosses ordering Annabella to keep her French accent and refrain from using Americanisms. ● Luise Rainer, who lives in an apartment without a servant, fooling her friends with a first-rate telephone imitation of a Swedish maid. ● Wayne Morris getting serious about Eleanor Powell. ● Bette Davis looking very lovely in the vintage 1850 costumes she's wearing for "Jezebel." ● Bing and Dixie Crosby expecting an addition to their family . . . they already have three boys, including the twins. ● Jeanette MacDonald at last getting started on "Girl of the Golden West." ● Renee St. Cyr, beautiful Parisienne, arriving in London to be leading lady for a Tom Walls film.

THEATRE ROYAL

J. C. Williamson, Ltd., presents
The greatest success in the history of the Australian stage!

BALALAIKA

With ROBERT HALLIDAY, together with Margaret Adams, Marjorie Gordon and a wonder cast of 120.

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THE same to-day as it was in 1749, when Mitcham Lavender was first distilled . . . this exquisite and tender fragrance is ever woman's best beloved perfume. Tradition and preference have both proclaimed it the perfect Christmas gift.

The complete range of Mitcham Lavender preparations is available at department stores and chemists everywhere at very moderate prices for such luxury quality.

● The Mitcham Lavender Water illustrated, with the gold screw top bottle and gift carton, priced at 1/3, 2/3, 3/6, 6/6, 9/6, 12/6.

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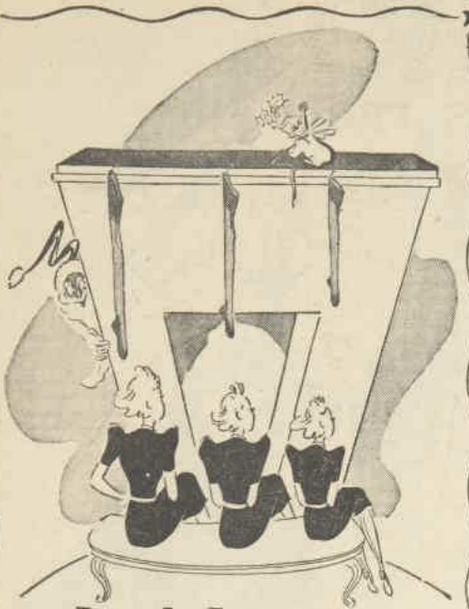

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S-H-E-E-R-S

And are they lovely? It's thrilling to see them . . . in the snappy Xmas boxes that are causing such a sensation . . . or packed in the little china novelty dogs . . . and the super wrappings of bows and ribbons. It's THE Xmas gift that every woman dreams about.

BLACK MAGIC: A magically flattering sheer . . . combining every modern feature with a beautiful transparent appearance . . . 7/11.

GAY DECEIVER: A gay and silken sheer combined with cunningly concealed, long-wearing features . . . . . 6/11.

SHEER LOVELINESS: A good looking service sheer . . . with more wear per pair than any other stocking of this type . . . 5/11.

ALL-IN-ONE: A luxury sheer crinkly crepe . . . with super duffness and unequalled wear and comfort . . . . . 7/11.

Members of the stronger set need fear no embarrassment about their Xmas shopping . . . Just ask for HOLEPROOF sheers . . . and they'll be handed over, beautifully boxed and wrapped.

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY

The Loveliest in the World

A Broken Romance

Bad breath has ended many a romance. Even a pretty face or a perfect figure cannot offset bad breath—a sure indication of uncleanliness inside.

Bad breath means indigestion, indigestion means constipation and maybe serious liver disorders.

You should always take Chamberlain's Tablets—they cleanse and strengthen the stomach and liver, produce a thorough natural bowel action and restore sweet breath.

Take a Chamberlain's Tablet tonight.

PRIVATE VIEWS

★★ BROADWAY MELODY OF 1938

Robert Taylor, Eleanor Powell. (M.-G.-M.)

(Week's Best Release)

A VERY satisfying list of players has been compiled by Metro for their annual hymn to the gay lights of Broadway.

The dancing is excellent, as Eleanor Powell, who needs no endorsement, is supported by grinning, nimble George Murphy and grinning, ramshackle Buddy Ebsen.

Eleanor's best work, with George for partner, is done in a scene which is a blood relation to the Astaire-Rogers dance "Out in the Rain!" A difference is that this time the performers get a lot wetter.

Strange that so little effort is made to invest Eleanor with feminine appeal.

Her celebrated legs are too rarely visible, and she is sometimes compelled to appear in male clothes.

The quaint theory that the female form is enhanced by top-hat, white tie, and tails was disproved long ago by scientists.

Two vocalists of unusual interest appear in the film. One is an adolescent crooner called Judy Garland, who looks like star material.

This precocious blues-singer handles impressively a somewhat maudlin number in which she avows her fan-love for Clark Gable.

Much the best musical moment in the show is the veteran Sophie Tucker's rendering of a veteran song, "Some of These Days."

The vitality that made Sophie Tucker's big reputation in the theatre comes over at full strength from the screen.

No doubt we are going to see her in further films. In that case it is to be hoped she will not be presented again in the role of poignant old lady, as in one scene here.

She may be getting old, but she still carries a lot more punch than pathos.

Laughs salute Robert Wildhack, who indexed snores in a prior "Broadway Melody," and here classifies sneezes with equal thoroughness.

But its abundance of talent does not conceal that the show has signally failed to solve the old problem of musical films.

That problem is to wrap up variety acts in an entertaining plot.

The back-stage theme is here as usual. It is an excuse for the decorative presence of Robert Taylor, producer of the show in which novice Eleanor Powell makes good.

Entwined with this stale fable is a horse-racing theme, which takes up a good deal of film footage and is dull.

There is good entertainment in "Broadway Melody." But there would be much more if the planning of the whole show were as bright as individual items.—St. James; showing.

Shows Still Running

★★★ **Maytime:** Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy; operetta.—Liberty, 14th week.

★★★ **The Prisoner of Zenda:** Ronald Colman, Madeleine Carroll; romantic adventure. Regent, 3rd week.

★★ **You Can't Have Everything:** Alice Faye, Don Ameche; musical comedy.—Plaza, 3rd week.

★★ **Double or Nothing:** Bing Crosby; musical comedy.—Prince Edward, 2nd week.

★ **Make a Wish:** Bobby Breen, Basil Rathbone; outdoor musical.—State, 2nd week.

★ **Keep Fit:** George Formby; farce.—Mayfair, 2nd week.

★ **The Prince and the Pauper:** Errol Flynn; period adventure.—Embassy, 2nd week.

★ DANGEROUSLY YOURS

Cesar Romero, Phyllis Brooks. (Fox.)

MOST films about jewel-stealing leave us with a belief that it is a very humdrum profession.

But not so this crisp little piece.

Well directed, it distils quite a lot of suspense from the life of the gem-lifter.

Also it shows us a familiar bad man, Cesar Romero, paying more respect to the ten commandments than ever before.

He is aboard a transatlantic liner where the majority of the passengers seem to be trying to lay hands on a huge diamond that does not belong to them.

One of the passengers is the new and alluring blonde starlet, Phyllis Brooks.

Phyllis, formerly a model for magazine cover designs, is not at the moment a likely rival to big stars, but she acts smoothly.

Slack sequences have been carefully eliminated from the picture, which moves briskly and at times comically.

Alan Dinehart, as a hearty manufacturer, who talks nothing but shop, gives his minor part plenty of laugh-power.

In order that criminal activities may not block the course of the Cesar-Phyllis true love by sending one of them to gaol, a very improbable happy ending is contrived.

But it is contrived with some excitement. This is an exceptionally efficient film of a conventional type.—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.

EXPENSIVE HUSBANDS

Patric Knowles, Beverly Roberts. (Warner Bros.)

THIS satire on Hollywood publicity marriages is disappointing.

A great many telephone conversations and some attempted comedy, in bedrooms and elsewhere, are characterised by general flatness.

Beverly Roberts is the movie actress who marries an Austrian nobleman for advertisement instead of affection.

She has a voice which records poorly on the sound track, without either color or clarity. And her acting is forced in this picture.—Capitol and King's Cross, showing.

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ *Three stars—excellent.*

★★ *Two stars—good films.*

★ *One star—average films.*

No stars . . . no good.

ROBERT TAYLOR plays the theatrical producer in "Broadway Melody of 1938," with Eleanor Powell as his dancing star.

SCREEN ODDITIES

By Captain Fawcett

MILLIONS SLAUGHTERED EVERY DAY!

The slaughter goes on, every day in thousands of Australian homes. The slaughter of dental decay germs!

Since the Dental Congress threw the spotlight on this serious menace of dental decay, which threatens Australia, more and more people are using the germicidal dentifrice —Euthymol.

Euthymol destroys dental decay germs within less than thirty seconds' contact. Euthymol is not an ordinary dentifrice. It is more than just a polishing agent or detergent. It is a **germicidal dentifrice.** Every batch of Euthymol Tooth Paste is guaranteed to have a definite bacteriological power. And every batch of Euthymol is given a strict bacteriological test.

Next time you buy tooth paste, ask for Euthymol. Use Euthymol twice a day, and you'll have sound, clean, sparkling teeth.

Euthymol Tooth Paste is 1/3 everywhere. When you buy your tube of Euthymol ask for a free copy of the new authentic booklet, "How to Save Your Teeth." This booklet was published to help stamp out the growing menace of dental decay in Australia.***

DEAF?

"Chico" Invisible Earphones, 21/- pr.

Worn inside your ears, no cords or batteries. Guaranteed for your lifetime. Write for free booklet.

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"My First Broadcast"

Announcers' Tales of "Mike Fright"

My first broadcast! A remark like that makes radio announcers grow reminiscent.

There's usually a good story of "mike fright" behind their first introduction to radio.

TO-DAY Eric Colman is chief announcer of 2GB. How many people remember his first broadcast—in a dramatic role?

It happened a few years back. Miss Goodie Reeve was presenting a series of dramatisations of coming films, and she needed an Englishman to play one of the roles in "Dirigible."

Her choice fell on Eric Colman, who was himself employed in the picture industry. Out of that broadcast came an offer to join the staff of 2GB.

John Dease is another announcer who made his debut as a radio actor. "It was in a performance of 'Disraeli'," he says, "and I was cast in the role of Sir Michael Probert. I wonder if anyone would recognise that deep stentorian voice I used on that occasion as the same they hear over the air to-day?"

Began as Pianist

MRS. STELZER, to-day widely known as the president of the 2GB Happiness Club, made her radio debut as a pianist. "It was back in the early days," Mrs. Stelzer explains, "and the fact was widely publicised.

"I was very nervous, as I was afraid that many of my friends would have heard about it and that they would all be listening in. How different things are to-day."

To Reg Morgan belongs the distinction of being the first vocalist to broadcast in New Zealand. "I shall never forget that experience," says Reg. "It was at the old 1YA studios, Auckland. The microphone was an old telephone receiver, and as my voice is naturally soft, I had to sing a whole song cycle through a megaphone—one of the trumpet species.

ERIC COLMAN, chief announcer of 2GB, made his first broadcast in a dramatic role.

"Reports say that the broadcast was a success, but I often wish a record could have been made as a historic souvenir."

Albert Russell's first broadcast a year later was not quite so successful. "I made my debut at 2YA Wellington, and chose as my number a laughing song.

"When I arrived at the laughing chorus, the control operator rushed into the room.

"'Stop that, you fool,' he shouted, 'you'll blast the microphone and put us off the air!' Thus I received my first lesson in microphone technique."

Julie Russell and Jack Lumsdaine are two radio singers who began their broadcasting careers in the same roles they fill to-day, that of singing. The stage had made them immune to "mike fright."

Noel Judd made his first broadcast at the early age of 15.

"I was scared stiff," said Noel, "but I got by, and the mike and I are old friends now."

GRACE BROS offer

4 SMART STYLES FROM THE

HUGE BANKRUPT PURCHASE!

OF FASHION GOODS From *Revels* BOURKE ST. MELBOURNE

MAIL ORDERS SUPPLIED

ME55.— TAILORED SPORTS FROCK with knife pleats in bodice, stitched collar, deep inverted pleat back and front. Sizes: SSW, SW, W
Revel's Price - - - - - - 40/-
GRACE BROS.' PRICE - - - - - - - 20/-

ME56.—Another style also pleated on bodice, with plain revers and small collar, deep panel pleat back and front of skirt. Definitely suitable for sport and outerwear. Sizes: SSW, SW, W
Revel's Price - - - - - - 40/-
GRACE BROS.' PRICE - - - - - - - 20/-

ME57.—SUMMER SUITS of "NOVELTY SELF-PATTERNED LINON." Well chosen winners from a job purchase, including many styles and materials in frocks and suits. Fitted coat with rounded stitched revers, self-covered jigger button, slightly pulled long sleeves; inverted pleat in skirt. Sizes: SSW, SW and W
Revel's Price - - - 50/-
GRACE BROS.' PRICE - - - 25/-

ME58—ANOTHER WINNER OF AN ENTIRELY DIFFERENT STYLE, made with pointed scalloped revers, rounded fronts, shoulder yoke at back, with wide pleat forming action back fitted to belt. Skirt has inverted pleat. "Jacquard Slub" (costume weight). Sizes: SSW, SW and W
Revel's Price - - - 50/-
GRACE BROS.' PRICE - 25/-

All styles made in new pastel shades of Ivory, St. James Rose, Manhattan Blue, Suede Fawn, Holyrood Green.

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SHIP *to* TARSHISH

Continued from Page 12

THE "Hawk" was a lively, up-to-date production, very much Americanised in its traditions and its literary style, but it had just acquired some political influence and it hankered after more.

But Jim was no sort of success in journalism. He was tried out in a variety of jobs—as reporter, special correspondent, sub-editor—but he failed to give satisfaction in any.

Summer came, and sleet and icy winds gave place to dust and heat. Jim tramped the grilling streets, one vast ache of home-sickness.

He had to stick to his tweeds, for his flannel suit had got lost in his journeys between boarding-houses, and, as he mopped his brow in the airless newspaper rooms smelling of printers' ink and shaken by the great presses, he thought of green lawns at Hurlingham, and cool backwaters of the Isis, and clipped yew hedges in old gardens, and a pleasant club window overlooking St. James' Street.

I have said that he had landed with a couple of hundred pounds, and this he had managed to keep pretty well intact. One day at a quick-luncheon counter he got into talk with a man called McNee, a Manitoban who had fought in the War and knew something about horses.

He had heard of a big dam somewhere down in the Gaspe district, which was being constructed in connection with a pulp scheme. He knew one of the foremen, and believed that money might be made by anyone who could put up a little capital and run a store in the construction camp.

He told Jim that it was a fine wild country with plenty of game in the woods, and that, besides making money easily, a storekeeper could have a white man's life.

But every bit of a thousand dollars capital would be needed, and he could only lay his hands on a couple of hundred.

To Jim in his stuffy lodging-house the scheme offered a blessed escape. He wanted to make money, he wanted fresh air and trees and running water, for your Englishman, though town-bred, always hankers after the country. So he gave up his job on the "Hawk," just when it was about to give him up, and started out with McNee.

The place was his first disappointment. It was an ugly clearing in an interminable forest of dull spruces, which ran without a break to New Brunswick.

However far you walked there was nothing to see except the low muffled hills and the monotonous green of the firs. The partners were given a big shack for their store, and made their sleeping quarters in one end of it.

For stock they had laid in a quantity of tinned goods, tobacco, shirts and socks and boots, and a variety of musical instruments. But they found that most of their stuff was unmarketable, since the men were well fed and clothed by the company, and after a week their store had become a rough kind of cafe, selling hot-dogs and ice-cream and soft drinks.

McNee was immensely proud of it and ornamented the walls with "ideal faces" from the American magazines.

He was a born restaurant keeper, if he had got his chance, but unfortunately there was not much profit in coco-cola and gingerade.

In about a fortnight the place became half eating-house, half club, where the workmen gathered on an evening to play cards. McNee was in his element, but Jim was no more use than a sick pup.

HE didn't understand the lingo, and his shyness and absorption made his as unpopular as in the Montreal boarding-houses.

Now and then Jim took a holiday, and tramped all of a long summer day. The country around being only partially surveyed, there was no map to be had, and he repeatedly lost himself.

Once he struck a lumber camp and was given pork and beans by cheerful French-Canadians whose patois he could not follow. Once he had almost a happy day, when he saw his first moose. But generally he came back from stifling encounter with cedar swamps and bois brule, weary but unrefreshed.

He was not in the frame of mind to get much comfort out of the Canadian wilds, for he was always sore with longing for a different kind of landscape.

The river on which the camp lay was the famous Maouchi, and twelve miles down on the St. Lawrence shore was a big fishing lodge owned by a rich New Yorker.

Jim used to see members of the party—young men in marvellous knicker-bockers and young women in jumpers like Joseph's coat, and he hid himself at the sight of them. Occasionally a big roadster would pass the store, conveying fishermen to some of the upper lakes.

In the autumn the work on the dam was shut down, and the store was closed. The partners couldn't remove their unsaleable goods, so the whole stock was sold at junk prices among the nearest villages.

Jim found himself with about three hundred dollars in the world, and the long Canadian winter to get through. The autumn on the other side of the Atlantic is the pick of the year, and the beauty of the flaming hillsides did a little to revive his spirits.

McNee wanted to get back to Manitoba, where he had heard of a job, and Jim decided that he would try Toronto, which was supposed to be rather more healthy for Englishmen than the other cities.

So the two travelled west together, and Jim insisted on paying McNee's fare to Winnipeg, thereby leaving himself a hundred and fifty dollars or so on which to face the world.

Toronto is the friendliest place on earth for the man who knows how to make himself at home there. There were plenty to help him if he had looked for them, for nowhere will you find more warm-hearted people to the square mile.

But Jim's shyness and prickliness put him outside the pale.

His clothes had become very shabby, and his boots were bad; when the first snows came in November he bought himself a thick overcoat, and that left him no money to supplement the rest of his wardrobe, so that by Christmas he was a very good imitation of a tramp.

He tried journalism first, but as he gave no information about himself except that he had been for a few weeks on the Montreal "Hawk," he had some difficulty in getting a job.

At last he got work on a weekly rag, simply because he had some notion of grammar. It lasted exactly a fortnight.

Then he tried tutoring, and spent some of his last dollars on advertising; he had several nibbles, but always fell down at the interviews. One kind of parent jibbed at his superior manners, another at his inferior clothes.

After that he jolted from one temporary job to another—a book canvasser, an extra hand in a dry goods store in the Christmas week, where the counter hid the deficiencies of his raiment, a temporary clerk during a municipal election, a packer in a fancy stationery business, and finally a porter in a third-class hotel.

His employment was not continuous, and between jobs he must have nearly starved. He had begun in the ordinary cheap boarding-house, but, before he found quarters in the attic of the hotel he worked at, he had sunk to a pretty squalid kind of doss-house.

The physical discomfort was bad enough. He tramped the streets ill-clad and half-fed, and saw prosperous people in furs, and cheerful young parties, and fire-lit, book-lined rooms. But the spiritual trouble was worse. Sometimes, when things were very bad, he was fortunate enough to have his thoughts narrowed down to the obtaining of food and warmth.

But at other times he would be tormented by a feeling that his misfortunes were deserved, and that Fate with a heavy hand was belaboring him because he was a coward. His trouble was no longer the idiotic sense of guilt about his father's bankruptcy; it was a much more rational penitence, for he was beginning to realise that I had been right, and that he had behaved badly in running away from a plain duty.

THE second spring found him thin from bad feeding and with a nasty cough. He had the sense to see that a summer in that hotel would be the end of him, so, although he was in the depths of hopelessness, the instinct of self-preservation drove him to make a move.

He wanted to get into the country, but it was impossible to get work on a farm from Toronto, and he had no money to pay for railway fares. In the end he was taken on as a navvy on a bit of railway construction work in the wilds of northern Ontario.

He was given the price of his ticket and ten dollars advance on his wages to get an outfit, and one day in April he found himself dumped at a railhead on a blue lake, with firs, firs, as far as the eye could reach.

But it was springtime, the mating wildfowl were calling, the land was greening, and Jim drew long breaths of sweet air and felt that he was not going to die just yet.

But the camp was a roughish place, and he had no McNee to protect him. There was every kind of roughneck and deadbeat there, and Jim was a bad mixer.

He was an obvious softy and new chum and a natural butt, and since he was being tortured all the time by his conscience, his good nature and humble-mindedness were not so proof as they had been in Gaspe. His poor physical condition made him a bad workman, and he came in for a good deal of abuse as a slacker from the huskies who wrought beside him.

The section boss was an Irishman called Malone with a tongue like a whip-lash, and he found plenty of opportunities for practising his gift on Jim. But he was a just man, and after a bit of rough-tonguing he saw that Jim was very white about the gills and told him to show his hands.

Not being accustomed to the pick these were one mass of sores. Malone cross-examined him, found that he had been at college and took him off construction and put him in charge of stores.

Please turn to Page 44

Here in This Place

I would arrest this moment of delight;
Be Joshua and command the setting sun
To pause. And ere love's progress has begun
Barter with time and bargain for the night:
I would retard the unfeeling hours' flight
That bring your absence nearer,
lest they run
Incontinent, and find the night is done,
And my eyes lost to their desired sight.

O Love, my lovely and my heart's desire,
Let not the hour glass set too swift a speed:
If there are embers, may there not be fire?
And solace for the heart comes after need.
Storms presage calm, and calm comes after night.
I am no lover of too early light!
—A.B.

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Look at the dashing New Style . . . the handsome new radiator . . . the new "Monopiece" steel roof . . . the new full-width safety spring bumpers fore and aft . . . the new rich colours . . . the graceful sweeping tail which incorporates the new "Armless" luggage platform on the De Luxe Saloon! Study the re-designed engine—now packed with even greater "big car" power and stamina, yet endowed with truly miserly economy.

Sink your hand into the silky-soft luxuriousness of the new "contour-correct" upholstery of chrome handbuffed leather . . . that's the comfort you expect at TWICE the price!

Each of its 21 Dominant New Features is a definite reason why you, too, should see now the new 1938 Hillman Minx . . . now more than ever before the World's Finest Light Car . . . BIG in everything but cost!

★ *The 1938 Hillman Minx is identical in every detail with the model on sale in London.*

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Our Great Medical Series

ANAEMIA *is* NOT *the* DREAD DISEASE *It Was* YEARS AGO

Success of Modern Treatment

The modern treatment of anaemia is one of the "bright spots" of medical research.

Within the last ten years scientific knowledge of the subject has been revolutionised, and as a result sufferers from a severe type of anaemia which formerly was invariably fatal can now be saved.

By A SPECIALIST

THE name anaemia is really a misnomer. Literally, it means "lack of blood," and the term was once applied to a large class of complaints in which it was presumed that there was not enough blood in the circulation to preserve strength and carry out the functions of the body.

This idea has long been abandoned by the medical profession, but still lingers in the popular imagination. We continually hear of patients who "do not make enough blood," or who suffer from "lack of blood."

But actually the amount of blood in the body remains remarkably constant. And, by the way, it is not nearly so large an amount as generally imagined. The total amount in a woman weighing 8 stone is only about 4 pints.

Lack of blood, of course, occurs after severe bleeding; for instance, after operations or accidents.

This is anaemia (deprivation of blood) in the true sense; but it is not customary to call it so. The name "anaemia" nowadays is limited to conditions in which the red corpuscles of the blood are at fault. Let us consider two typical cases of anaemia.

A housewife, aged 35, has had a trying time since the depression, during which her husband was unemployed. He now has regular work, but it is still a struggle to provide for their growing family, and her health has gradually broken down.

During the depression she was forced to get along as best she could with the cheapest forms of food. Now that she is able to provide more nourishing meals for the family she has lost all appetite for them herself.

She suffers from breathlessness, palpitation, gastric disturbance, and occasionally has attacks of difficulty of swallowing.

But her most distressing symptom is progressive weakness, which prevents her from carrying out her domestic duties, faintness coming on at the slightest exertion.

Depressed & Sleepy

SHE becomes apathetic, depressed and sleepy; the face is pallid, the hands cold, the lips blanched, the eyes ringed with dusky color. She suffers from slight headaches, which increase as the day goes on.

Though she has had a dental overhaul, her gums and tongue become inflamed and sore at intervals, and there are cracks and fissures round the mouth.

Let us consider another case. A successful business man of 50 has noticed for some years that his digestion has become gradually impaired.

He has gradually cut out the richer and heavier types of food, but finds that this has made little difference to his dyspepsia.

He decides to "take things easier," treats his indigestion with alkaline powders, perhaps takes a holiday. But a growing lassitude and failure of muscular strength creep on him; he wonders if he has suddenly "grown old."

Then the failure of strength becomes rapidly progressive. He loses his natural high color, and his face takes on a peculiar waxy sallow appearance. Headaches, dizziness, faintness, palpitation, breathlessness on exertion supervene; he cannot go through the day at his office without resting spells, or get round the golf course. Now considerably alarmed at his condition, he consults a doctor.

These two cases might appear much alike (except for social environment) at first sight; and actually the end-results, in loss of strength and inability to "carry on," are similar.

But though both are anaemia cases, the patients suffer from entirely different diseases; and though the first case might appear more urgent, the business man's plight is the more serious of the two.

A physician, by a microscopic examination of the patient's blood, is able to diagnose the first case as lack-of-iron anaemia, and the second as pernicious anaemia.

It should be remembered that the above cases are merely hypothetical ones, and that the patients' social positions could be interchanged and similar cases of the two types presented, though as regards lack-of-iron anaemia, this is less likely.

Both types of anaemia are due to red-blood-corpuscle defect; and before describing their treatment the part played by the red corpuscles in health must be explained.

The red corpuscles are tiny discs containing a colored substance whose function is to carry oxygen to the tissues of the body. As the blood passes through the tissues the oxygen is extracted from the corpuscles; the latter then pass on through the circulation till they reach the lungs.

Here their red coloring-matter takes up another dose of oxygen (from the air breathed in); and so the cycle goes on.

As oxygen is a vital necessity for the cells of the body, any defect of the red corpuscles (the oxygen-carriers) will seriously affect the health.

The Red Corpuscles

THE number of red corpuscles in a normal human being is about 26 billions (million millions). Naturally they cannot be counted in bulk, but the number present in a measured small amount of blood under the microscope can be counted, and an estimate made.

The normal amount per cubic millimetre is 5 to 6 million (in men) or 4½ million (in women).

These blood-counts are of the first importance in diagnosing a case of anaemia, and in distinguishing one type of anaemia from another. All that is needed is a drop of blood from the patient.

One further fact concerning the corpuscles should be mentioned. Their coloring matter, which carries the oxygen, is a compound of iron.

The necessary iron is provided by the liver, which extracts it from the food. The liver also serves as a storehouse of reserve iron, to fit up new corpuscles as they are made.

For the most surprising thing about these vitally-necessary red corpuscles is that they live only a short life. They are manufactured (or rather, they are born) in the marrow of the bones.

The liver provides them with an outfit of iron, and they are then pushed off into the circulation and ordered to get on with their oxygen-carrying job.

IT is such a strenuous one that they are worn out in a few weeks. The body has a harsh way with its failing servants. Any red corpuscle showing signs of age or wear-and-tear is trapped as it passes through the spleen and annihilated—"knocked on the head," so to speak, as soon as it ages in its job.

For there are fresh, new-born corpuscles, ready to take its place, waiting in the bone-marrow. And, final ruthlessness, the iron is extracted from the corpses of the killed corpuscles, and forwarded to the liver to refit their youthful successors.

There is a grim "irony" in the circumstances—in more senses than one!

The brief life of toil of the red corpuscle, ending in "execution," reads like a fairy-story, but its truth is attested by modern scientific research.

And it is of the utmost importance in a study of anaemia, for one type of the disease is due to fresh young corpuscles not being supplied to replace the old.

In other words, there is a falling birth-rate in the cradles and nurseries of the bone-marrow.

This latter type of anaemia—that of our hypothetical business-man—will be considered first. It is popularly known as "pernicious anaemia," and up till the year 1927 it was invariably fatal, killing its victim after running a course of a few months up to a year or so.

In Middle-age

ALL ages and both sexes are attacked by pernicious anaemia; it has even occurred in children; but middle age is its most favored period. Its onset is insidious. Nothing may be noticed for months (or years) except a gradual failure in strength.

Finally the weakness becomes rapidly progressive, and the patient consults a physician. A blood-count is made. It is then found that instead of the normal 4½ to 6 million red corpuscles to the cubic millimetre, there are, say, only 3 million; and that the rate drops steadily as the disease progresses, down to one million, or even a few hundred thousand.

Up till ten years ago the physician, faced with a case of pernicious anaemia, could do little except watch the patient fade and die. The usual sequel was for the patient to become bedridden, and die from exhaustion or heart failure.

In the more prolonged cases a slow paralysis, or "combined degeneration of the spinal cord," set in. The unfortunate victim became quite helpless, losing sensation and power of motion in the limbs.

Large doses (comparatively speaking) of preparations of arsenic, and repeated transfusions of blood, used to be the final "policies of desperation." Both gave only transient results; the red corpuscles steadily diminished and death was inevitable.

Continued Homemaker, Page 5.

Two Classes

ANAEMIAS are divided into two main classes. Doctors call these the hypochromic and hyperchromic types. These names are a bit puzzling to the layman; actually they mean "under-colored" and "over-colored," and refer to the red corpuscles of the blood in the two diseases.

Simpler names are lack-of-iron anaemia and pernicious anaemia.

MANY HAPPY WOMEN enjoying life to-day as healthy, vigorous people owe their lives to the progress medical science has made in the treatment of pernicious anaemia.

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Real Life Stories

Woman Stowaway's Experience on Trip from England

An unusual story of a woman stowaway wins this week's prize of £1/1/- in our Real Life Stories contest.

"I would never have the courage to do it again," she writes, telling of her experience.

WHEN in London two years ago, thousands of miles from home, without money, I decided to stow away on a boat bound for Australia.

After a lot of trouble I managed to secure a gangway pass, which enabled me to go aboard a boat that was leaving.

Hurriedly I looked about the decks for a hiding place, but nowhere could I find anything suitable. On the point of changing my mind, I found a disused pantry. It was full of wind-chutes and odds and ends, also an old sink. I quickly scrambled in there.

Just as the ship was pulling out I had a heart attack. I thought my days had come to an end. I shall never forget it. One of the crew came so close to me I could have touched him. But my luck stood. He went out without seeing me.

I sat cramped for two days without food or water.

Feeling desperately ill with hunger and the bad weather, I gave myself up at midnight after the second day.

The captain was very kind and ordered me into hospital, where I was given food.

After getting in touch with London, he was ordered to put me off at Panama. But still my luck held good. The passengers heard of my plight.

Quickly they collected my fare through to Australia.

I only had the clothes I stood up in, and again the passengers came to my rescue. They helped with many gifts of clothing.

Friends made on the ship still correspond with me.

I found the sea had a strong attraction for me, and sought a position as a stewardess.

I eventually succeeded in obtaining a position, and since then have been engaged in that capacity, on an interstate liner.

I have experienced a fire at sea, and only want a shipwreck to complete my unusual experiences.

Thinking back over my escapade as a stowaway, it now feels like a dream. I would never have the courage to do it again. I know the hardships and privations one suffers undermine one's health permanently.

I still have hopes of having a long sea voyage, but I shall work my passage. The sense of freedom one feels at sea can only be enjoyed by legitimately "belonging" to a ship.

£1/1/- to Mrs. S. M. Wells, Croydon, N.S.W.

Prizes for Stories Every Week

EVERY week cash prizes are awarded for the best Real Life Stories submitted by readers.

There is no restriction as to the type of story that may be submitted. It may concern the dramas, tragedies, or adventures of your childhood, romance, or work.

Incidents should not exceed 300 words, should be plainly written or typed, and should include all details necessary to make a simply-told nicely-rounded-off story.

Letters should be sent to The Australian Women's Weekly, endorsed "Real Life Stories." Full postal address appears on page 3.

CROSSED OCEAN, MET ROMANCE, MARRIED. The principals in a real-life romance. The groom, Captain Rodolfo de Barros, American legionnaire, and a wartime pilot, is shown with his English bride, formerly Miss Annie Begaise, whom he met on a visit to England. It's another example of how Cupid conquers distance with his bow and arrows of love.

Bathroom Tragedy

THIS is the story of a mother and child. The setting, a bathroom at night, many years ago in West Australia.

The bathroom was not under the same roof as the house, but was situated at the end of a vine-covered passageway.

The child was young, but old enough to want to have the water deep in the bath.

This particular night, in preparation for bed, she had enjoyed her bath to the full.

But the mother had forgotten portion of the little girl's night clothes and she took the candle to light her way along the passage to get the forgotten article.

For some reason she was absent a little longer than anticipated.

She returned to the bathroom, where the candlelight threw distorted shadows on the unconscious body of her child floating in the bath, to all appearances drowned.

Stricken with horror, knowing nothing of artificial respiration, she again returned to the house to await in stony grief the return of the father, who was working a night shift.

When he came she explained what had happened. He went to the bathroom, where the body still floated in the darkness, raised it from the water, and, wrapping a rug around it, returned to the mother.

He gently laid the child in her arms, explaining patiently that the warmth and the dark had lulled the tired child into a sound sleep. When unconscious she had naturally floated in the water.

Can anybody possibly realise how the mother felt in that moment when she clasped her child to her?

It all happened long ago. I was the child.

5/- to Bell Atherton, 94 Margaret Street, Launceston, Tas.

Sea Monsters' Battle

THE incident of which I write occurred in 1893, when I lived with my parents at Port Augusta.

I was very fond of sailing and became quite skilled in the handling of a fifteen-foot yacht owned by a friend.

Being young and ambitious, I one day persuaded my friend to allow me to take a visiting girl friend down the gulf in the Petrel, as it was named.

After much hesitation the favor was granted; but then, to my disappointment, my friend was unable to come, so, not to be robbed of my day's sailing, I set out alone.

All went well until I was off Curlew Island, about three miles from home, when a sudden squall capsized the boat.

Fortunately, I was thrown on top of the sail lying on the water and not pinned under it. To scramble to the boat and climb to the highest point above the waves was a matter of seconds.

But as I drew my foot clear of the water a sharp snap attracted my attention.

Then, to my intense horror, I beheld a large grey nurse shark dive under the boat.

For over an hour I sat in my precarious position and watched in terror that ugly fin gliding in wide circles around me.

Much to my relief the brute suddenly turned and shot away at incredible speed.

A little puzzled at the sudden departure, I gazed after the disappearing fin. There was a flash of spray as a black fin broke the surface beside the shark.

Then I witnessed one of the most unusual fights one could wish to see. A battle royal between a shark and porpoise.

The end was never in doubt. With lightning attacks, the porpoise worried the shark, ripping off large lumps of skin at every dive.

Then they disappeared. The very gratifying sight of a sail rounding the island made me forget all else.

So, after towing my boat to shore and anchoring it until next day, I was taken home none the worse for my day's outing.

5/- to Mrs. H. Muller, 12 Nichol St., Forestville, S.A.

Thieving Pigs and Baby

WHEN I was about nine years of age we had the misfortune to lose our father, who was accidentally killed.

My mother had to go to Nyngan, where the accident had occurred, and left me to look after four younger children, the youngest being a baby, three weeks old.

All went well while daylight lasted, but when night fell and it was time to go to bed I became somewhat scared.

However, I made up all of our beds in the kitchen, which was some distance from the house. I tucked my brothers and sisters in snugly, and I had a last look out of the window to make sure that everything was all right for the night.

After what seemed hours and hours I at last fell off.

All of a sudden there was a great commotion in the kitchen.

I woke up with an awful fright, just in time to see a white bundle being dragged through the kitchen door.

I let out one awful scream. I yelled that the pigs had run away with the baby.

Dashing out the door after the pigs I succeeded in overtaking them, and rescued what I thought was my baby sister.

You can just imagine my relief when I discovered it was only a bag of scones which mother had left in a flour bag for us before she went away.

5/- to Mrs. E. Down, Fitzpatrick Street, Revesby, N.S.W.

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BETTY'S 'Racey' NARRATIVES

Help Wanted for a Penniless Waif to Tide Over Christmas

By BETTY GEE

Shall I make a covenant with my friends? Have you ever done it?

Agree with them all to neither give nor receive presents this Christmas. There are two periods when you do this. When you're saving up to complete your glory box. And when you're broke.

WELL, I'm broke now. Two weeks of disaster leave me in no condition to buy the Christmas gifts I want to make to my circle, and all the time I've got to rectify this penurious financial position is less than a fortnight.

Still, after due consideration I've decided not to enter into this giftless compact. I might lose by it.

Dickie always gives me something very valuable. So does Daddy. It suffices if I get a shaving stick for them in return, and some shops give a reduction for buying more than one.

So perhaps I'd better borrow something off either Dickie or Daddy and start my buying.

After all, I need not hurry to pay back unless I have a good Christmas Carnival—I mean from the betting point of view.

Better Prospects

YOU see, a personable young woman has better prospects at this time than at other periods of the year. That Christmassy spirit pervades, even on such stony places as the Turf, and I have seen even the hardest of the war-scarred veterans give a tip at Christmas. You know them—the sort of men who measure a horse's grain and feed in a meticulous measure, and take back one ear of wheat to save money.

Well, when they give away tips one can hope, can't one?

There is only one other time in the year when these "toughs" of the Turf are so open-handed. Melbourne Cup time. Away from home they pass on a tip generously. In Sydney I suppose they are afraid to be seen talking to handsome young women, though I know some who do pass it off when they are challenged at home with the story that she's a rich young client, or a rich client's daughter or wife.

Well, of course, that's their business.

But let's get down to ways and means.

First there's the Villiers on Saturday.

I've had a very strong whisper of Sidcup, and I know one man who's taken the Villiers and Cup double beginning with Sidcup and ending with Fountain for a whole £15,000.

I shall back Sidcup for the Villiers. He's a winner in Victoria and the reports say that he can go faster than Silver Standard in track gallops, and although normally I'm not a girl to enthuse about track trials, because I know that they're often got up to deceive, I'm assured that results are genuine in this case.

Sidcup is owned by two millionaires, Mr. F. W. Hughes (wool) and Mr. W. A. Freeman (gold), so where's the necessity to trick the touts?

The assumption being that as he is now as good as when he won in Melbourne he ought to be a sure winner in Sydney.

Buzalong and Korimako are horses I fear in the Villiers. It isn't all over, by any means. So watch your step!

Jocular's a horse from Queensland I've got the leaning towards if he runs in the easier races, but having been acquired at a high price by Alan Cooper, he may go for high game, and he mightn't be quite good enough.

But if you see him in an easy race, unwind the tape off your purse and be on him.

Watch Fountain

I **FEEL sure Fountain is a good stayer and ought to win the Summer Cup. The handicapper has given him only 7.5, and fancy Silver Standard giving him 28lb. and trying to beat him over this 13 furlongs.**

Didn't I have my little £1 on Fountain when he won the A.I.P. Cup last Anzac Day at Randwick and I said to myself, "Elizabeth, my girl, this is ONE you can keep your eye cocked for next time."

Well, they've "bottled him up" till now, but I believe the cork comes out on Boxing Day at Randwick in this year of grace 1937.

Ladies of my refinement don't lick their chops, but I'm doing what means the same over Kooba for the December Stakes, also run on December 27.

"AT CHRISTMAS time," says Betty, "even on the racecourse kind people play Father Christmas and give you tips."

He won at Warwick Farm, and that shrewd young trainer with the old man's head, Bailey Payten, has wisely decided to go for the December Stakes, worth £1500, with Kooba, and to send his other champion, Bush Bee to Melbourne for the Stradbroke, also a £1500 race, run at Flemington on New Year's Day.

I saw him and Vince O'Reilly putting their heads together over Bush Bee's programme, and why shouldn't they seeing that they own this bonny swift filly?

Well, I will be backing them both—in Sydney and Melbourne.

One thing about Christmas, there is plenty of two-year-old racing, and you'll find that they always run honest. They haven't got old enough to get roguish ways.

So another I will be following whatever he runs in is Adios, because I've had more than a whisper that Georgie Price thinks he is a good one. Looks as big as Gold Rod already, and believe me he can carry that huge body of his along at a pretty speed.

Another smart galloper in the Payten boarding-house is Princess, and she'll carry a little of my money when she starts next.

I'm getting a bank ready for Golden Treasure, too. He's as good as his name, you take my word for it.

So there you are, you see. The presents are as good as bought.

Our Radio Sessions From Station 2GB

Featured by Dorothea Vautier.

WEDNESDAY, December 15.—11.45 a.m.: Serial (a romantic thriller). 2.45 p.m.: The Fashion Parade.

THURSDAY, December 16.—11.45 a.m.: Serial. 2.45 p.m.: People in the Limelight.

FRIDAY, December 17.—11.45 a.m.: Serial. 2.45 p.m.: Musical Cocktail.

SATURDAY, December 18.—7.45 p.m.: The Music Box. 9.30 p.m.: Bobby Breen and his successes.

SUNDAY, December 19.—4.30 p.m.: Celebrity Singer Recital, Andre D'Arkor. 6.10 p.m.: Herbert Ernst Groh and the Chicago Symphony Orchestra.

MONDAY, December 20.—11.45 a.m.: Serial. 2.45 p.m.: Review of The Australian Women's Weekly.

TUESDAY, December 21.—11.45 a.m.: Serial. 2.45 p.m.: The Homemaker, Mrs. Eve Gye.

EYE LOTION
Obtainable from All Chemists
per 2/6 large Bottle

Give "REFINEMENT"

Crepe Chiffon Silk Stockings

—say these famous Society mannequins

ITS precious advice. A mannequin gives her stockings harder wear than any other woman. Think of those hurried changes behind the scenes at a big fashion parade. Shoes on! Shoes off! Shoes on again. It puts a terrific strain on every mannequin's stockings.

These girls have learned to be keen judges of quality in hosiery, and they quickly discovered that a new and rapturously smart crepe chiffon stocking — "Refinement" by Bonds — gave them an amazing amount of extra wear . . . gave them tailored ankle fit with extreme flexibility.

Ask for this loveliest of crepe chiffons in any smart Store.

Give Bond's "Refinement" for Christmas — and you'll give the wear of an extra pair.

(Above) MISS BETTY BROAD with another well-known society mannequin, MRS. ERNEST HINCHCLIFFE, on the lawn in front of the Royal Motor Yacht Club at Rose Bay. The gentleman between them is the famous "Patches." Both Mrs. Hinchcliffe and Miss Broad choose "Refinement" as the smartest possible stocking for every well-dressed occasion.

(Below) BEHIND THE SCENES AT A MANNEQUIN PARADE. Miss Audrey Connell wears a very lovely two-tone green chiffon gown. These mannequins will tell you that for all its crepe chiffon loveliness "Refinement" is an extremely practical stocking that can stand up to all the very hard strain imposed on hosiery by constant mannequin work.

EACH PAIR SEPARATELY BOXED
"My mannequin work has proven to me that 'Refinement' Crepe Chiffons give all the wear of a service-weight. My advice is—'Say Merry Christmas with "Refinement"'—the loveliest and most practical hosiery you can give"—says Mrs. ERNEST HINCHCLIFFE, whose lovely fair colouring and chic have made her keenly sought for every society mannequin parade.

Ask for "REFINEMENT" by Bonds Ringless and only 7/11 in all smart Stores

"REFINEMENT"
Hosiery by Bonds

"Refinement" is completely ringless because it is knitted with the revolutionary three-carrier thread.

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SHIP *to* TARSHISH

Continued from Page 40

THERE he had an easier life, but he was more than ever the butt of the mess shack and the sleeping quarters. His crime was not only speaking with an English accent, and looking like Little Willie, but being supposed to be a favorite of the boss.

By and by the ragging became unbearable, and after his mug of coffee had been three times struck out of his hand at one meal Jim lost his temper and hit out. In the fight which followed he was ridiculously outclassed.

He had been fairly good at games, but he had never boxed since his private school, and it is well for Jim's kind of man to think twice before he takes on a fellow who has all his life earned his living by his muscles.

But he stood up pluckily and took a good deal of punishment before he was knocked out, and he showed no ill-will afterwards. The incident considerably improved his position.

Malone, who heard of it, asked him where in heaven's name he had been brought up that he couldn't use his hands better, but didn't appear ill-pleased.

The fight had another consequence. It gave him just a suspicion of self-confidence, and helped him on the way to the decision to which he was slowly being compelled.

A week later he was sent a hundred miles into the forest to take supplies to an advance survey party. It was something of a compliment that Malone should have picked him for the job, but Jim did not realise that.

His brain was beating like a pendulum on his private trouble—that he had run away, that all the misfortunes were the punishment for his cowardice, and that, though he confessed his fault, he could not make his shrinking flesh go back. He saw England as an Eden indeed, but with angels and flaming swords at every gate.

He pictured the lifted eyebrows and the shrugged shoulders as he crept into a clerk's job, with not only his father's shame on his head, but the added disgrace of his own flight. It had seemed impossible a year ago to stay in London, but now it was a thousand-fold more impossible to go home.

Yet the thought gave him no peace by day or night. He had six men in his outfit, two of them half-breeds, and the journey was partly by canoe—with heavy portages—and partly on foot with the stores in pack loads.

It rained in torrents, the river was in flood, and the first day they made a bare 20 miles. The half-breeds were tough old customers, but the other four were not much to bank on, and on the third day, when they had to hump their packs and foot it on a bad trail through swampy woods in a cloud of flies, they decided that they had had enough.

There was a new gold area just opened not far away, and they announced that they intended to help themselves to what they wanted from the stores and then make a bee-line for the mines. They were an ugly type of tough, and had physically the upper hand of Jim and his half-breeds.

It was a nasty situation, and it shook Jim out of his private vexations. He spoke to them fair, and proposed to make camp and rest for a day to talk it out. Privately he sent one of the half-breeds ahead to the survey-party for help, while he kept his ruffians in play.

Happily he had some whisky with him and he had them drinking and playing cards, which took him well into the afternoon. Then they discovered the half-breed's absence and wouldn't believe Jim's yarn that he had gone off to find fresh meat. His only chance was to bluff high, and, since he didn't much care what happened to him, he succeeded.

He went to bed that night with a tough beside him who had announced his intention of putting a bullet through his head if there was any dirty work. Some time after midnight his messenger arrived with help, and fortunately his bedside-companion's bullet went wide.

The stores, a bit depleted, were safely delivered, and when Jim got back to his base he received a solid cursing from his boss for his defective stewardship. But Malone concluded with one of his rare compliments. "You'll train on, sonny," he said. "There's spirit in you for all your goo-goo face."

That episode put an end to Jim's indecision. His time in Canada had been one long chapter of black disasters, and he was confident that they were sent to him as a punishment. His last adventure had somehow screwed up his manhood. He hated Canada like poison, but the thought of going back to England made him green with apprehension.

Yet he was clear that he must do it or never have a moment's peace. So he wrote to me and told me that for a year he had been considering things, and had come to the conclusion that he had behaved like a cad. He was coming back to get into any kind of harness I directed, and would I advance him £30 for his journey.

Now the little company we had put together to nurse the wreckage of Hallwards had been doing rather well. One or two things had unexpectedly turned up trumps. There was enough money to keep the maiden aunts going, and it looked as if there would be a good deal presently for Jim.

He had gone off leaving no address, so I had had no means of communicating with him. I cabled him £100, and told him to come along.

ONE afternoon near the end of June he turned up in my office. He had crossed the Atlantic steerage, and his clothes were those of a docker who had been out of work. The first thing he did was to plank £80 on my desk.

"You sent me too much," he said. "I don't want to owe more than is necessary. You can stop the twenty quid out of my wages."

At first sight I thought him very little changed in the face. He was incredibly lean and tanned, and his hair wanted cutting, but he had the same shy, hunted eyes as the boy who had bolted a year before. He did not seem to have won any self-confidence, except that the set of his mouth was a little firmer.

"I want to start work at once," he said. "I've come home to make atonement."

It took me a long time to make him understand the position of affairs—that he could count even now on a respectable income, and that, if he put his back into it, Hallwards might once again become a power in the city.

"I was only waiting for you to come back," I said, "to revive the old name. Hallwards has a better sound than the Anglo-Orient Company."

"But I can't touch a penny," he said. "What about the people who suffered through the bankruptcy?"

"There were very few," I told him. "None of the widow-and-orphan business. The banks were amply secured. The chief sufferers were your aunts and yourself, and that's going to be all right now."

HE listened with wide eyes, and slowly bewilderment gave place to relief and relief to rapture. "The first thing you've got to do," I said, "is to go to your tailor and get some clothes. You'd better put up at an hotel till you can find a flat. I'll see about your club membership. If you want to play polo I'll lend you a couple of ponies. Come and dine with me tonight and tell me your story."

"Great Scott!" he murmured. "Do you realise that for a year I've been on my uppers? That's my story."

The rest of that summer Jim walked about in a happy mystification. Once he was decently dressed, I could see that Canada had improved him. He was better looking, tougher, manlier; his shyness was now wariness and he had got a new and sounder code of values.

He worked like a beaver in the office, and, though he was curiously slow and obtuse about some things, I began to see that he had his father's brains, and something, too, that old Hallward had never had, a sensitive, subtle imagination.

Then I ceased to see much of him. I had been overworking badly and needed a long holiday, so I went off to a Scotch deer forest in the middle of August and did not return till the beginning of October. Jim stuck tight to the office; he said that he had had all the holiday he wanted for a year or two.

On the second day after my return he came into my room and said that he wanted to speak to me privately. He wished, he said, that nothing should be done about the restoring of the name of Hallwards. He would like the Anglo-Orient to go on just as it was before he returned, and he did not want the directorship which had been arranged.

"Why in the world?" I asked in amazement.

"Because I am going away. And I may be away for quite a time."

When I found words, and that took some time, I asked him if he had grown tired of England.

"Bless you, no! I love it better than any place on earth. The autumn scents are beginning and London is snugging down for its blessed cosy winter, and the hunting will soon be starting, and last Sunday I heard the old cock pheasants shouting . . ."

"Where are you going? Canada?"

He nodded.

"Have you fallen in love with it?"

"I hate it worse than poison," he said solemnly, and proceeded to say things which in the interest of Imperial good feeling I refrain from saying.

"Then you must be mad!"

"No," he said, "I'm quite sane. It's very simple, and I've thought it all out. You know I ran away from my duty 18 months ago. Well, I was punished for it. I was a howling failure in Canada . . . I haven't told you half . . . I pretty well starved . . . I couldn't hold down any job . . . I was simply a waif and a laughing stock. And I loathed it—Heavens, how I loathed it! But I couldn't come back—the very thought of facing London gave me a sick pain. It took me a year to screw up my courage to do what I knew was my manifest duty. Well, I turned up, as you know."

"Then that's all right, isn't it?" I observed obtusely. "You find London better than you thought?"

"I find it Paradise," and he smiled sadly. "But it's a Paradise I haven't deserved. You see, I made a failure in Canada and I can't let it go at that. I hate the very name of the place and most of the people in it . . . Oh, I daresay there is nothing wrong with it, but one always hates a place where one has been a fool . . . I have got to go back and make good. I shall take two hundred pounds, just what I had when I first started out."

I only stared, and he went on:

"I funked once, and that may be forgiven. But a man who funks twice is a coward. I funk Canada like the devil, and that is why I am going back. There was a man there—only one man—who said I had courage. I'm going to prove to the whole darned Dominion that I have, but principally I've got to prove it to myself . . . After that I'll come back to you, and we'll talk business."

I could say nothing; indeed, I didn't want to say anything. Jim was showing a kind of courage several grades ahead of old Jonah's. He had returned to Nineveh and found that it had no terrors, and was now going back to Tarshish, whales and all.

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Intimate Jottings

by Caroline

I Liked—

The massive candelabra entirely composed of multi-colored hydrangea flowers outlined with pink roses which decorated the bridal table at the Wolfson-Burleigh wedding reception.

Christmas Doings

CHRISTMAS parties will abound this week, and as well as the seasonal occasions there are lots of other pleasant social dates noted in my diary.

The first night of "Balalaika" this Thursday should prove very jolly and an excuse for the wearing of the flimsiest of summer evening frocks. Judith Dansey and Jim Bowden will be married the following day, and Friday has also been chosen by the Lyceum Club for their annual party.

For a snappy finale to the week, Don Budge and his co-starring player, Mako, from U.S.A., will give tennis fans a thrill at the White City courts.

✦ ✦ ✦

Five capital cities in five weeks is Mrs. Gilbert Parker's motoring record. She spent a week in Sydney recently en route from Brisbane to Melbourne. She is due home in Perth this week.

✦ ✦ ✦

Sailed for England

MRS. JOHN ROBERTSON, of Toganmain, Hay, and her daughter, Rua, sailed for England once more on Friday on board the Monterey. Mrs. John thinks that she will be in Australia again for next summer, but Rua will spend the season on the Continent and take part in the winter sports.

Mrs. Peter Milson, Mrs. Robertson's sister, came down from Laverstock, Yass, to farewell the travellers.

Graduation at Duntroon

FOURTEEN cadets will achieve their graduation this Tuesday at Duntroon, and the Governor-General and Lady Gowrie will be present to add dignity and glamor to the great occasion. The staff officers and cadets will entertain the Vice-Regal party at a luncheon before the afternoon's ceremonial parade, and at night a ball will take place in the college gymnasium.

The Prime Minister and Dame Enid Lyons, the College Commandant, Brigadier Miles, and Mrs. Miles, and the Minister for Defence, Mr. Thorby, will be present.

Honeymoon in Europe

STEWART JAMIESON and Kath Garvan, whose wedding just two days before Christmas, at St. Mark's Church, will be a big social event of the Christmas season, have decided upon a ski-ing honeymoon.

They will sail by an Italian ship a few days after their wedding, and will make for Austria, where they will try-out some of the most famous ski-ing grounds of Europe. Their snow-sporting friends, Dr. and Mrs. John Laidley and Dr. and Mrs. Ashleigh Davy, will also be enjoying the winter season abroad.

✦ ✦ ✦

Olive Coxon will sail for N.Z. on a six months' holiday. She has lots of friends in the North Island and will make a long stay on the shores of Lake Wanako.

Yachting Furlough

POLO circles in particular will remember Major Hodge, of the Indian Army, and Mrs. Hodge, who have spent so many furloughs in Sydney, and who made so many friends here. Well, they are at present enjoying a delightful holiday on the other side of the world.

Instead of playing polo, Major Hodge has taken to yachting in a big way, and in his floating home, the Iolanthe, he visits all sorts of interesting ports of call. Every now and again Major and Mrs. Hodge put in at Southampton, and find it a convenient headquarters.

Visitors from Singapore

MAKING a short stay in Sydney are Mr. and Mrs. Fred Winslow Hall, of Singapore. Mrs. Hall, who is a South Australian, preceded her husband to Australia and came from Adelaide to meet him. The visitors are staying at the Hotel Wentworth, and are liking their holiday in Sydney so much that they may spend most of their leave here.

Sunday Morning Cheer

SUNDAY - MORNING parties are much favored by Mrs. Bogey Engelbach. She was hostess to a cheery gathering last Sunday when her guests of honor were Mrs. Connie Daley and Ray Battye, whose marriage is scheduled for this Wednesday. The food accompanying the cocktails was of a substantial nature, constituting almost a buffet luncheon effect. There were lots of meat dishes, including Austrian lippauer, which I found very tasty.

Sir John and Lady McKelvey, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Traill, Dr. and Mrs. D. La Touche, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wade, and John Long Innes were among the guests.

✦ ✦

Winsome McFarlane, of Melbourne, has acquired unique accessories in the shape of tiny white cocktail glasses which serve as fastenings for her navy-blue belt.

Huge Christmas Party

MR. and Mrs. A. C. Davidson found that they were kept busy greeting and saying farewell to their three hundred guests at the huge Christmas cocktail party they gave last week. Every now and again Mrs. Davidson would drift into the ballroom at the Hotel Australia with her guests, and had to be brought back to the foyer by her husband to receive yet more guests.

The party was a great success, and very smart were the frocks worn by fair guests. Lady Swaythling was there, Sir Philip and Lady Street, Dr. and Mrs. Hugh Poate, en route to an evening party, Dr. Murray Will, and three hundred more well-knowns.

Africa en Route

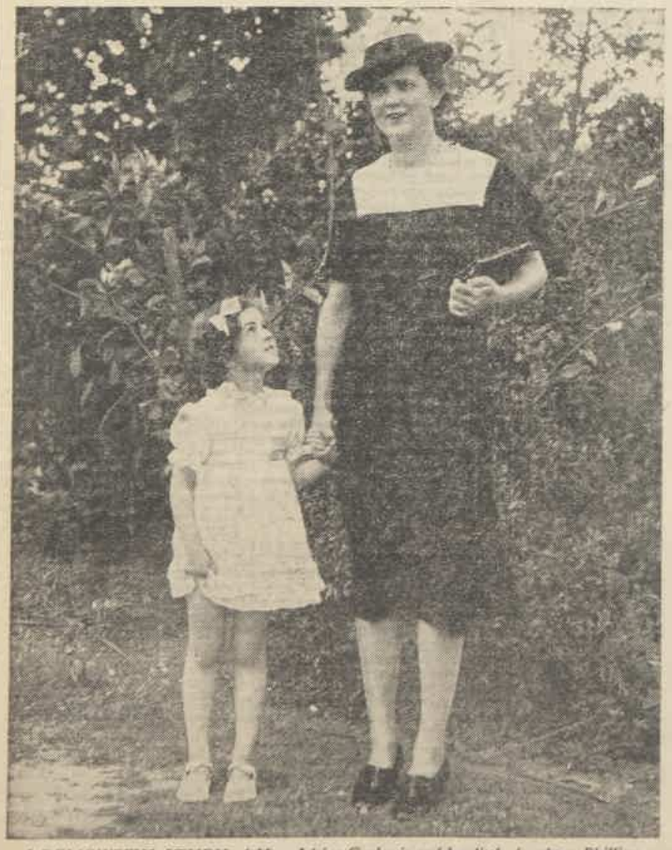
FRANK HUTCHENS, our popular Sydney composer and pianist, sails this Tuesday in the Aagtekerk for England. He will travel by a delightful route, taking in Capetown and the East Coast of Africa, with Antwerp as his landing place. Then he will take plane across the Channel.

Frank will renew friendships with many musicians and relatives in London, and his six months' holiday will, he fears, slip away all too quickly.

I Hear That—

Gordon Walker is leaving for N.Z. immediately after Christmas, where he will meet his wife (formerly Bea Hussey Cooper) and their little baby daughter, who was born in England.

The rest of the summer will be spent by Miss Charlie Morgan Jones sampling the delights of Lord Howe Island.



A DELIGHTFUL STUDY of Mrs. Adrian Curlewis and her little daughter, Phillipa. Mr. and Mrs. Adrian Curlewis and their children will leave for Palm Beach just a few days before Christmas and will remain at their seaside home, Dollar Glen, for three weeks. —Women's Weekly photo.

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You're sure to find a packet of Wrigley's new penny Juicy Fruit in your young Freddy's pocket. Chew a piece and enjoy all the delicious sweetness of fresh, ripe, juicy fruit. And next time you take your change in Wrigley's, ask for Wrigley's new Juicy Fruit—the sweet flavoured gum!

AR31

TREATS CAUSE OF INDIGESTION

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THE CITADEL

Continued from Page 32

"WHAT! — you mean?—But what's the matter with her chest?"

"Nothing much," Freddie smiled. "Don't look so stricken! She's probably got a touch of senile bronchitis! And she'd love to see you! That's how we do it here. Ivory and Freedman and I. You really ought to be in on it, Manson. We won't talk about it now—yes, round that first corner there!—but it would amaze you how it works out."

Andrew drew up the car at the house indicated by Hampton, an ordinary town dwelling-house, tall and narrow, which had obviously never been intended for its present purpose. Indeed, gazing at the busy street, along which the traffic racketed and hooted, it was difficult to imagine how any sick person could find peace here. It looked precisely the place to provoke rather than to cure a nervous breakdown. Andrew mentioned this to Hampton as they mounted the steps to the front door.

"I know, my dear fellow," Freddie agreed with ready cordiality. "But they're all the same. This little bit of the West End is jammed with them. You see, we must have them convenient to ourselves." He grinned. "Ideal if they were out somewhere quiet, but—for instance—what surgeon would drive ten miles every day to see his case for five minutes! Oh! You'll get to know about our little West End sick bays in due course." He drew up in the narrow hall into which they passed. "They've all got three smells, you observe—anaesthetics, cooking and excreta—logical sequence—forgive me, old man! And now meet Ida."

With the air of a man who knows his way about, he led the way into a constricted office on the ground floor, where a little woman in a mauve uniform and a stiff white headdress sat at a small desk.

"Morning, Ida," Freddie exclaimed between flattery and familiarity. "Doing your sums?"

She raised her eyes, saw him, and smiled good-naturedly. She was short, stout and extremely full-blooded. But her bright red face was so thickly covered with powder the result was a mauve complexion almost the color of her uniform. She had a look of coarse bustling vitality, of knowing humor, of pluck. Her teeth were false and ill-fitting. Her hair was grizzled. Somehow, it was easy to suspect her of a strong vocabulary, to imagine her performing admirably as the keeper of a second-rate night club.

Yet Ida Sherrington's nursing home was the most fashionable in London. Half the peerage had been to Ida, society women, racing men, famous barristers and diplomats. You had only to pick up the morning paper to read that yet another bright young person famous on stage or screen had left her appendix safely in Ida's motherly hands. She dressed all her nurses in a delicate shade of mauve, paid her wine butler two hundred pounds and her chef twice that sum a year. The prices which she charged her patients were fantastic. Forty guineas for a room each week was not an uncommon figure. And on top of that came extras, the chemist's bill—often a matter of pounds—the special night nurse, the theatre fee. But when argued with, Ida had one answer which she often adorned with a free and easy adjective. She had her own worries, with cuts and percentages to be paid out, and often she felt it was she who was being bled.

IDA had a soft side for the younger members of the profession and she greeted Manson agreeably as Freddie babbled:

"Take a good look at him. He'll soon be sending you so many patients you'll overflow into the Plaza Hotel."

"The Plaza overflows into me," Ida nodded her headdress meaningly.

"Ha! Ha!" Freddie laughed. "That's pretty good—I must tell old Freedman that one. Paul'll appreciate it. Come on Manson. We'll go up top."

The cramped lift, just wide enough to hold a wheeled stretcher diagonally, took them to the fourth floor. The passage was narrow, trays stood outside the doors, and vases of flowers wilting in the hot atmosphere. They went into Mrs. Raeburn's room.

SHE was a woman of over sixty, propped up on her pillows, expectant of the doctor's visit, holding in her hand a slip of paper on which she had written certain symptoms experienced during the night, together with questions which she wished to ask. Andrew placed her unerringly as the elderly hypochondriac, Charcot's malade au petit morceau de papier.

Seated on the bed, Freddie talked to her, felt her pulse—no more—listened to her and gaily reassured her. He told her Mr. Ivory would be calling with the results of some highly scientific tests in the afternoon. He asked her to allow his colleague, Doctor Manson, whose speciality was lungs, to examine her chest. Mrs. Raeburn was flattered. She enjoyed it all very much. It emerged that she had been in Hampton's hands for two years. She was wealthy, without relatives, and spent her time equally between exclusive private hotels and West End nursing homes.

"Lord!" Freddie exclaimed as they left the room. "You've no idea what a gold mine that old woman has been to us. We've taken nuggets out of her."

ANDREW did not answer. The atmosphere of this place slightly sickened him. There was nothing wrong with the old lady's lungs and only her touching look of gratitude towards Freddie saved the matter from being downright dishonest. He tried to convince himself. Why should he be such a stickler? He would never make a success of himself if he continued intolerant, opiniative. And Freddie had meant it kindly, giving him the chance to examine this patient.

He shook hands amicably enough with Hampton before stepping into his coupe. And at the end of the month, when he received a neatly written cheque from Mrs. Raeburn—with her best thanks—for five guineas, he was able to laugh at his silly scruples. He enjoyed receiving cheques now, and to his extreme satisfaction more and more of them were coming his way.

The practice, which had shown a promising increase, now began a rapid, almost electrifying expansion in all directions, the effect of which was to sweep Andrew more swiftly with the stream. In a sense he was the victim of his own intensity. He had always been poor. In the past his obstinate individualism had brought him nothing but defeat. Now he could justify himself with the amazing proofs of his material success.

Shortly after his emergency call to Laurier's he had a highly gratifying interview with Mr. Winch and thereafter more of the Laurier juniors, and even some of the seniors, came to consult him.

To Be Continued Next Week

WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Astrological Research Society

Sagittarians And Their Luck

The luck of Sagittarian people (those born between November 23 and December 22) is so real that it ill becomes anyone born under this sign of the zodiac to develop into a grumbler or a groucher.

Rather should all Sagittarians develop confidence and optimism in both themselves and in their future, for as surely as sunshine follows rain so does Sagittarian luck seem to bring good fortune after bad.

THE majority of Sagittarians are cheerful and optimistic, with a penchant for looking on the bright side of things and a sincere desire to make their associates happy.

They seldom give way to gloom and melancholy, although there is a serious and thoughtful side to their nature which others may mistake for depression.

Sagittarians, however, are the "gamblers" of the zodiac, and as a general rule are more likely to take chances on the impossible or to risk everything on the throw of a coin than to let "old man depression" get them down.

The graver the danger the more reckless or venturesome they tend to become. This may be courageous, but it is foolish, for if a Sagittarian can only learn to keep his head in time of danger or doubt he can often use his really excellent brains to such good account that the danger is averted—or even turned to advantage.

Hair-raising Risks

THESE people have brains which are second to none, but they do not always use them wisely.

Hence it is that they are found taking hair-raising financial risks as brokers, company promoters, or racetrack enthusiasts.

In the fields of medicine and surgery they often earn renown for the desperate chances they are willing to take in an effort to save life or limb.

In sport they will attempt any goal: as wanderers they will journey anywhere at any time.

In the stress of battle they are to be found cheering, advising and leading their more timid companions.

In fact, in any sphere which demands a battle of wits, an argument, or an appeal in the name of humanity, the Sagittarian can outshine all competitors. This is probably because he is so far-seeing and can be so very abrupt and frank.

The main things for Sagittarians to remember are to tinge their generosity with caution, their joviality with reserve, and their venturesomeness with wisdom.

If they can but learn to do these things, most Sagittarians will find that their luck holds good: that it is a very real and a very precious possession which can make life a most desirable affair indeed.

During this month the particular departments of life most likely to be favorably affected for the Sagittarian good are those of love, beauty, enjoyment and happiness.

A number can look forward to travel or the enjoyment of social entertainments, and almost every Sagittarian will feel a general contentment with life and find that optimism and confidence abound.

Those folk whose birthdays fall late in the third or fourth week of December, however, should guard against deception and unreliability in either themselves or others; no unnecessary risks should be taken; and over-confidence should not be encouraged.

The Daily Diary

TRY to utilise this information in your daily affairs. It will prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): You must finalise all important affairs, ask favors and make changes on December 20 (after 10 a.m.), 21, and 22 (before noon). Work hard then, but thereafter live quietly.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): December 14 and 15 fair. December 20 and 21 poor.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Do not be venturesome, especially on December 16, 17 and 18 (very early) if you wish to avoid losses, partings, opposition and worry.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Not spectacular, but be sure to finalise important matters before December 22.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Chase your opportunities until you catch up with them. Be confident and work hard on December 20 and 21.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Wait a while for better times. Make important plans but defer operations. Take no risks on December 16, 17, 18 (a.m.). Live quietly then.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Quite fair on December 16 and 17.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): December 18 and 19 just fair. December 20, 21 and early 22 poor for new ventures.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Turn your opportunities into facts, work hard, ask favors, seek advancement. Your luck should be best on December 20 and 21.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): December 18 and 19 poor; better times ahead.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): December 16 and 17 just fair.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Make small advancements on December 18 and 19.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them.—Editor, A.W.W.)

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY
HOME MAKER
December 18, 1937. A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers. Page One

CHECK UP *on* *Your* LOOKS

Condition your face, hair and hands now so that you will look your loveliest over the holidays

By JANET

WHEN you have a lot of things to do, do you write them down in a list and check them off as you get them done? Or, if you are going on a holiday, do you make a list of things to pack, so you won't forget even one tiny article?

BECAUSE of the holidays ahead this is an excellent time to do the same for your looks. Soon you will be playing on the beaches with an air of happy abandon or going all countrified in the mountains or all travel-minded on a cruise.

But whatever you may be doing, it's essential that your looks be right up to the minute, because you can't take time off while on holidays to have special beauty treatments. So check up now.

1. How about your hair? Remember that a certain amount of sunshine is good for your hair. The scalp is toned and revivified by exposure to ultra-violet light, just as the rest of your body is.

So don't be afraid to give it some sunning while you are holidaying. At the same time don't go on the theory that, if one pill will do some good, two pills will do twice the good. This is no more true of sunshine than it is of pills.

Very oily hair is benefited by prolonged sunning. But most of us have hair that is dry. And dry hair, after a summer of sunbathing, is dry as straw and just as manageable and becoming as straw, too.

So temper your hair-sunning with common sense. But guard against the ravages of over-exposure by preventive treatments. Oil shampoos are excellent for this. You can use sweet almond oil, olive oil, or special hair oil obtainable from your chemist.

Oil Shampoo

WARM the oil, so the scalp and hair will take it up readily. Then part your hair every inch or so, and rub the warm oil thoroughly into the scalp. Rub hard, to work the oil into the skin and to loosen the dry scales of the scalp. Then use the heel and the palm of each hand to knead and rotate the scalp tissues. Feel that you wriggle the scalp on the skull, to stretch the tissues and free congested circulation.

Now take a big thick Turkish towel and dip it in water as hot as your hands will endure. Wring it out and wrap it around your head. The warmth and steam will drive the oil into your scalp and soften the hair. Repeat the hot towel application several times.

Then shampoo your hair with warm water and a mild soap or shampoo preparation. Dry it outdoors, if the weather permits, and not with artificial heat.

2. Look at your hands. Gardening, golfing, housework, and other energetic jobs are all pretty tough on feminine hands and dainty manicures. How do your hands look? Are your nails dry and easily breakable? Are they scratched and ridged so that polish goes on badly? Is your cuticle ragged and horny?

A hot oil manicure is as good for your nails as a hot oil shampoo is for your hair. And for the same reason. The warmth and stimulation will force oil into the dry, horny nails and cuticle, and the oil itself will supplement and replace that natural oil which has been dried out by months of neglect.

Use the cuticle oil or cream of your favorite brand of manicure preparations. Warm it and soak your fingers in this for several minutes, massaging it into your cuticle and nails. Pinch each nail at the sides to coax the overgrown cuticle away. Smooth the skin back from the base of each nail to uncover the half moon. Pinch and stroke each finger from the tip towards the wrist, to stimulate the circulation, and to smooth the oil into the skin cells. Bedtime is the perfect time for this treatment, for then you can leave some oil or cream on your hands overnight for more hours of beauty treatment.

If gardening or golf has left callouses on your hands, you can remove them with the cuticle-softening preparation from your manicure kit. Moisten the horny patch with the preparation, dabbing it on with cotton to saturate the spot. Leave it on for several minutes, then wash off with clear water and wipe with a rough Turkish towel. The skin scales will roll up and peel off layer by layer. Repeat the treatment for several days, when the callous will be gone.

If your nails are ridged and scratched so they won't take polish smoothly, use a nail buffer with paste or powder polish to buff down the surface to a glossy finish. And then flow on your liquid polish.

And remember to protect your nails with polish before you go on the beach, because beach sand is a strong abrasive, and often digs scratches into the nails that last for weeks.

3. Is your complexion dull? You can do a lot to make it look fresher and a better color in a few days. Watch your diet carefully, drink lots of water between meals, and cut down on starches (breads, sugars, pastries, cereals). Begin your breakfast with grapefruit—this is an excellent internal cleanser—and make the meal itself a light one. Have a salad and fruit lunch topped off with fresh milk, and for dinner at night eat a minimum of meat but plenty of vegetables. Finish off with fresh or stewed fruit.

For external freshening, try cleansing your face at night with two or three applications of cleansing cream, wiping off each one with a clean cloth or tissues before you apply the next. Then wash your face with olive oil soap, and dry carefully.

If your skin is the dry kind, apply next some nourishing cream, massage in gently for a few minutes, and leave the surplus on all night. If your skin is oily you may find it better to omit the cream and use an astringent milk or soothing lotion instead. Those with medium skins will find it a good idea to use astringent milk and nourishing cream on alternate nights.

LEFT: After a warm oil massage wrap a towel around the hair as demonstrated here by Alice Faye, 20th Century-Fox player. RIGHT: For freshening up the skin, be generous with cleansing cream. Luise Rainer, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star above, uses a liberal application of cream for removing both street and studio make-up.

ABOVE: Check up on your looks and then you can enjoy a carefree holiday just as Marcia Melville, the Australian girl who plays feminine lead in the New Era production, "The Avenger," is doing here. LEFT: Shining hair will be yours if you give it special care before going on holidays.

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How to do a

PAGE-BOY COIFFURE

The season's most popular hair style is simple to arrange. These pictures show you the way

HERE it is—the secret of the fascinating page-boy coiffure—one of the most charming and flattering hair styles for the long bob.

The pictures here illustrate how simple the coiffure is to arrange. If you follow each one step by step you should be able to do your own hair in page-boy style.

By JANET

STAGE ONE—hair is parted on one side, well damped and combed out straight all round.

A SIDE VIEW showing the way in which the long roll round the neck and the soft forehead curls are arranged in the finished coiffure.

ABOVE: Stage two — Little curls are arranged on either side on the forehead and in front of each ear and pinned down flat.

LEFT: Front view of the finished page-boy coiffure, showing soft wave on either side of the part.

STAGE THREE—the hair at the back is rolled under in two rows with the aid of curlers. The hair is then allowed to dry.

AFTER the hair has dried it is combed out and arranged in the soft roll with ends turned under that you see above. This roll begins at either side of the face and continues in an unbroken line around the neck. The rest of the hair with the exception of the curls on either side of the forehead is kept straight.

The pictures on this page were specially posed by Frances Gifford, lovely R.K.O. Radio screen player.

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Irene is a harmless, streak-proof mascara. It will make your lashes grow amazingly. You can have your lashes black or brown, or blue or green, as your colouring dictates. Irene works wonders. Try it.

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A MERRY CHRISTMAS DINNER!

Our Cookery Expert gives this up-to-date menu for the traditional feast

THOSE Christmas dinners of our childhood days! What gorgeous feasts they were! Nowadays, many would consider such repasts as being downright unhealthy. On the other hand, tradition holds, for in most households Christmas day is a day of happy feasting.

By . . . RUTH FURST

HERE IS the suggested menu. Recipes for the main dishes are given below. Follow it to success, or alter it, if you wish, to suit the needs and tastes of family and friends.

NOTE: Recipe for Christmas pudding was given in our issue of November 27.

(5)

MUSHROOM SOUP

One pound mushrooms, 1 onion, celery, 2 oz. butter, 2 pints stock, 1½ oz. flour, salt, cayenne, ½ pint milk.

Chop mushrooms, including the stalks. Peel and chop onion, also celery. Melt the butter, add vegetables, fry a few minutes, add stock and seasoning. Cook till tender. Rub through sieve. Return to clean saucepan. Add milk and blended flour. Cook 1 minute longer after it comes to the boil. Season to taste. Serve with croutons.

FISH SURPRISE

Eight ounces cooked fish, hard-boiled egg, ½ cup white sauce, 4 tomatoes, grated cheese, salt, cayenne.

Flake the fish. Add with chopped egg seasoning to the sauce. Cut tops off tomatoes and scoop out centres. Stuff with fish mixture. Sprinkle with cheese and dot with butter. Put into fireproof dish with butter. Bake in hot oven till tomatoes are soft. Serve very hot.

TO STUFF, TRUSS, AND ROAST A TURKEY

Thoroughly clean the bird, and wipe dry. Stuff with either veal or sausage forcemeat where the crop came from. Turn the skin back, and sew in place. Twist pinions over the flap. Press legs into body and fasten with skewers, or tie firmly. Roll in greased paper. Make the fat hot in baking-dish. Place bird in dish. Place in hot oven for 10 minutes, lessen heat. Cook slowly (basting frequently) about 2½ to 3 hours. Remove from fat and place on hot dish. Keep hot until required.

TO MAKE THE GRAVY

Pour off the fat, leaving about one tablespoonful in the dish. Add ½ tablespoonful plain flour. Stir over heat until a dark brown without burning. Add ½ pint liquid (water or stock), salt and pepper to taste. Stir till it boils. Cook for 1 minute. Strain into hot sauce bowl.

SAUSAGE FORCEMEAT

Remove the skin from the half-sausages. Mix in finely-chopped ham, hard-boiled egg, 2 tablespoons breadcrumbs, salt and cayenne to taste. Mix very well, then bind with beaten egg.

Note.—If you find the turkey is too large for your oven or baking-dish, hang it in the oven. Take the thick slide out and place one of the rack shelves as near the top of the oven as possible. Place a hook through the rungs. Hang the turkey, wrapped in paper, on the hook. At the bottom of the oven put in the baking-dish of hot fat which can be used for basting the bird.

CAULIFLOWER AND SAVORY SAUCE

Cook cauliflower whole in the usual way. Melt 1 tablespoon butter in saucepan and fry the chopped onion. Season with celery salt, add 1 tablespoon flour, then add ½ pint milk. Cook till thick. Strain and reheat then pour over the hot cauliflower.

APRICOT DELIGHT

One pint milk, 2 oz. cornflour, 2 tablespoons sugar, yolk 1 egg, small tin apricots, whipped cream.

Blend cornflour. Put remainder of milk on to boil with sugar. Add cornflour and cook 2 minutes. Allow to cool. Add yolk and half the apricots, cut into 4, with ½ cup apricot juice. Turn into wetted mould, and leave till set. Unmould, and decorate with apricots and whipped cream.

BRANDY SAUCE

Melt 1½ oz. butter in saucepan, add 1 oz. flour. Cook 1 minute. Add 1½ cups water all at once.

Stir till it boils and thickens, then add sugar. Cook 3 minutes. Add brandy to taste, and serve with the plum pudding.

What a TASTE!

WHEN girls need tempting before they'll take a substantial meal, give them delicious—digestible—nourishing Heinz Baked Beans. When you take one mouthful you want another—and another. In no time they're eaten up. Slow-baked in ovens, the Heinz way, they are sweet as a nut, almost crush on the tongue, are soaked through with the most appetizing tomato sauce. No one but Heinz can equal Heinz in baking beans. Two styles—with and without pork. Your family will welcome them for breakfasts, lunches, dinners, snacks.

RECIPE FOLDER — FREE. Showing 24 delicious ways to use Heinz Baked Beans. Send for your free copy to H. J. Heinz Co. Pty. Ltd., Melbourne, E.1.

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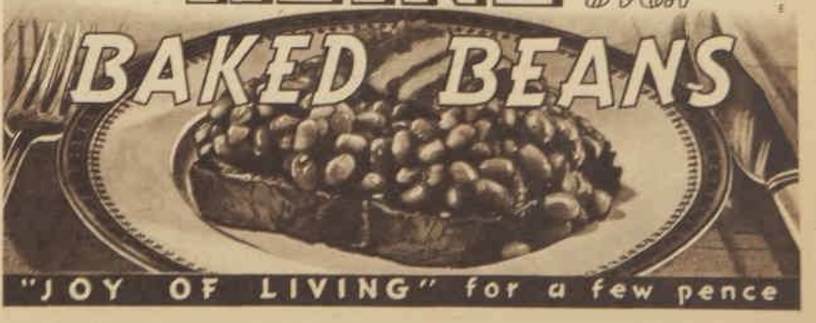

"JOY OF LIVING" for a few pence

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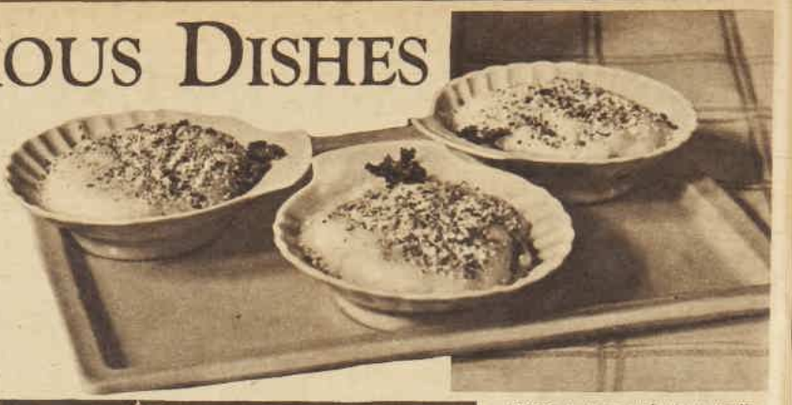
NEW *and* DELICIOUS DISHES

Cash prizes awarded every week for clever recipes.



THE Australian Women's Weekly Best Recipe Competition is open to women all over Australia. Every reader is eligible. It costs nothing to enter. Simply select your favorite recipe, write it out clearly, and send to us.

EACH week we give a first prize of £1, and award also many consolation prizes at 2/6 each. Why not try?

Here are some bright recipes from readers. Many of them are suitable for festive parties:—

NEW RECIPES for savories are always welcome. Those who purpose giving parties during the festival season—and after—will want to try the six recipes given on this page. They are well worth adding to your collection.

ABOVE you see walnut au gratin cooked in individual dishes. This may be served as an entree, as a special luncheon dish. It would also make a delightful addition to the picnic hamper.

CRYSTALLISED CHRISTMAS CAKE

One cup of butter, 1 cup fruit juice (any kind will do, even liquid from stewed fruit), 1½ cups each of chopped crystallised cherries, figs, and pineapple; ½ cup dates, ½ cup crystallised ginger, 1½ cups chopped nuts, ½ cup shredded peel, 1½ cups brown sugar, 2 small teaspoons salt, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 2 teaspoons ground cinnamon, 2 teaspoons allspice, 4 eggs, 3 cups plain flour.

Cream butter and sugar thoroughly. Separate yolks from whites of eggs. Add yolks, and mix well. Sift 2 cups of flour, spice, salt, and baking powder, and add alternately with fruit juice. Then add fruit and nuts which have been previously mixed with the other cup of flour. Fold in stiffly-beaten whites of eggs. Put into a greased papered tin and bake in a very slow oven from 3 to 4 hours.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. C. L. Padey, 6 Barry St., Randwick, N.S.W.

SCOTCH OATCAKE

One breakfastcup of fine oatmeal, 1 teaspoon sweet dripping.

Put dripping into a basin and pour half a cupful of warm water over it hot enough to melt the dripping. When the dripping is melted pour oatmeal over it, and stir. There should be enough water to make the meal quite moist. With the right hand only, work the dough in the basin through the fingers, taking it in the hands again and again till the ingredients are thoroughly blended. Turn onto board which has been generously sprinkled with meal; knead the mixture into a firm piece but not hard. Make into a round ball, and flatten it out carefully. Press this out with the knuckles until it is rather thin. Apply rolling-pin very carefully. Do not make the mistake of rolling the cake too thin. Rub the surface over with plenty of dry oatmeal, cut the round in four, turn the cakes over and rub the other side. Brush meal off, and slip cakes on to hot girdle for a few minutes until they are a little brown. Put the upper side to the fire on a toaster until it gets dry and hard. Oat cakes are only fired on one side.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Wilfrid A. Brady, 48 Wills St., Kew E4, Melbourne.

CHEESE BUTTERFLIES

Quarter pound self-raising flour, 2oz. butter, 2oz. grated cheese, pinch salt, 1 egg, and a little water.

Rub butter into flour, stir in grated cheese, add salt, and mix well. Then add beaten egg and enough water to make a fairly stiff pastry. Knead and roll out thinly. Cut into small rounds with a cutter. From some rounds remove a narrow strip in the centre so that you have two "wing" pieces. Make two wings for each round. Bake in a steady oven till nicely browned. Allow to cool. Now whip a small quantity of cream and mix in a little grated cheese. Place a small teaspoon in centre of each round to form the "body," and on each side of it place a "wing." Sprinkle a little grated cheese over the body, and serve. These are delightful savories.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. C. G. Knight, 60B Westbury St., East St. Kilda, Melbourne.

SMALL SAVORIES

(For a twenty-first birthday or wedding, Christmas, or New Year party)

(1) The whites of hard-boiled eggs are always popular filled with a mixture of equal quantities of anchovies, egg-yolks, and butter rubbed through a sieve, seasoned, and put through a forcing-pipe.

(2) Sardines, egg-yolks, lemon rind and juice, pounded together and rubbed through a sieve should be put through a forcing-pipe to form roses on rounds of crisp bread or toast.

(3) Cut plums in halves lengthwise. Remove the stone, slightly scoop out portion of the pulp. Marinade in vinegar and oil for one hour, drain, fill with capers mashed or whole. Place a drained sardine on top of each.

(4) Take egg-tomatoes, dip in boiling water, skin, marinade in oil and vinegar, season with salt and pepper, scoop out centres. Fill with a mixture of pounded egg-yolk and butter. Season with pepper and celery salt. Fill tomatoes, forming a rose on top with remainder of mixture and a rose-pipe.

(5) Fill boiled egg-whites with finely-chopped prawns. Pour over a well-seasoned sauce made with three tablespoons of lemon juice, a quarter cup of chili sauce, two teaspoons Worcester sauce, salt, and a little celery salt.

(6) Take thick slices of skinned tomatoes marinaded in lemon juice, oil, salt, and pepper. Drain, sprinkle liberally with cress; pile on top some mayonnaise thickened with grated horseradish and finely-chopped olives.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. K. Green, 164 Grosvenor Rd., North Perth, W.A.

TOFFEE APPLES AND CREAM SAUCE

Six cooking apples, 1 cup water, ½ cup milk, 1 teaspoon gelatine, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 cup white sugar, 1 tablespoon butter.

Put white sugar and water into saucepan, bring to the boil, and simmer for 10 minutes. Add peeled and cored apples, and simmer very slowly till tender. Remove apples from syrup, and dissolve gelatine in syrup. Now cook brown sugar, milk and butter in another saucepan till mixture forms a soft ball when dropped in cold water. Place apples in serving dish, and pour syrup around. Decorate top of each apple with little whipped cream.

Cream Sauce: 1 pint milk, 2 level tablespoons sugar, 1 egg, 1 dessertspoon arrowroot, 4oz. tin cream.

Put milk on to boil with sugar. Beat egg and pinch of salt till frothy. Mix arrowroot with 1 tablespoon milk and blend with the beaten egg. Add to milk when nearly boiling and stir till thick. When quite cold beat in cream till smooth.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. H. Pomroy, 10th Avenue, Home Hill, Nth. Qld.

CHERRY PICKLE

Seven pounds red cherries, 3½lb. sugar, 2½ sticks cinnamon, 1oz. cloves, ½ pint vinegar.

Tie the spices in a piece of muslin and heat them in the vinegar. Pour the hot spiced vinegar over the cherries, and allow to stand overnight. Keep draining off and reheating for 3 days. Then heat sugar in vinegar the last time. Add the cherries, and just bring to boil. Bottle while hot and seal when cold.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Homan, 82 Scarborough Street, Kogarah, N.S.W.

WALNUT AU GRATIN

Quarter pound minced walnuts, rice, tomatoes, breadcrumbs, cheese, seasonings.

Place a layer of cooked seasoned rice in the bottom of a piedish (or in individual oven dishes) and spread on the rice a layer of minced walnuts and sliced tomato. Add alternately layers of rice, walnuts, and tomato until dish is full. Then cover with breadcrumbs and grated cheese, and finish with a few dabs of butter. Cook half an hour in moderate oven, and serve hot. This may be served as an entree, luncheon or picnic dish. As well as being delicious, this dish contains high food-value—protein, carbohydrates, and vitamins.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Re. Wallace, Pratten St., Warwick, Qld.

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MAYFAIR HAM—aristocrat of the luncheon table—deliciously mild and tender. Cooked inside the can in own juices to retain the exclusive flavor created by its unique process of curing—the secret of Continental Food Chemists. Well known to epicures in America and the Continent and now cured and canned in Australia. Utterly Superior to ordinary ham. Boneless, ready to eat and you can eat every bit, there is no waste. Mayfair Hams are truly economical. They save time and fuel and they are cooked to perfection.

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ODO-RO-DO

FOR *Young* WIVES and *Mothers*

By MARY TRUBY KING

It is not necessary to test feed baby if he is going ahead well and gaining his requisite number of ounces a week; but test feeding becomes necessary if you suspect baby is being either over or under fed; if he is putting on too much or too little weight, suffering from indigestion or from bowel disorders.

THE following table gives the average quantity of breast milk needed in the 24 hours for the normal baby at different ages. This table is meant as a guide—not as an absolute rule. It aims to strike the happy medium.

Age	No. of Feeds	Ounces at Each Feed	Ounces Total in 24 Hours
1 week	5	2	10
2 weeks	5	3	15
3 weeks	5	3½	17½
4 weeks (1 month)	5	4	20
2 months	5	5	25
3 months	5	5½	27½
4 months	5	6	30
5 months	5	6¼	31¼
6 months	5	6½	32½
7 months	5	7	35
7th to 9th month	5	7-7½	35-37½

The figures in column three represent roughly the amount baby should take at each feeding, but, as the amounts actually taken tend to vary during the day, the mother who is test feeding should add up (at the end of the day) the amounts which baby has had at each of the 5 feeds, and then compare this total with the total number of ounces needed for the 24 hours, as shown in column four.

Baby does not have to be undressed for the purpose of weighing for test feeding; but he must be weighed in exactly the same clothing after the feed as before the feed, otherwise the test will not be accurate, and test feeding which is inaccurate is worse than no test feeding at all.

Procure reliable scales with weights to the quarter ounce. Do not use spring-balance scales.

Weigh baby in his clothes just before you feed him. Jot down his weight, leaving the scribbling pad and pencil beside the scales.

Feed baby. Then weigh him again, in exactly the same clothing.

The number of ounces he has gained between the two weighings represents the amount of breast milk he has had.

Test weighing should be carried out at each feed for three days.

Test weighing at one feed only is of little value, as the amount of milk taken by baby at different feeds throughout the day varies considerably. Baby usually takes his largest feed at 6 a.m. and his smallest at 10 p.m. He may take as much as 6 ounces at 6 a.m. and only 2½ or 3 ounces at 10 p.m.

Easy to Rectify

MOST mothers are not able to afford scales of their own, but they can take baby to the nearest Infant Welfare centre for a test feed three days running.

If possible, attend the Centre **for a different feed each day.** This is second best to doing a 24 hours' test in your own home.

Nurse will then be able to come to a conclusion as to the approximate amount baby is taking daily.

Once you have found out whether baby is being over or under fed, it is a simple matter to either give baby a shorter time at the breast at each feeding, or to employ measures to increase your flow of milk.

Anaemia Is Not the Dread Disease It Was Years Ago—*Continued*

ONE peculiar fact was noted: the gastric juice was always deficient in acid. Hydrochloric acid is contained in all normal gastric juice. In pernicious anaemia it is missing; and it may be absent for a long period before the more distressing symptoms set in.

This seemed a clue: and so it was, but not in the way doctors at first thought. Their first idea of pernicious anaemia had been that it was due to lack of iron.

They administered huge doses of iron to their patients, but to no avail.

They then put 50 pernicious anaemia patients on a diet containing seven ounces of liver a day for over a year, and kept them all alive.

The diet, however, was monotonous and nauseating; so research chemists took a hand and found ways of improving liver treatment.

Thanks to these discoveries pernicious anaemia has been conquered; and now no one attacked by it dies if the liver treatment is used in time.

Expensive Treatment

THE only drawback is that the very potent injections necessary in serious cases are expensive; and their continued use is a severe drain on the finances of poorer patients and hospitals.

Strange as it may seem, the cause of pernicious anaemia has been traced, not to the liver, but to the stomach. The normal stomach secretes a substance which, combining with another substance present in the food (a vitamin, probably) is carried to the liver, which stores it.

Apparently, this substance, of which the stomach supplies the main ingredient, is a kind of "mother" of red corpuscles, and if it is not supplied to the marrow, no new red corpuscles are born.

Probing still further, research has found that the condition of the stomach causing lack of the vital ingredient is a diffuse inflammation of the stomach-lining, and that the same trouble causes the lack of gastric acid.

Here is a queer anomaly of medicine—a disease for which a perfect antidote is known (there seems no other word, liver-extract is not a "cure"); yet the provocative cause of which is unknown, or at least, only guessed.

Pernicious anaemia, then, is due to progressive decrease in the number of red corpuscles.

It is just the reverse in the second type of anaemia, which we have described in the case of the weary housewife.

When she consults a doctor he will make a microscopic examination of her blood, and find that the number of corpuscles is not diminished, but that they are pale for lack of the natural iron coloring-matter.

This means that the absorption of iron from the food has stopped, and that the reserves in the liver are exhausted.

The cure of this type of anaemia is simple. Iron preparations in large doses are given. There is usually a prompt response within 72 hours.

Lack-of-iron anaemia, then, is simply iron-starvation. It sometimes follows any prolonged exhausting illness, or difficult childbirth; it may be due to semi-starvation on unsuitable food; but there are cases in which it arises primarily from some internal defect.

The form in which iron is administered is important. Much research has been carried out recently on this subject, and "ferrous" iron has been proved best.

The simplest type of this is "Blaud's pill," named after a famous physician of a bygone century. Pill form is not necessary; the ingredients are now obtainable as tablets or capsule, which are equally efficacious.

In lack-of-iron anaemia, liver-extract is not of much use. Iron, however, is often necessary in the treatment of pernicious anaemia (the other type).

This is because liver extract sets up such rapid birth of young corpuscles that the body cannot keep pace in supplying them with iron.

In lack-of-iron anaemia, owing to the tendency of iron preparations to induce constipation, laxatives are usually necessary as essentials of treatment.

In either type of anaemia prompt relief of symptoms is obtained, once the form of anaemia is diagnosed and the correct treatment given. Pernicious anaemia has ceased to be an inevitable death-warrant, when diagnosed. In fact, a round-up a few years ago of the first patients ever treated showed that the majority were still alive.

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A NEW COPHA Recipe

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Mix dry ingredients, melt COPHA and pour over same. Thoroughly mix and spoon into paper cup containers and allow to set. The above quantity makes 2½ to 3 dozen.

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"They mean the end of hours of careful stirring over hot stoves, the end of that 'stodgy' feeling, and the end of reluctant eating."

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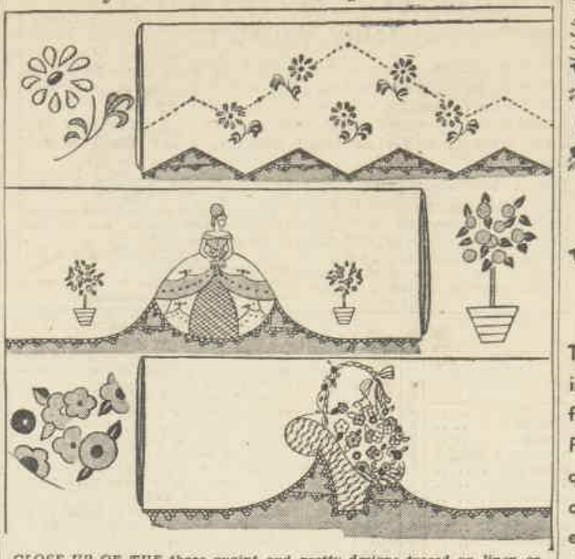

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THESE guest towels are available in cream, yellow, or green linen, or in white huckaback. They measure 15 x 24 inches when finished.

Here are embroidery instructions:

"Daisy" Design: Satin-stitch petals in white, with a yellow centre. Stem-stitch stems and satin-stitch leaves. Lines of darning-stitch are used for lines. Satin-stitch the spots. Edge finished for crochet or lace.

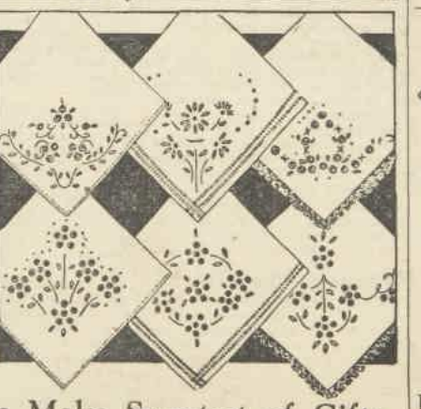
"Dolly Varden": The figure is worked in stem-stitching and french knots. Satin-stitch the ribbons and bows, also the cameo brooch. Work the trees in orange with satin-stitch fruit and leaves; tub in brown.

"Floral Basket": All the flowers are worked in buttonhole with the leaves satin-stitched. Outline of basket and stems are stem-stitched. Work basket texture in straight short lines in darning-stitch, stem-stitch wavy lines. Satin-stitch the ribbon bow.

Price, 2/6 each, plus 2d. postage.

A BOX of kerchiefs is a happy gift. Better still when enriched with your own work, for then the gift becomes a precious gesture of goodwill and kind thoughts.

AS YOU can see for yourself, it would not take you long to embroider the corners of half a dozen or more of the kerchiefs showing at right. Obtainable from our Needlework Department. See address in coupon on pattern page.



Kerchiefs Make Sweetest of Gifts

Who wouldn't love to receive a ribbon-decked box of dainty, hand-embroidered kerchiefs on Christmas morning?

THREE of the designs are for eyelet work, and three for colored embroidery.

Just select the ones you prefer, and order any number from our Needlework Department. State clearly whether you require white or colored linen, white or pastel colored drawn-thread lawn, or lace-edged kerchiefs.

Kerchiefs obtainable in pure white, green, yellow, blue or pink linen, traced ready for working. Price, 1/- each; or box of 6 for 5/6.

White linen kerchiefs, with lace edging. Price, 1/- each; or box of 6 for 5/6.

Drawn-thread lawn kerchiefs, in shades of blue, salmon, pink, green or yellow. Price, 10d each; or box of six for 4/9.

Asthma Germs Killed in 3 Minutes

Choking, gasping, wheezing Asthma and Bronchitis poison your system, ruin your health, and weaken your heart. Mendaco, the prescription of an American physician, starts killing Asthma Germs in 3 minutes, refreshes the blood and builds new vitality so that you can sleep soundly all night, eat anything and enjoy life. Mendaco is so successful that it is guaranteed to give you free, easy breathing in 24 hours and to completely stop your Asthma in 8 days or money back on return of empty package. Get Mendaco from your chemist. The guarantee protects you. (2380)

Printed and Published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

There's a big difference in insect sprays — a difference in quality. Spray Fly-Tox, and all flies, mosquitoes, cockroaches, ants, fleas and moths, etc., in your home will die. Fly-Tox KILLS. Insist on genuine Fly-Tox, and refuse substitutes.

COSTS NO MORE THAN ORDINARY SPRAYS

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INSIST ON FLY·TOX IT KILLS ALL INSECTS

IF your life is being made miserable by distressing heartburn, flatulence, sick headache and pain after meals, then follow the example of Nurse Jennings, who writes:

"I was a great sufferer with heartburn and pains after eating, and I dreaded mealtimes . . . After taking 'Bisurated' Magnesia I can now eat anything without discomfort."

Your first dose of "Bisurated" Magnesia will stop the stomach pain; take it after meals and you'll forget you ever had indigestion. "Bisurated" Magnesia is used and recommended by doctors everywhere . . . you simply cannot buy a better stomach remedy. Get a bottle today.

It is a concentrated preparation and very economical. The package bears the trade mark 'Bismag.'

You want 'Bisurated' Magnesia

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Our Fashion Service and Concession Pattern

Summer Gaiety Expressed in Frocks

These styles now available from our Pattern Department

VOILE OR SHEER
WW1957.—Pin-spotted voile or sheer material would be most attractive for this smart frock. Cut in sizes, 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required: 3¼ yards 36 inches wide, and ¼ yard contrast. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

CONTRAST in FLORALS
WW1958. — Contrasting floral material for bodice and scarf belt is very new for afternoon occasions. Cut in sizes, 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required: 2 3-8th yards, 36 inches, plain material, and 1 5-8th yards, 36 inches floral. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

VERY SMART
WW1959.—For informal occasions you will feel very well dressed in this charming afternoon frock. Cut in sizes, 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required: 3 5-8th yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

LINEN FOR SPECTATORS
WW1960. — A charming style spectator sports frock for linen. The new London-tan with contrasting stitching would be very smart. Sizes, 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required: 3 5-8th yards, 36 inches wide **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

FOR BEACH
WW1961.—A very smart style beach outfit for the warm summer days. Cut in sizes, 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required: 2¼ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

EVENING GLAMOR
WW1963.—A very smart evening gown for formal occasions, when you want to feel particularly well dressed. Cut in sizes, 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required: 6¼ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

Please Note

TO ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should (1) Write your name and full address clearly in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern state age of child. (4) Use box numbers given on concession coupon. (5) When sending for concession pattern, enclose 3d. stamp.

AFTERNOON FROCK
WW1962.—You will be delighted with the cut of this smart afternoon frock. Black georgette or chiffon would be our choice, and the gored skirt is particularly smart. Cut in sizes, 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required, 4 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

OUR SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN

OUTDOOR FROCKS

THREE-IN-ONE CONCESSION PATTERN —— PRICE 3d.

Cut in sizes 32in., 34in., and 36in. bust.

OUR CONCESSION PATTERN this week comprises three (3) simple frocks for outdoor wear. Cut in sizes, 32-inch, 34-inch, and 36-inch bust.
No. 1 FROCK requires 3 yards, 36 inches wide.
No. 2 FROCK requires 3¼ yards, 36 inches wide.
No. 3 FROCK requires 3¼ yards, 36 inches wide.

Please Check Size Marked on Pattern Before Cutting Out.

CONCESSION PATTERN COUPON

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a concession pattern of the garments illustrated at left, fill in the coupon and post it, WITH 3d. STAMP, clearly marking on the envelope, "Pattern Department," to any of the following addresses. Be careful to specify which size you want. A 3d. STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. An extra charge of threepence will be made for patterns over one month old.

ADELAIDE.—Box 382A, G.P.O.
BRISBANE.—Box 409F, G.P.O.
MELBOURNE.—Box 185, G.P.O.
NEWCASTLE.—Box 41, G.P.O.
PERTH.—Box 491G, G.P.O.
SYDNEY.—Box 4299YY, G.P.O.
If calling, 168 Castlereagh Street.
TASMANIA.—Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne.
NEW ZEALAND.—Write to Sydney office.

Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see address of our office, which will be found on Page 3.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
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STATE .....
Size ..... Pattern Coupon, 18/12/37

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Use only SCRUBB'S — it is three times the strength of other Ammonias and therefore more economical.

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For CHILDREN

every mother's stand-by in the nursery

DINNEFORD'S PURE FLUID MAGNESIA is the perfect nursery laxative and corrective of digestive disturbances. Safe and natural in its action, it causes no pain or griping. Doctors and nurses have prescribed it for over 100 years, and it is now more widely used than ever. DINNEFORD'S is also the recognised remedy for acidity, heartburn, liverishness and constipation in adults. But always make sure you get DINNEFORD'S

Quick! a dose of

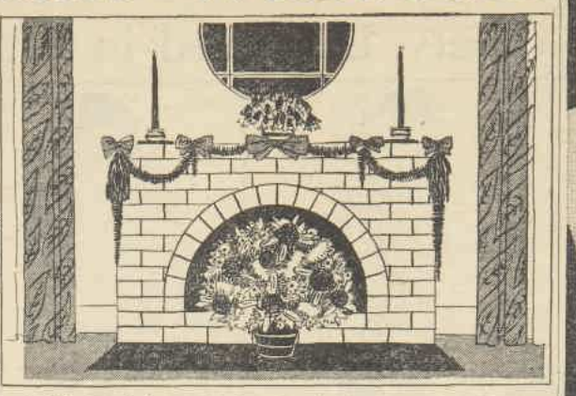
DINNEFORD'S

PURE FLUID MAGNESIA or TABLETS

CHRISTMAS WELCOME

Add to the joyous Yuletide spirit.... Fill your home with flowers

—Says The Old Gardener



ABOVE: Simple but artistic decoration for fireplace and mantelpiece. A huge bowl filled with wild flowers (any blooms will do) hides the grate; trails of leaves or colored paper are tied with paper bows.

AT LEFT: Suggestion for entrance door to cottage or flat. The Christmas tree cut-out is pasted on the inside of the glass door. Leaf trailers with silver star decorations over the doorway look gay and festive.

IN this article the Old Gardener urges you to supplement gay paper decorations and the like with an abundance of tastefully arranged bowls of flowers, potted plants, and greenery.

Decorations are an important item at Yuletide because they make the home and whole atmosphere so Christmassy and gay. And what a wonderful display we can make with flowers and foliage, berries and trails of greenery!

Those not fortunate enough to possess gardens must rely upon the florist for flowers, etc., unless their gardening friends come to their aid. On the other hand, our bush offers wonderful scope to all, for trees and brush give a variety of foliage suitable for decorative purposes.

Shrubs, a feature of some gardens, offer delightfully varied foliage, and a few of them berries. In cooler climes, of course, the traditional holly will be at its best.

In decorating the home with blooms try as far as is possible to have them harmonise with the room surroundings. Endless combinations can be made with various grasses and seed pods. These, of course, will last longer than cut flowers, so by careful selection one can make the decorations last over a long period without replacing.

In placing flowers in a container be sure it is spacious enough to permit circulation of air and proper absorption of water. Jamming them into a narrow vase "chokes" the flowers and shortens their life.

Flowers should not be kept in the draught of an open window or door, or an electric fan. Nor should they be exposed to bright sunlight.

Water in vases or other containers should be changed daily to prevent accumulation of bacteria making the water foul. It can be kept pure by adding a bit of charcoal or three drops of formalin to a quart of water. The addition of salt, aspirin, and other chemicals is sometimes recommended, but as yet there is no scientific proof of their practical use.

To Keep Flowers

WHEN changing the water, cut half an inch or so from the ends of the stems with a clean, slanting cut. This reopens the water-absorbing vessels and enables the flowers to take in a new supply. Stems cut squarely are likely to rest flat on the bottom of the container and defeat this objective.

If low, broad vases or containers are used, fresh water should be added frequently to make up for the increased evaporation.

If it is possible to place the vase in a refrigerator overnight, do so, for the low temperature will keep the flowers from opening too quickly and thereby prolong their life. But this does not mean the excessive dry cold of an electric refrigerator; a cool, moist cellar is much safer and more satisfactory.

Many times flowers which have been kept out of water longer than usual, and which as a result show signs of wilting, can be revived by a simple method. Place the stems in water in a broad receptable such as a pail or the sink, and cut the stems an inch or so back under water with a sharp knife; then do not remove them from the water until they have revived.

Another method is to plunge the stems into very hot water and then into cold water. A third procedure is to plunge the stems into deep, cold water, almost up to the blossoms, but not so as to wet the flowers. Then place the container in a cool, dark, draughtless room for several hours.

In arranging cut flowers for home decoration, two cardinal principles should be followed, depending upon the effect desired. If the chief wish is to obtain the most artistic effect without special regard to length of time the flowers last, the total height of the container and flowers should be 2½ times the height of the container alone.

If the container is 12 inches high the tops of the flowers should be about 30 inches above its base. If, however, the desire is to keep the flowers alive as long as possible, irrespective of the artistic effect, there should be as much of the stem under water as there is above it.

If there are too many flowers on hand for one vase, use two, or even three. Do not crowd the flowers.

And here's a final hint to my readers: Give boxes of your choice blooms or potted plants at Christmas time to those friends of yours who do not possess gardens. They make such happy gifts.

Perhaps, too, you have a gardening friend who may desire some special plant. What about giving him or her this plant, nicely potted or boxed, and wrapped in gay Christmas paper? Your thought would be long remembered.

WHY I USE NEW VEET

1 New 'VEET' ends all unwanted hair in 3 minutes without trouble, mess or bother.

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FREE: By exclusive arrangement every woman reader of this paper can now obtain a special package of NEW VEET ABSOLUTELY FREE. Send 4d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing and other expenses. Address Commonwealth & Dominion Agencies Ltd. (Dept. 38VE), 168/172, Day Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

How She Lost Her Backache

Mrs. Dann (from photo.)

Only those who suffer can realise the utter misery, the maddening torture, the dreadful weakness that backache brings. Yet thousands of chronic sufferers go on in their pain and weakness until perhaps they have to give up, becoming bedridden; mother unable to carry out her daily duties; wage-earners lose money; pleasures just a thing of the past. Sufferers, you must realise that awful backache is Nature's urgent signal of deep-seated trouble within the body—Kidney Trouble.

Weak kidneys—yes, that is what makes life a misery for so many, many people, although they do not know it. Are you going to stay crippled by pain, or will you prove how quickly, how surely and permanently, you can end your trouble for good by taking a course of De Witt's Pills?

De Witt's Pills, in 24 hours, show you how they have acted directly on the kidneys. If you will only persevere, their cleansing, tonic action will rid your system of the poisons and impurities that cause your pain. But most important of all, your kidneys are restored to health and they then keep the system free from poisons.

Mrs. L. A. Dann, who lives at "Luada," Grace Avenue, North Hykeham, Lincs., says:—*"I suffered for a long time with pain across the small of my back, and I could not stoop without terrible pains. After taking a sample of your pills I felt much better, so I sent for a small box from Mr. Hague, the Chemist at Lincoln, and the pain disappeared before I had finished the bottle.*

My husband suffered from a chill on the kidneys, so he commenced taking the pills at once. After two days he began to feel the benefit, and after a week the pain had gone altogether. I recommend your pills to my friends, as I can speak for them from my own experience."

De Witt's Pills are safe and sure in all cases of Rheumatism, Backache, Lumbago, Joint Pains, Swollen Limbs, etc.

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GIVE SOMETHING *for the* HOME *this* CHRISTMAS

Here is a page of helpful suggestions.

By OUR HOME DECORATOR

THE spirit of Christmas is in the air! Another week, and hundreds will be rushing hither and thither in search of "something really nice" for mother, for dear Jean, Aunt Kath, and the rest! Pressed for time, harried by crowds, hustled and bustled, what will they choose as happy Christmas gifts?

HOW many of us have wished when we opened a Christmas parcel and found some frivolous little "luxury" that the donor had spent the same amount (or maybe less) on that little bowl or bit of glass we really wanted.

Of course, we cannot expect our friends to be mind-readers. But how much more joy and lasting pleasure surrounds the gift which has been chosen with care.

You've heard it said that "it isn't the gift that matters, it's the thought." All right. But how many put sincere thoughtfulness into their gifts?

Haven't we all at some time or another rushed pell-mell into a store and for want of previous thought bought some novelty that will probably lay in the recipient's drawer or cupboard until time or moths fit it for the garbage can?

Pictured on this page are a dozen or so delightful little suggestions. They are chosen at random, but with an eye to their utility as well as their charm.

Most women of the home (as well as the business girl with the one-room flat) would welcome a cushion as a gift.

Cushions are the loveliest things. Chosen to match the color scheme of a room they will delight the eye and give an additional air of comfort and charm to the home.

Lovely vases and bowls to hold flowers, carefully chosen, are always a delight to home-makers and flower-lovers. It does not take so much to buy one in order to give some lucky person mute but lovely evidence of good wishes and thoughtfulness on Christmas morning.

Cornucopias for the wall are quite fashionable. There are some perfectly sweet ones showing in little specialty shops and the china department of bigger stores to-day. The young modern home-maker would be delighted with such a gift. You could rest assured that every time she filled it with flowers, every time she looked upon it, you would be gladly—happily—remembered.

WHY NOT, this year, give your home-loving friends some little gift for the home? There are some happy suggestions given on this page. Such gifts of beauty as china and glass, cushions, books, pictures, etc., would surely please.

Pictures can be gifts of beauty. In buying a picture care should be given to the selection of subject and consideration to the type of room in which it is to be hung. Copies of masterpieces, etchings, clever modernistic studies, await your choice in the majority of stores and in the little "art" shops.

A table lamp is the type of gift that would endear you for life to the little home-lover who has never been able to afford such a luxury. There are all sorts of shapes and sizes and colors to choose from to-day. Some of them are surprisingly cheap. Some clever women can "build" them up from a vase or bowl, the necessary fittings, a couple of yards of flex, wire, and a yard of parchment, and silk or gingham.

Such Happy Gifts

CLEAR, shining crystal has a charm all its own. So has frosted glass. What a perfect gift even one small piece would make a discriminating home-lover; "gold" and "silvered" glass, also hand-painted glass, are featured to-day.

Two weeks ago I gave you several suggestions, also the simple directions, for painting glass. Many of you, no doubt, will have tried out this fascinating handicraft.

Every week, smarter shops are showing more and more of exquisitely decorated glass. It is quite the fashion. So you can be quite confident that a gift of glass, painted by your own skilful hands, would please the most fastidious and up-to-date friend.

Books that fill leisure hours with glamor and romance always make happy gifts. Moreover, they are a decorative asset to a home.

Other happy suggestions: Pieces of gleaming brass, pot plants, quaint candlesticks holding tall, tapering candles, book-ends, colorful china, linen and lace, hand-embroidered articles, cigarette boxes and ash trays. Even practical articles for the kitchen would bring a shining light to the eyes of many home-makers. Here's to a happier Christmas!

SURPRISE FOR KATH!

Anybody can do a good job with TAUBMANS DYNAMEL. Unlike old-fashioned lacquers and other finishes that are hard to apply, or need finicky brushing, Dynamel dries in just the right length of time for you to take your time and do a better job . . . and with Dynamel you are always sure of that beautifully smooth, mirror-like finish!

FREE — ANNE STEWART'S BOOK!

To Anne Stewart, Taubman's Home Decorating Service, 75 Mary Street, ST. PETERS, SYDNEY.

Please send me my FREE copy of your 24-page book in full color—"The Colorful Home," which tells me how to make my home more colorful and modern at very little cost. I enclose 3d. in stamps for postage and handling. A22

NAME

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Choose from thirty lovelier, washable colors on the Dynamel Chart at your nearest paint shop!

Listen to Anne Stewart every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, 2UW 10.20 a.m., 5AW 11 a.m., 4BK-AK 10.45 a.m., 5AD-MU-PI 11.30 a.m.

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Moons in Gold

A COMPLETE BOOK-LENGTH NOVEL

FREE SUPPLEMENT TO THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY. MUST NOT BE SOLD SEPARATELY.

By . . . . . C. S. MONTANYE

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MOONS IN GOLD

By C. S. MONTANYE

PARIS flashed by in its eternal pursuit of pleasure. The singing lilt of its nocturnal melody crept in through the windows of a room on the third floor of the shabby Hotel Le Grand Due. The tall, slim, debonair man who was shaving by the dresser light whistled a bar of its gay music. His lathered brush kept time to the tempo of the tune. The rhythm seemed to inspire the gliding strokes of the razor that slid over his lean, weathered face.

He was careful to shave accurately around the narrow thread of the jaunty black moustache that gave him a measure of his careless, devil-may-care air. But when the blade moved to his sideburns he considered the grey at each temple with a frown.

"Youth!" he lamented. "Quicksilver in the golden bowl of time! A red rose fading in the garden of summer! Yesterday's wine, made sour by the hours. Stark tragedy, Tim."

The man he addressed was laying out a suit of evening clothes. He was short, stocky, bland and yellow-skinned. His slant eyes were the trademark of his nationality. In all respects Wang Shim was the model servant.

He laid his master's trousers precisely over the footboard of the bed and bowed.

"Youth," he announced, "is the rising sun that sets too soon."

The man who called himself Captain Valentine laughed.

"Perfect, my dear Tim. I may always count on you to supply the final simile. Now for a clean shirt and the streets of this Queen City."

The Chinese gestured.

"Honorable master, I can supply similes, but no shirt. The laundry did not return your package this afternoon. When I went for it at six o'clock stoutly barred doors prevented admittance."

Valentine glanced at the watch strapped to his left wrist. His eyes narrowed thoughtfully. For him the evening was of paramount importance. There was the matter of Baron Grunoff, the pretty singing girl of the Moulin Bleu, the business responsible for his fortnight in Paris. The hour had advanced. It was close to nine o'clock.

"Must my plans be ruined because of the lack of a shirt?" he inquired. "Must we struggle on in poverty because a laundry happens to be shut? Borrow one for me, Tim. The gentleman who resides at the end of the hall, I've seen him several times. His name is Crayshaw, he's British from his bowler to the polished tips of his capable boots, and he's my size and build. Ask Mr. Crayshaw to lend me a shirt."

The Chinese let himself quietly out of the room. Captain Valentine's lean face darkened. He was at the low ebb of his resources. Financial climaxes that never troubled him anywhere in the world invariably cropped up in Paris.

The door opened, Wang Shim came in.

"The honorable gentleman was out. I knocked on many doors. The only one who offered a shirt was a small Frenchman on the floor below. I thanked him and declined, the cuffs were frayed."

Valentine fumbled in his kit bag. He produced a key. It was made of brass, the ingenious invention of a London locksmith who was serving a twenty-year sentence in an American prison. Valentine called the device a master-key. It opened all doors, solved the secrets of every lock into which it slipped. A hundred times it had more than repaid the large sum he had given for it.

"Wait here," he directed. "If our friend Crayshaw returns before I do engage him in conversation. Speak loudly so I'll hear you."

The hotel corridor was empty. Captain Valentine slid the key into the lock of the door of the darkened room at its end. He gave the barrel on the shaft a preliminary twirl. The key fit itself snugly into the wards and tumblers of the lock. A turn and Valentine stepped across the threshold.

He shut the door soundlessly and switched on a single light. The room was similar to the one he occupied. A small pile of luggage was heaped in a corner. The initials T.C. were on the bags. Continental hotel labels plastered them. Evidently Crayshaw was something of a globe trotter. Valentine went to the dresser, opened it and looked over the haberdashery it contained.

Almost the first thing he saw was a flat automatic of American manufacture. He pushed the blue steel threat of it aside and delved deeper into the drawer. He discovered, presently, a clean evening shirt wrapped in cellophane. Another drawer yielded a wing collar. He considered a small sheaf of correspondence pushed in behind the other collars. From where he stood he could see writing in purple ink on green stationery. A faint aroma of perfume floated from the drawer. He caught a line or two of distinguished chirography. "My dear Thomas: I will be in Paris—" Valentine pushed the drawer shut, snapped off the light and let himself out.

A minute later he was in his own quarters. He finished dressing, let the Chinese knot his black tie, and put on his collapsible opera hat.

"The Honorable Captain is not taking his service pistol?"

Valentine shrugged.

"This is Paris, Tim. We are part of a civilised pattern. You may clean and oil my gun when you have nothing better to do. Meanwhile, I am off to the carnival of night life. Don't trouble to leave a light for me. I may be late."

Twenty minutes later Valentine alighted in front of the Moulin Bleu on the rue de Douai. He purchased a ticket and went in.

THE girl was petite, dark and pretty. She had the face of a wondering child, the smile, fixed and stiff, of a bisque doll, the twinkling feet of a wood nymph.

Captain Valentine's flashlight pencil roamed over the playbill. He found her name. She was Clothilde Vallier, but they called her Chichi. He had heard something of her sudden popularity. Paris adored Chichi. She was feted, toasted, sought after. She gave the blase metropolis a new kind of thrill. Her lack of sophistication, her naive innocence and radiant smile became charms that aided and abetted her rise to fame and fortune.

And she, Valentine reminded himself, was the reason for the Baron Grunoff's visit to Paris.

The senile, aged member of an aristocracy that had become debris beneath warring guns of conflict, had found the second flowering of youth in the garden of Chichi's enchantment. A widower with grown sons and daughters, Grunoff came from his native Hungary to pay homage to the former milliner. Valentine knew that. He knew other things, too.

He turned and looked at the lower left proscenium box. Chichi had finished her song and was bowing in the round, amber glow of the spotlight.

Valentine got up and turned into the aisle. A troupe of negro musicians with strange, cacophonous instruments had taken its place before the curtain. He left the theatre to their bedlam.

The stage door was around the corner from the rue de Douai. The usual lounges idled at its portal. They stepped aside as the adventurer went past them. He spoke to the custodian who read an evening newspaper in a backless, rickety chair.

"Mademoiselle Vallier," Valentine said crisply. "Where shall I find her?"

The other hesitated, looked at him and supplied directions.

"Upstairs, m'sieu. The first door to the left. Her name is on it."

Stage hands were arranging the next scene behind the curtain. They tugged on ropes and pushed painted canvas into place. Two of them were rolling out a length of carpet. Others stood furniture in designated spots. Some girls of the ensemble in scanty, glittering costumes came down the stairs. They smiled admiringly at Valentine, whispered and laughed together,

Too many presents have no future. By

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MOONS IN GOLD

He knocked on Chichi's door. A stout woman opened it. She spoke in French:

"What is it you want?"

"First," Valentine said, "a civil tongue. I must see Mademoiselle Vallier at once."

"Who is it, Luci?"

Over the woman's shoulder the adventurer smiled at the little lady of the chansonettes. She stood with a purple robe around her. Cold cream was smeared over her smooth cheeks. Her eyes were like dark stars in the white heaven of her pretty face. She clutched the robe more tightly, walking toward the door.

"You want to see me?" To the woman she said swiftly: "That is all, Luci. Come back in ten minutes."

"As you wish," the other grumbled.

Captain Valentine moved into the dressing-room. It was small, airless and warm. He rested against a trunk. He searched the girl's face. Her smile was no longer fixed and stiff. Her rose-red lips curved in a friendly, anticipative smile.

"Will you come and have supper with me, Chichi?"

She shook back her shining curls.

"But who are you, monsieur?"

"An admirer."

SHE laughed. It was a low, musical cadence of pleased merriment. She sat down before the dressing-table, giving him a sly, sidelong glance.

"I have so many admirers," she murmured. "They all wish to take me to supper."

"But you will come with me?"

She sighed, shaking her head.

"Maybe some other night."

"You are engaged this evening?"

She made a quick grimace and hid it in another kindling smile.

"Yes"

"Engagements can sometimes be broken."

"Not this one, monsieur. It is so important."

Valentine opened his silver cigarette case. He passed it to her, striking a match on the placard stating in French that smoking was prohibited.

"You supper with wealth, perhaps?"

"With the Baron Grunoff," she told him frankly.

Valentine's laugh was genuine.

"That old sack of bones! You, with your radiance and loveliness! Impossible! You will be wasting your time! Mademoiselle, let me beg of you—"

She blew smoke rings pensively.

"Out of the question. The Baron is also my admirer. Suppose he is old, what of it? You will be old some day, so will I. You will look like him——"

"Heaven forbid!" The adventurer's grey eyes mirrored amusement. "I can promise you something else, too."

"And that?"

"I will never wear a wig. Seriously, Chichi, where is he taking you? I would like nothing better than to dine at the same cafe and adore you from a distance. Good logic. If he thinks I'm interested he will be jealous and jealousy pays good dividends."

She turned the cigarette over in her slender, white fingers.

"I'm afraid you will have to be disappointed. I dine with him at his villa."

Captain Valentine feigned a sigh.

"Some other night then. I will come back here and get you. Possibly to-morrow."

Out in the stage door alley, the adventurer moved more quickly. The byplay of the dressing-room had had its own significance. Before he would be able to act he had to know where Grunoff was taking the girl. So they were going to his villa. Rapidly, the adventurer computed the exact amount of his finances. Bois d'Or was some nine miles from the city. On the rue de Douai he chartered a taxi, settled back against the worn upholstery and brooded as the vehicle scuttled off toward the Golden Wood.

Valentine reviewed the events of the past month. It was quite by chance that he had learned the Baron Grunoff had withdrawn from a safe deposit vault in a Budapest bank his world-famed collection of opals. The jewels were known as the Moons in Gold. Their history had been fateful. Once part of a king's collection, they were fifteen of the most perfect jewels existent. Opals set in virgin gold chalices! Opals steeped in romance, intrigue! Opals with the remembrance of bloodshed and death hidden deep within their iridescent depths. They were the prize above all other prizes that Valentine intended to capture.

They chugged through the hamlet of Muelle. Bois d'Or was no more than a mile further on. The landscape changed. Open fields gave way to wooded parks. Chateaux loomed up behind high gates. Gardens dreamed in the pale moonlight and once a dog ran out and barked after them.

A turn in the road and the taxi driver spoke over his shoulder:

"The residence of Baron Grunoff is here, monsieur. We have arrived."

Valentine alighted. He surveyed his surroundings quickly. He saw ivy-grown walls, gardens, terraces.

"Draw up the road, put your lights out, and wait for me." Valentine directed. "Double fare if you're discreet."

"That," the taxi driver announced, "is my middle name, monsieur."

Valentine went between tall bronze gates that stood hospitably ajar. He skirted the cut stone drive. He stopped and sniffed the faint reek of petrol.

Close to the house, Valentine melted into the shadows. There was a possibility a servant might be up and prowling about. He vaulted a low stone balustrade running parallel with a flagged terrace, cut sharply to the left and so came upon the many windowed jut of a conversatory. For a long minute the adventurer stood motionless. Finally he examined the windows for the presence of an alarm system. He found no wires it might be necessary to ground, but made an important discovery an instant later.

One of the windows was not only unlocked, but open to the night. More, a metal flower box had been placed accurately beneath its ledge to make a convenient step.

From the conservatory he stepped into a passage that brought him to a circular foyer.

The moonlight filtered wanly in, striking silver sparks from a crystal chandelier. Heavy rugs underfoot muffled his steps. A pair of graceful, leopard-seated chairs flanked a towering chest atop which an ormolu clock ticked sombrely with the dignity of its years. A spiral stairway curved up. Its delicately wrought rail was metal. At the foot of it Captain Valentine strained his ears. The single light he had seen from the roadway impressed itself upon his memory. But no sound came from the regions above. With a shrug he set his patent leather-shod feet in motion and mounted the stairs.

The landing he climbed to was broad. It ran in two directions from a point south of the stairs. Doors lined it. He looked for the light but found no sign of it.

Valentine used his flash briefly. He entered a room beyond the junction of the corridor. The door clicked shut after him, his torch moved about long enough to show him he was in a small smoking or lounge-room. Heavy portieres divided it from the chamber it connected with. Its windows looked out over the flagged terrace.

The minutes dragged past. From somewhere far away a train whistle shrilled. Valentine finished a second cigarette and consulted the luminous dial of his wristwatch. What seemed an interminable length of time was, in reality, no more than fifteen minutes. He stiffened, his nerves tightening. The door of the room creaked, the draught grew more pronounced. Someone had come in, was passing behind him.

Quiet footfalls ended at the portieres. They fluttered as they were pushed open. A subtle drift of perfume trailed across the room. The adventurer's lean face hardened when he caught a breath of it. Somewhere, that same night, he had breathed the identical fragrance. He had no time to ponder its puzzle. He decided to learn who had gone through the portieres, what the purpose of the second midnight caller was.

Careful to make no sound, Valentine got up and moved through the dark shoals.

The adjoining room opened into a third chamber which, like the other, was shut off from it by the same drape of heavy portieres. It was a card room if the furniture were any guide. A light yellowed the carpet below the hang of the second pair of portieres.

Closer, Valentine parted their lustrous folds and peered through.

The first thing he saw was the villa's surreptitious visitor. It was a woman standing, silent and motionless, near a centre table. As the adventurer stared wonderingly, the full realisation of beauty impressed itself upon him. This woman was lovely, dowered with a glamor and charm so intense their magic held him in a momentary spell.

Then, suddenly he heard her gasp. Quickly, her hand darted to the lamp's dangling chain. Like a sun plunged behind lowering clouds, the light went out. A door opened and closed. Again the silence lay heavy and undisturbed.

Captain Valentine touched the button of his pencil torch, brushed the portieres aside and went into the room. It took him no more than a round of seconds to find and interpret the cause of the woman's alarm.

Sprawled in a corner, his face pressed to the sullen carpet, a man lay in a contorted heap. An ominous red circle welled from beneath his head. His outflung hands were closed in the tight, nerveless grip of death!

THE handiwork of the Prince of Oblivion was no novelty to Captain Valentine. He had looked upon death countless times in his journey along the adventure trail. He knew enough about it to decide the man on the floor before him had been dead at least an hour. But he was hardly prepared for what he saw when the yellow ring of his torch fell fully on the side of the dead man's face. Valentine turned him over. He bent closer, his eyes narrowed to slits. For an instant he thought there must be some mistake. Then he drew a breath, positive of the identification.

The man on the floor was the owner of the dress shirt the adventurer had borrowed earlier in the evening. He was the Thomas Crayshaw of the Hotel Le Grand Duc!

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Captain Valentine investigated further. Death had been caused by some terrific blow that had struck Crayshaw's skull at a point several inches above his left ear. It had evidently been delivered by a blunt instrument. The wound was round with no jagged edges. He had been struck down from the rear, probably collapsing in his tracks without ever seeing his assailant. Valentine straightened up. From outside he heard the chug of a departing motor. The pant of the engine dwindled, but not before he recognised its tempo. Someone had borrowed the taxi he had arrived in from Paris! The woman?

His speculations ran the scale of surmise. In view of what had happened the matter seemed fairly clear. Crayshaw, a crook after the Grunoff opals, had come out to Bois d'Or to steal them. He had gained admittance to the house, and reached the room where the Moons in Gold reposed behind a barricade of steel. Then, someone who had either followed or been concealed in the chamber, had dealt death with unerring accuracy.

THAT much was obvious. But who was the killer? Who had snapped the thread of Crayshaw's mortal existence? And where, in the shadow drama, did the woman fit?

Captain Valentine moved his shoulders. The paramount question was were the Moons in Gold still in the safe? Had they ever been there? He remembered that all of an hour must have elapsed since Crayshaw had been done away with. Sixty minutes! In that length of time anyone might have leisurely solved the combination of the safe, removed the opals and driven away in a car with a leaky fuel line. Valentine went closer to the book shelves. He propped his torch up and gave the dial a preliminary twirl.

Part of his past successes had been due to his ability to solve the cryptic secrets of combinations. He possessed an intuitive, uncanny ability to read the click of a marking dial and mathematically figure out a string of numbers sufficient to open a strong box. He set to work, his ear tuned to the sounds his delicate touch on the knob inspired. He jotted down the first three numbers, stopped suddenly and turned his head.

On the driveway the pant of an approaching automobile grew louder with the passing seconds. Valentine stuffed paper and pencil in his pocket. The silk handkerchief he whipped out hastily rubbed away tell-tale fingerprints. The pencil torch snapped off. A dozen steps carried him to the window. He stared out, down into the night-ridden gloom bulking before the main entrance to the villa. A large, open touring car had stopped directly in front of it. Men were climbing out. In the glare of the machine's head-lamps the adventurer saw the flash of uniforms.

Gendarmes! Police from Paris! He whirled around, cursing his luck as he made his way back to the first room. Had the woman notified them? He slipped into the corridor and peered over the metal handrail of the wide-margined stairs.

The crystal chandelier flowered into light. A voice ordered in French:

"Upstairs! Hurry!"

Valentine ran down the corridor. He found, as he had hoped, double glass doors opening out on a balcony. He exchanged the hall for the glazed tiles of the elevated verandah. Voices from the corridor told him the police had gained the landing. Heavy vines grew luxuriantly from the ground to the balcony on its western side. Buttoning his topcoat, the adventurer climbed down them. He adjusted his hat to its usual jaunty angle, put on his gloves, lighted a cigarette and sauntered around to the front of the villa. As he expected, a gendarme had been left on guard there. Valentine walked up to him. It was too dark for the other to clearly see his face.

"What is this?" he demanded, in an annoyed tone. "What brought you here at this time of night? Who sent you?"

The gendarme moved his feet uneasily.

"I don't know, monsieur. We——"

Valentine gauged the distance to the car He said impatiently.

"No excuse! Get me the one in charge —instantly!"

"But, monsieur——"

"Instantly!"

The gendarme turned, undecided. Valentine's left arm swung out and up. His fist crashed against the other's jaw. The blow had power and force enough behind it to send the gendarme reeling up against the stone wall of the entryway. He careened off it. Valentine's right fist administered a finishing punch. The man's knees buckled. Without a sound he dropped on the first step of the broad entrance.

"Henri! You, Duval! Who is down there with you?"

The question came from the balcony. Valentine sprinted to the car. He slipped in under the wheel, turned on the ignition, kicked the starter and roared down the driveway.

The adventurer abandoned the car at a spot where it would not be found until morning. He considered the idea of leaving a note of thanks for the Prefecture de Police, thought better of it and, several streets beyond, took a cab back to the shabby Hotel Le Grand Duc.

For the second time that night he used his master-key to gain admittance to Thomas Crayshaw's room. He was there no more than five minutes. He returned to his own chamber, turned on the low light in the lamp near his bed and removed topcoat and hat. He mixed himself a whisky and soda and dropped into a chair. After a minute he lighted a cigarette, his face an expressionless mask that hid a conflict of thought.

"To-morrow," Valentine said under his breath . . .

Wang Shim brought Captain Valentine's breakfast on a covered tray from the restaurant down the street where his credit had been stretched to the breaking point. The servant's yellow face was bland as usual. He set the tray down, laid the four folded morning newspapers his master had ordered precisely beside him, bowed.

The newspapers contained no reference to Crayshaw's untimely death at the Bois d'Or. The adventurer let his meditative gaze roam out of the windows and across the rooftops below. He finished his breakfast and considered his wardrobe. For the excursion he contemplated he selected a grey flannel suit that had been made for him by Whiteside, one of Bond Street's most exclusive tailors. With it went a soft felt hat and the tan boots Tim had polished to a high lustre. The hour was something after eleven o'clock. Valentine picked out a light malacca stick and hung it over his left arm.

Outside the day was clear and cool. Paris sparkled. Stopping for a boutonniere, the adventurer walked as far as the rue du Pont Neuf. He turned a corner midway down its length and ascended the steps of an old-fashioned private house. The concierge admitted him. Valentine found himself in a pension little different from hundreds of others in the city.

"I should like," he announced, "to see Mademoiselle Ormonde. Is she at home?"

"Mais oui, monsieur. I will communicate with her. If you will wait—in here——"

He took the Captain's coin, ushered him into a musty parlor and went out. For a few minutes Valentine amused himself by looking at the curios in a glass cabinet that held a proud position between the front windows. He turned at the sound of the concierge's voice:

"In here, mademoiselle."

The woman who slowly entered the room had black hair, full, sensitive lips and a warm, exotic beauty. Again Valentine thrilled at the sight of her. He could remember no one in all the world who possessed such charm and allure. Beauty, in the past, had left him uninspired, disinterested. But with this woman, this Adele Ormonde, it was different. The sight of her aroused something indefinable, deep within him.

"You wish to see me?"

"You are Mademoiselle Ormonde?"

"And you are Captain Valentine."

"Exactly. I'd like to talk with you."

She surveyed him impersonally.

"Concerning what, Monsieur Captain?"

Valentine smiled.

"Shall we say a spot known as the Golden Wood?"

She could not entirely conceal her startled surprise. Her red-tipped mouth parted. The dusky eyes retreated behind their long lashes. He saw her slender hand tremble.

"You—are from the police?" she half whispered.

He shook his head.

"The police are my enemies. Mademoiselle, let us be frank. We may be of mutual help to each other. I know something about you. I know that the Thomas Crayshaw who was killed last night in Baron Grunoff's villa was in your employ. I know you were at the villa, discovered his body there, and departed hastily in a taxi I left waiting on the main road. You see, frankness is necessary."

SHE watched him intently as he spoke. Her expression turned from surprise to wonder. Her eyes seemed to darken.

"How do you know these things, Monsieur Captain?"

Valentine shrugged.

"There is no mystery to it. Last night I borrowed one of Crayshaw's shirts. He, as you know, has been living at the Hotel Le Grand Duc. I, also. In the drawer of his dresser were letters—from you. I took the liberty of removing them after I returned from the Bois d'Or last night. It was not advisable to let the police discover them. The address of this pension was on several of them."

She studied him intently.

"Why did you go to the villa?"

Captain Valentine smiled thinly.

"For the same reason Crayshaw went—to help myself to the Moons in Gold!"

He waited to observe the effect of his statement. Her expression was enigmatic. Her haumtingly beautiful face remained unchanged. She inclined her dark, lustrous head.

"I see. Then you are a—thief."

The adventurer took a fresh cigarette from his case and regarded her with an eagerness it was difficult to conceal. What was her nationality? Russian? He knew the

. Too many presents have no future. By

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Slavic type of woman. French? He shook his head. There was none of the gaiety of the Parisienne in her sombre beauty or mannerisms. She spoke French fluently, with a perfect accent, but he was confident she was not a native. Spanish or Italian? Again he moved his head negatively. Her nationality was as complex as her identity. Both were a mystery.

"Why was there nothing in the newspapers about Monsieur Crayshaw?" she asked out of the silence bulking between them.

"The police are probably conducting a secret investigation. They often do. When they are sure of their prey they will make the matter public."

She looked across the musty room.

"Failure is not pleasant." Her low, contralto voice took on a hard, new note. "Monsieur, who could have murdered Thomas Crayshaw?"

Valentine touched the flower in his buttonhole.

"Anybody in the world. Perhaps you have an opinion."

"I have."

He bent to her inquiringly.

"Is it one you would care to share?"

She laughed.

"With a self-avowed enemy? Hardly."

"Meaning, you have no wish to impart any information that might aid me in getting back on the trail of the opals? In other words, you feel reasonably certain the Moons in Gold were taken from the Baron's villa last night before our arrival there?"

"I am sure of it!"

Valentine consulted his watch.

"In that case," he murmured politely, "there is nothing for me to do except say adieu and bow myself out of the picture."

"A minute, monsieur." When he turned to her she smiled for the first time. Her face lighted. Some of the reserve that gave her the intense beauty and strange glamor vanished. Her hand crept out and fell on his arm. It was perfect with its slender tapering fingers and white skin. "Perhaps we can strike a bargain. All should be fair in our trade, monsieur. No favorites, no favors and the reward to the cleverer one."

"You are suggesting——"

There was a challenge in the look she gave him when she made her eyes level with his.

"I have a slight clue. To follow it I need a man's help. If you will assist me you are at liberty to use whatever information you may be able to obtain. I shall not hamper or hinder you, but I will give you fair warning. I intend to find the opals. To do so I will use every effort to frustrate you. You understand?"

"Perfectly, Mademoiselle Ormonde."

She got up, confronting him. The previous night, viewed through the crack in the portieres, he had thought she was tall. Standing beside him her shining crown of raven hair hardly reached his shoulder. He was conscious of her subtle charm, more pronounced, more bewildering to his mind and senses than ever.

"You don't like the idea?"

"On the contrary, I accept your terms without reservation. I will help you in any way you suggest."

"Knowing I will trick you at the first opportunity?"

Valentine threw back his head and laughed.

"My dear lady, I am no novice in this game we play. I am, as it happens, an old hand. Trick me, indeed? I will enjoy the experience."

She moved her hand from his arm.

"Come back at four o'clock this afternoon. You may take me for a cocktail at Leuchars' American Bar."

The adventurer bowed over her hand.

"At four, Mademoiselle Ormonde."

"You will not forget?"

"IT is something," he assured her gallantly. "I shall think of with pleasant anticipation."

When he turned into the Avenue Montaigne, Valentine continued on as far as the jewellery shop of the famous Hatzfeld. The establishment drew him to its windows like steel filings to a magnet. Behind protecting bars jewels made an iridescent bonfire on a background of purple plush. Watches, brooches, bracelets, tiaras, diamond pendants, rings, chains of sparkling jewels and the nacreous shimmer of pearls. The adventurer mentally put the price he could obtain on various items in the assortment that captured his fancy. He was busy with his game of valuations when in the polished plate glass of the window he saw a car draw up and stop at the kerb.

The next minute a liveried footman climbed nimbly out, opened the door of the limousine, and assisted the Baron Grunoff to alight.

Valentine waited. He walked as far as the corner and back. Five minutes had elapsed since the Baron had gone into the shop. The Captain went through its revolving door. The establishment's elaborate setting was modernistic. Glass, chrome, corn-yellow damask on walls and chairs. A lavender rug sprawled underfoot. The salesmen were suave, frock coated. The atmosphere was one of exclusive luxury.

The Baron Grunoff sat on a long bench toward the rear of the shop. His upturned silk hat, gloves and stick were beside him. His wig looked freshly brushed. In one claw-like hand he held a diamond pendant, suspended on a glittering chain. His fingers caressed the jewels lingeringly.

"Let me see something else." His voice was cracked thin. "I want the finest pendant you have."

Valentine hovered beside him. He asked to see a string of pearls. A salesman brought a case. The adventurer leaned over the counter. Thoughtfully he ran the pearls through his fingers, feeling their texture, weighing them speculatively. To obtain better light he apologetically pushed aside some of the diamond chains and pendants the Baron had been considering. His elbow brushed two of them to the lavender rug. When he leaned to retrieve them his knee touched the Baron's cane. That, in turn, upset the silk hat on the bench.

Valentine murmured his regrets. He returned the hat to its former position and put the diamond chains back on the counter. Turning to the pearl strings he spent a few more minutes appraising them.

"I think," he decided, "I will bring the lady in and let her make her own selection."

Outside, the adventurer walked north. He signalled for a taxi.

"Park across the street from Hatzfeld's," he directed. "There is a limousine in front of the store. When it leaves I want you to follow it. You understand?"

"Perfectly, m'sieu."

No more than ten minutes elapsed before Baron Grunoff came out and crossed the pavement. The footman helped him into his car. It purred away. Valentine's taxi backed, turned and started briskly after it. From the Place de la Concorde the limousine hurried down the rue de Rivoli. It continued on a half-dozen streets before it drew into the kerb before a small hotel.

When Valentine entered the building he was in time to see the Baron disappear in a creaking lift. He went to the clerk's desk.

"Mademoiselle Vallier I have an appointment."

"Her suite is on the third floor."

"Thank you."

At Chichi's door Valentine looked up and down the corridor. No one was in view. He listened before he used his master-key. The door he warily unlocked opened into a small ante-chamber. Flowers decorated a vase on a table. There were one or two chairs, a mirror. He could imagine Chichi using the glass for a last happy glance before she let herself out.

He smiled thinly. On the table Baron Grunoff's silk hat, gloves and cane were conveniently laid.

"You will come to luncheon with me, my dear, I have a surprise for you. Such a surprise!"

Grunoff's cracked, thin tones floated down the hallway.

"Tell me what it is," Chichi pleaded.

Captain Valentine picked up the Baron's silk hat. He turned it upside down. Like a prestidigitator about to produce rabbits he tapped it twice, reversed it and deftly caught the diamond chain and pendant that slid from its side lining.

Five minutes later the taxi-driver opened the cab's door for him.

"Where now, m'sieu?"

Out of memory Valentine produced the address of a dealer in stolen jewels whose prices he knew were fair and honest.

"Rue du Debarcadere," he directed, "number six."

"I AM," Captain Valentine murmured, "overcome with curiosity."

Adele Ormonde set her silver cocktail cup on the small table between them. She dipped the long ash from her Russian cigarette. For a minute she listened to the weaving strains of the stringed orchestra that played from four to six in Leuchars' rococo foyer.

"Without some curiosity," she said, "nothing would be accomplished."

"True. It is the key that unlocks a thousand mysterious doors."

The woman raised her dark eyes.

"What door do you wish to open, Monsieur Captain?"

"Need you ask? I've been trying to solve you since I saw you last night at the villa."

Her gaze was enigmatic.

"You have succeeded?"

Valentine laughed.

"To the contrary. You leave me completely baffled. Who are you, mademoiselle? What are you?"

Her smile mocked him gently.

"Questions you must answer yourself."

"I suppose so. Let us turn from that locked door to another. What is the clue you spoke of this morning?"

Her red tipped fingers toyed with the cocktail cup. She made sure she was not overheard when she spoke again.

"I saw Thomas Crayshaw two nights ago. If you read my letters to him you are familiar with our rendezvous here in Paris. The other night he told me he had an assistant, an aide."

She stopped, her dark head averted.

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"Who was the aide?"

"A man known as The Rat. Perhaps you have heard of the Court of Beggars on the Left Bank?"

Valentine nodded.

"Of course, it is a paradise for thieves."

Adele Ormonde drew a breath.

"Crayshaw found The Rat there. He knew him. Once or twice The Rat had helped him in the past. He used him this time to watch the villa at Bois d'Or, to run errands, drive his car."

Captain Valentine selected a cigarette from his silver case.

"What else?"

"The last time I saw Thomas Crayshaw alive," she continued, "he told me he thought he had made a mistake. He said he didn't trust The Rat. I think——"

"You think The Rat might know something?" he added, when she paused.

"I am sure of it."

"To go to the Court of Beggars you need a companion."

"A man."

"And I am that man?" Captain Valentine stood. "I am at your service, Mademoiselle Ormonde . . ."

THE cab that took them across the city rolled toward the Pont Neuf. Valentine felt a tingle of expectancy.

The Captain looked out of the window beside him.

"We are close to our destination. A word of advice. Keep a tight hold on your purse, mademoiselle. There are many light and clever fingers in the place we are about to penetrate."

The cab stopped. The neighborhood, even by day, was unprepossessing. Warehouses and dingy buildings, old as time, huddled together like aged, decrepit men. Valentine was familiar with the section. He cut through an alley between one of the warehouses and the sprawl of a building used for the distribution of hotel supplies. They passed through a rear yard where trucks backed on a structure housing impoverished art students. Windows were thrown open to catch the breeze. A piano played a melody with monotonous regularity. A voice lifted in song came down to them distantly.

Valentine pushed open a door in a corner of the yard. Adele Ormonde carefully picked a way between puddles of oil and petrol. She looked around curiously at the high-walled enclosure they entered. It appeared to be a storage space for the district's refuse. Mouldy, broken furniture. Quantities of lead and brass pipes. Barrels of glassware and cracked crockery. Bales of mangy carpets. Pictures, lamps, bric-a-brac. Chandeliers of all ages and descriptions.

"The junk shop of the wealthy Monsieur Lescarte," Valentine explained. "He made a fortune out of the trash of Paris. This way, mademoiselle."

Another door opened into another alley. From there they went down some steps and came out in a cobbled courtyard.

Valentine walked as far as the north side of the courtyard. A crumbling stone building with latticed doors was a hive of grumbling conversation. The adventurer slipped his arm under Adele Ormonde's. He opened the double latticed doors and passed into a low-ceiled, wanly lighted room. It was crowded with men drinking at a narrow bar, lounging in chairs, sleeping in bunks along the wall or staring apathetically at the filthy floor. The reek of tobacco and alcohol mingled with that of unwashed skins. On every hand the adventurer caught the sly, furtive glances cast in their direction.

"We're looking for The Rat." Captain Valentine said to one of the men serving drinks at the bar. "It is important we get in communication with him at once. Is he here?"

"He's upstairs—sleeping. I'll get him for you."

The man spoke to a thin, gaunt youth whose chin was black with beard stubble. Valentine chose a spot to wait close to the doors, where the air was better.

The Captain's gaze focused on the rear of the place. Presently the one who had gone upstairs returned. He was followed by a wizened, undersized man who rubbed sleep from his deep-set, red-rimmed eyes. The Rat was a chinless individual, dark, thin-faced and shabby. He wore a striped jersey, brown trousers and cracked shoes. The tang of whisky hung about him.

"You wanted to see me?" he began.

"Outside," Valentine said.

The Rat's crafty glance roamed over Adele Ormonde. It centred on her leather handbag.

"What do you want to see me about, m'sieu?"

"Come out and I'll tell you. There's nothing to be afraid of."

The Rat moved his shoulders.

"I have nothing to fear."

In the courtyard the woman turned swiftly.

"I'm willing to pay for information," she said. "You will come with me. I will make it worth your while. I have some questions to ask you."

The Rat frowned at the adventurer.

"Is it all right, m'sieu?"

Captain Valentine laughed.

"Certainly. Don't you trust the lady? I thought you said you had nothing to fear. Do what she asks. However," he added, "I would make her pay well for the information she wants."

They went past the refuse and trash and into the yard where the trucks stood. Another minute and they were through the alley and back on the street. Valentine opened the door of the cab that still waited at the kerb.

"I hope, he said, "I may be permitted to ride with you. Conveyances are scarce here and it is getting late.

Her smile was as bland as her voice.

"Of course you shall ride with us, Monsieur Captain. One minute while I speak to the chauffeur. I know a place where we may talk quietly and without danger of being overheard.

She consulted with the driver. The Rat climbed quickly into the cab. The adventurer stood beside the open door. He was conscious of something in the depths of her eyes when she passed him to enter the vehicle. He caught the subtle drift of her perfume.

Then, so rapidly that he was taken completely off guard, the door was yanked out of his hand and slammed shut. Simultaneously the cab, with a burst of speed, shot away. Valentine leapt for the running board, missed it and stumbled to his knees.

The next instant the vehicle had disappeared around the corner.

BACK at his hotel, Valentine found Wang Shim busy with a small electric iron and one of his best shirts. The Chinese held all laundries in contempt.

Valentine shut the door.

"I have work for you, Tim."

"I am honored."

"You know the Court of Beggars?"

"Like the wrinkles on my father's brow."

The Captain moved closer to him. He lowered his voice.

"Among the habitues there is one who answers to the name of The Rat."

"Names often reveal characters," Wang Shim murmured.

"I want you to find this Rat," Valentine explained. "Find him and bring him here."

Wang Shim's bland yellow face remained expressionless. Only a note of inquiry in his voice betrayed his surprise.

"At what hour?"

"Immediately, as soon as you can find him. He's a covetous person. It shouldn't be hard to excite his avaricious fancies. You might tell him you know of a wealthy Englishman whose rooms are open for plundering. Offer him half of what is obtained. He'll come along readily enough."

Wang Shim put on his hat.

"To hear is to obey."

The room darkened. Lights across the street broke out in yellow smears. The rumble of the evening traffic increased. Somewhere a clear soprano voice sang a familiar aria from "Faust." Not until he heard footsteps in the hall, did the adventurer move. He stood, taking up a position to the left of the door. When he recognised Wang Shim's quiet footfalls he clamped his fingers around the heavy butt of his service pistol.

"I have a key," he heard the Chinese say.

"Hurry!" another voice ordered in French.

"Here!"

A key clicked. The door opened. The familiar scent so noticeable at the Court of Beggars drifted to Valentine. A man passed him. Wang Shim shut the door and locked it from the inside.

"Make a light!" The Rat rasped.

"Darkness hides a thousand eyes," the Chinese stated quietly.

He turned on the reading lamp. Captain Valentine closed in on his visitor. The nose of his gun bored into the other's back.

"Good evening, Monsieur le Rat. I am the wealthy Englishman you have come to plunder. Sit down. I want to talk to you. But first—his knife, Tim. You will probably find it up his sleeve."

The man's deep-set, red-rimmed eyes narrowed. His thin face shadowed when Wang Shim lifted his striped jersey and took a short-bladed dirk from his belt.

"What do you want of me now?"

Valentine shoved the service pistol back in its scabbard.

"The same thing Mademoiselle Ormonde desired—information. The difference is that she paid for hers, I shall obtain mine gratis. You understand?"

"I don't know what you're talking about."

The adventurer nodded to Wang Shim.

"There should be a premium for stupidity of this kind. What do you think, Tim?"

"A stupid man takes everything for granted," the Chinese replied. "Our guest was suspicious from the instant I encountered him. Great persuasion was needed to invite him here."

"Naturally, inasmuch as he has money. It might be a good idea to learn the approximate amount Mademoiselle Ormonde paid him. Turn his pockets inside out."

In a minute or two a stack of crumpled money littered the table.

"The cache is empty," Wang Shim announced.

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Valentine stirred the money with a finger.

"A thousand francs. What did you tell Mademoiselle?"

The Rat blinked.

"I don't know what you are talking about."

Valentine turned.

"Go down into the street," he directed Wang Shim. "Return with a gendarme. We will have this reticent gentleman locked up."

"You can't frighten me." The Rat said thinly.

Valentine dipped the ash from his cigarette.

"No one is attempting to do that. I have given you an opportunity to speak. You have refused, that is all."

The Rat's face mirrored a cunning look.

"I suppose you will tell the police I broke in here and robbed you of that money. M'sieu, it won't work. There are a dozen people at the Court of Beggars who saw me leave there with your man."

"ROBBERY," the Captain informed him, "has nothing to do with it. I am quite sure the Chief of Surete will be interested to know exactly what part you played in a certain murder at the Bois d'Or."

His words had the desired effect. The Rat seemed to shrink into himself. His hands moved uneasily along his baggy, corduroy trousers. For a minute he stared into the adventurer's cold, mobile face.

"You would not dare——"

"Get a gendarme!" Valentine said to Wang Shim.

"With despatch, Honorable Sir."

Wang Shim picked up his hat. The Rat stood quickly.

"Wait! Monsieur, I will tell you all I know. I worked for Monsieur Crayshaw. He wanted particulars concerning Baron Grunoff's villa. Through him I found employment as a gardener there. He paid me little, Monsieur Crayshaw did. He was tight-fisted, stingy. Is it any wonder that when the other gentleman approached me I listened to him? He was exactly the opposite of Monsieur Crayshaw. He was generous. There were no strings on his purse."

Valentine bent forward.

"Who was the other gentleman?"

"A Monsieur Ravenel, a Robert Ravenel."

"This Ravenel came to you at Bois d'Or?"

"Yes, one day while I was in the garden. He made an appointment to meet me here in Paris on my Sunday off. Why shouldn't I have served him? He paid me more than Crayshaw."

"Of course. One more thing. Think carefully and be truthful. Where did your Monsieur Ravenel live?"

There was a pause. The Rat shook his head.

"He never told me."

"I think," Valentine said curtly, "we will have to have that gendarme after all."

"M'sieu, I swear I do not know!"

There was a ring of truth in the Rat's harsh, vibrant cry. The adventurer faced him.

"Where did you meet him on your Sunday off?"

"At Bergeau's, on the Street of the First Shell."

"I know the place," Wang Shim said softly.

Valentine thought fast.

"Keep our friend company for a half-hour, Tim." He handed over his service pistol. "In thirty minutes turn him loose. You may return his money. After that begin packing."

Wang Shim bowed.

"The fox speaks and the rabbit hastens to obey. We are about to journey again along the endless road?"

"I have every reason to believe such will be the case."

With a glance at the slouched figure of The Rat, Captain Valentine let himself out of the room. He went down to the street. For the first time in hours expectancy was like a stimulant. Robert Ravenel! Bergeau's! At last he had a definite lead, a clue that meant something. He directed his steps toward the narrow, twisting Street of the First Shell.

Bergeau's was half-way along it. A famous restaurant and cafe, highly favored by tourists, the place was still thronged with its dinner crowd when Valentine reached it. He was confident of success. He had money again and nothing had quite the Open Sesame effect of ready cash.

A busy head-waiter paused long enough to take the tip the adventurer thrust into his perennially cupped palm.

"You know a certain Monsieur Ravenel?"

"Oui, m'sieu. Until lately he dined here nightly."

"I am to understand he no longer is a patron?"

"Exactly, m'sieu. From what he said Wednesday night, Monsieur Ravenel has left Paris."

Valentine nodded. He expected as much. With the opals in his possession there was no reason for Ravenel to loiter in Paris. By this time he had put many miles behind him.

"One thing more. By any chance do you happen to know where Monsieur Ravenel resided?"

The head-waiter lifted a brow.

"It is queer you ask me that, m'sieu."

"Why?"

The man shrugged.

"Because, earlier this evening, a lady made the same inquiry."

"What did you tell her?"

"The same thing I will tell you. To the best of my knowledge and belief Monsieur Ravenel had an apartment on the rue Adelphi, number forty-eight. Once he telephoned, asked that dinner and a bottle of wine be sent him there."

The captain added another banknote to the first.

"You are," he said, "a person of real ability."

The taxi Valentine picked up was in the rue Adelphi within ten minutes. The street ran north and south, cutting across the Avenue de Brissac. Number forty-eight was a three-storey building of respectable appearance, divided in the new Continental manner into small suites that were leased furnished to transients. Ravenel's name appeared in the foyer directory, but had been crossed out with a single pencilled line. Valentine noted the apartment number and went up to the second floor.

The adventurer knocked on the door. There was no answer. He dropped a hand to its knob. It was unlocked, proof that its tenant had departed, that anyone interested in the suite was welcome to enter and inspect it.

A centre gas fixture responded to the match Valentine struck when he went in. He found himself in a small living-room, tastefully though inexpensively furnished.

A desk caught and arrested the Captain's attention. He went to it. It was a stout, well-made piece, built of Flemish oak. With true French thrift the landlord had saved the hardly used blotters, ink bottle and two pens on the rack. Valentine looked at the waste paper basket under the desk. That had been emptied. Not even a scrap of paper was visible within it. He stood there, his lean face meditative, his eyes musing.

At length, he fished out the two blotters and looked at the few ink marks on them. Once, following a custom anything but novel, such a blotter had betrayed an important secret. He took both into the bedroom and held them in front of the dresser mirror. The antiquated trick revealed a broken line or two of writing.

Plane from Le Bourget sometime—

Twice the adventurer read the words. Then, as he dropped the blotter on the bureau, his hand darted out and turned off the light. A fraction of a second later the warning creak of the door he had heard gave way to the soung of voices.

"Ha! Somebody has left the light burning!" a man said.

"This is where Monsieur Ravenel resided?" an authoritative voice inquired.

"Right here, monsieur. An excellent tenant. Quiet, orderly and prompt with his rent. I never had any cause for complaint in the fortnight he was here. What has he done that you should be interested in him?"

The second man ignored the question.

"I will look around," he stated briefly.

Captain Valentine glided to the window. Fortunately it had been left half open to air the room. He looked out. There was enough light for him to determine that the stone ledge jutting out between the first and second floors was not too far below to reach. He blessed his height as he slid across the sill and lowered himself against the side of the building. His strong fingers clutched the edge of the sill.

How long he remained there Valentine had no accurate way of deciding. His hands grew numb. His arms ached. His feet were hot and cold by turn, but he knew what it would mean if he were discovered. The two men who entered were the landlord and a police officer. To Valentine the visit was significant. Already the Surete had struck his lead.

Something winked out in his face. The distant slam of a door confirmed the impression the light in the living-room of Ravenel's suite had been extinguished. The Captain straightened up. He took a fresh hold on the sill, urged himself sinuously up to it, swung a leg over and dropped down on the bedroom floor.

As he did so the voice, spiced with the note of authority, came out of the gloom. It said:

"Stand where you are, monsieur! Do not make a move!"

"WHAT is it you want?"

"You, monsieur! I thought you'd come creeping out of your concealment! One moment while I make a light. I warn you, a single move and I will shoot!"

Through Valentine's mind the thought of the empty closet with the open door surged sharply. He heard the police officer fumbling for what was probably an electric torch. That meant one of his hands at least was engaged. If there was ever a moment of certainty in which to act it was the sixty seconds ticking off in the darkness.

The adventurer's lunge carried him half-way across the room. He struck an invisible object with the force of a catapult. A grunt of surprise was synchronous with the clatter of a falling gun. Before Val-

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entine's onslaught his adversary, taken off guard, had little chance to offer much resistance. The Captain's fist smashed off the peak of the officer's jaw. His right thudded against that portion of the anatomy between the ribs. Both blows, with all of Valentine's power behind them, sufficed.

The man collapsed with a choked gasp. The adventurer caught him before he slumped to the floor. It was the work of a minute to bundle him into the closet and shut the door. With a breath Valentine pulled down his waistcoat, adjusted his well draped coat and let himself out of the apartment.

He turned towards the Avenue de Brissac and from there made a hurried way to the rue du Pont Neuf. The danger of being followed was slight.

His mind came back to the business at hand as he ascended the steps of an old-fashioned private house that had come to be familiar to him. The same concierge he had spoken with on the occasion of his first call admitted him. This time the man knew his purpose and spoke quickly:

"Mademoiselle Ormonde has left, monsieur."

"I thought as much. By any chance did she furnish you with a forwarding address?"

The concierge rubbed his chin on the back of his hand.

"You are Monsieur Valentine? Mademoiselle left a letter for you. One minute, I will get it. I have it in my hutch."

He came back and handed the adventurer an envelope.

"What time did Mademoiselle depart?"

"Directly before dinner, monsieur. She returned and seemed in a hurry. Her orders flew thick and fast. Tina helped pack her trunks. Phillipard called for them in his express waggon. Pouf! In an hour she was gone—like that!"

The man snapped his fingers. Valentine jingled some coins in his pocket.

"And this Phillipard; he, naturally, is aware of the trunks' destination."

"I know, too, monsieur."

The coins changed ownership.

"Where were they sent?"

"To the storehouse, to be held until Mademoiselle Ormonde gives further orders."

But he had a letter.

To Valentine that was of supreme importance. For all of her casual air of transcience, she had not forgotten him. He began to feel an inner glow. His imagination warmed, drawing her close to him in fancy. It was so easy to remember her vivid, exotic beauty. Hair of raven black. Eyes that were twin pools of midnight mystery, lips colored with scarlet allure. He wondered if he had fallen in love—if, at last, the one thing that had meant so little in his crowded, adventurous life had blossomed in his heart.

He withheld the temptation of opening and reading Adele Ormonde's note until he returned to the Hotel Le Grand Duc. Wang Shim had completed preparations for their departure. Valentine's luggage was neatly lined up on one side of the room. The Chinese sat before the open window, placidly smoking a cigarette.

He snapped it out into the dark when his master entered.

"Our guest has left and we, too, are ready to move on. I put your pistol under the pillow of your bed. The police came again to look at the room down the hall."

"Did they trouble themselves to knock on our door?"

Wang Shim shook his head.

"They passed without pausing. Evidently this chamber appears to be no link in the shadowy chain of events that interests them. The blind man gropes past the willow to stumble over its roots. Often a molehill obscures a view of the mountain."

Valentine took the letter from his pocket. He broke its seal, drew out the enclosure. The faint, elusive scent of her perfume brought the Baron Grunoff's villa at the Golden Wood back to him. The hotel room, Wang Shim and the voice of Paris faded from his mind, leaving him alone with his letter and his vision.

The folded sheet of notepaper was creamy in color, heavy in texture. She had dipped her pen in violet ink. The chirography was distinctive; graceful, full of character.

Captain Valentine read what she had written:

"Mon cher Capitaine: I have not yet determined whether I am sorry I tricked you this afternoon. If there is honor among thieves I am guilty of treason. For your services I am gratefully appreciative. I want you to know that. Adieu, Captain Valentine."

THE tri-motor ship winged steadily through a world of sun and sky. Far below, lost in an illimitable well of space, the English Channel lay at the feet of Dover Cliffs. The six passengers for London amused themselves diversely. One read, another dozed and two were engaged in a card game that Valentine decided was the last gesture of complete inanity.

For want of something better to do he continued to watch the card game. One of the two men slowly but surely impressed himself upon the adventurer's consciousness. He was a small, well but plainly dressed person, unmistakably French, though the English he used had hardly any accent. A thread of a closely-clipped moustache decorated his rather long upper lip. His eyes were brown, large, expressive. Had he been several inches taller he would have been distinguished.

The plane began a gradual descent. The world took shape beneath its wings. The English countryside, green and serene. The pile of London in the distance. The silver of rivers, and, far away, the flat expanse of the sea—toy villages that mushroomed grotesquely into houses and streets as the landing field sprang up beneath them.

The two card players ended their game and thanked each other. The man who had dozed yawned, sat up and stretched. The reader put away his illustrated magazine. Only Wang Shim remained stolidly immovable.

Valentine surreptitiously considered the little Frenchman. His companion, a typical Britisher from his respectable derby to his square-toed boots, consulted his watch. His ruddy face beamed.

"You must let me have your card," he said to the Frenchman. "I make this trip twice a month. Paper novelties, you know. I buy them in Paris and sell them in London. Brownell's my name, Markham Brownell. I'm with Whimple and Hastings, on Melton Street. You'll find them in the telephone directory. If you're staying in town for any length of time I'd like you to have dinner with me. Maybe," he added almost wistfully, "we could play Comrade after it."

"It would be a pleasure, I assure you," the other said in a tone that told Valentine he had no intention of ever seeing Brownell again. He took a wallet from his pocket and handed over a card. "My name is Andre Masset."

Brownell took his card and shook hands.

"I hope I'll see you soon again."

London again!

Valentine felt the keen exhilaration of a returned exile to a place he knew and loved.

The adventurer always stayed at a quiet, unpretentious hotel on Charterhouse Square. It was called the Spaulding. He rented three rooms with a bath and waited for Wang Shim's arrival. Valentine and the Chinese never travelled as friends or man and servant. Tim was a positive identification. The Captain, prudently, when they journeyed together, kept to himself.

An hour after he had registered at the Spaulding Wang Shim came in.

"You have unpacked," he began, eyeing the opened luggage.

"Did you observe anything of interest after the landing?"

Wang Shim shook his head.

"Nothing except the small man who played cards."

Valentine looked up from the kit bag he was taking haberdashery from.

"Masset? What about him?"

Wang Shim smiled thinly.

"I had the impression he wanted to know my destination. I instructed my cab-driver to travel in a wide circle. I looked at many interesting landmarks before I was satisfied the small gentleman had given up pursuit. The wise man fears the hawk when there is a shadow in the sky."

It was after six when Valentine left Fenchurch Street Station for Stepney. He made certain no one had followed him from the Spaulding. He wore a dark tweed suit, a soft grey felt hat and carried a serviceable stick. He knew the neighborhood he was about to penetrate and John Royle's friends and clients. Danger lurked there as great as any in the labyrinths of the Parisian underworld. He remembered one experience that had almost ended disastrously for him. To the Stepney district belonged the first skull he had ever cracked.

He passed saloons and markets, warehouses and tea storage buildings. Halfway down Farthing Road, wedged in between a garage and a mouldy second-hand furniture store, a narrow building blinked at the fading sun with a grime-smeared face. An almost obliterated sign told the passerby that W. Robinson conducted an upholstering business therein. A group of urchins played some game on the cracked and broken pavement. As Valentine approached a hard rubber ball whizzed past his head.

He descended basement steps. With experience born of many visits, he pushed aside a rusty iron mail-box and pressed the bell concealed behind it. After a minute or more an unshaven, bulky youth loomed up on the inner side of the grille door.

"Is Royle inside?"

The youth shook his head.

"He won't be back until after seven."

"I'll wait."

The other surveyed him slowly.

"And who might you be?"

"The Lord Mayor or Clark Gable. Open up and save your questions. My name's Valentine."

"Captain Valentine?" The bolts jangled as they slid back. The iron door opened. "I'm sorry. I've often heard Royle speak of you. I'm new here."

"After seven? Is there anyone about?"

Again the youth shook his head.

"Nobody but me. We've had to be careful lately. For awhile the police were watching us."

As he spoke he led the way down a passage.

Further in the rear of the building was Royle's apartment. The adventurer re-

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broidery, fur embroidery, Byzantine

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called its guady appointments. In his own way Royle lived like a monarch. He had collected its furnishings at Mayfair and Belgrave auctions. The rugs and objets d'art had once graced homes of wealth and fashion. Valentine looked around the dusty ante-room before he selected a chair near the table with the lamp.

"So the police have been curious? Odd. It isn't like Royle to give them an opportunity to pry into his business. What happened?"

The youth moved his broad shoulders idly.

"He don't know. He thinks, Royle does, that some stuff he bought was handed in by a Yard man trying to get a line. Royle wouldn't touch it. It was right after that we began to be watched. My name's Gaffney," he added.

Valentine lighted a cigarette.

"I've been in Paris recently. There I heard considerable talk about a clever person who calls himself Robert Ravenel. I wonder if you know anything of him."

Gaffney wrinkled his forehead in thought.

"Can't say I do. Ravenel? No, he's a new one."

"But you do know Eric St. Julian?"

"The ace of them all?" Gaffney sat up. "I should say I do. Did you read about the haul on Curzon Street at Seamore Place Tuesday night? Nothing's been said about who done it but it's St. Julian all right. You can't fool me."

Gaffney got up suddenly.

"I almost forgot. Royle told me to feed the kittens. Got six of them, he has. Want to come along?"

"I'll wait here."

GAFFNEY left the room. He shut the door after him, his footsteps dying away on the stairs and landing overhead.

The muted bell of the telephone whirred. The adventurer got up and went over to it. He unhooked the receiver.

"Yes?"

"May I speak with Mr. John Royle?"

At that instant Valentine felt a thrill surge through him. The low, musical voice of the woman who spoke was as familiar as his own face in the glass. Hours had elapsed since he had last heard it, but it came to him as fresh and inspiring as if they were still at Leuchars' American Bar, sharing cocktails and listening to the murmurous stringed music!

He shot a glance at the closed door by which Gaffney had left. He disguised his own voice, his fingers tightening around the telephone.

"This is Royle speaking. What can I do for you?"

"It is a rather delicate matter. I should like to see you personally, privately. Can this be arranged?"

"It might. Who are you?"

"You wouldn't know my name. I arrived in London yesterday from Paris. It was while there that I heard of you."

"How did you hear of me?"

"It is a long story. Possibly you might remember the name of Thomas Crayshaw."

"Very well. Are you a friend of his?"

"A close friend. Mr. Royle, I will make it worth your while if you will see me tonight."

Valentine's mind worked in split seconds.

"You're sure it's important?"

"Vastly."

"Farthing Street, after dark, is no place for a lady. If the matter is urgent I'll stretch a point. Suppose I come and see you? Will that be satisfactory"

The wires hummed and buzzed, there was a pause. Out of it she said:

"That will be agreeable."

"I don't usually do such things," Valentine informed her, "but seeing as how you're a lady and a friend of Tom Crayshaw, I'll do it. What's your name and where shall I come?"

The name is Ormonde, Adele Ormonde. I have rooms at ten Clifford Square West. What time do you think you'll be here?"

The adventurer calculated rapidly.

"Say ten o'clock."

"I shall expect you then. Thank you and good-bye."

Valentine had hardly rung off and was back in his chair before he heard Royle's voice outside. The door opened and the former mobsman, whose fence was the largest in London, entered.

Royle closed the door and swung around.

"Valentine!"

The adventurer looked the man over. Considerable water had flowed under the bridge of time since they had met.

"You hardly expected me to-night."

"I'm glad to see you," Royle said. "I'm always glad to see you."

He made no move to shake hands. Royle never did with his clients, regardless of how well he knew them. He went across and ushered the adventurer into his rear apartment.

Royle brought out a bottle of brandy and a siphon of soda. A small, electric cooler yielded ice cubes. Royle made drinks and pushed one across to Valentine.

"Nothing like a spot of brandy to put you right after a hard day's work," he stated.

It was his stereotyped remark. The adventurer looked at the man over the rim of his tall glass.

"Busy, are you?"

"Never too busy to trade with you." Royle leaned forward. "What have you got this time? Something fancy, I'll wager. Pearls, maybe. You were always a great one for pearls."

Valentine sampled his drink. It was good.

"I didn't come to sell you anything, Royle. This time I'm looking for information."

The other's face mirrored surprise.

"Information?"

"Concerning a certain Robert Ravenel. It's important I get in touch with him immediately. I've lost his trail. You're the only man in London able to guide me back to it. You see, I have every reason to believe Ravenel is in London."

The former mobsman rattled the ice in his glass.

"Ravenel, eh? Never heard the name. Don't know him. Who might he be"

The Captain looked into the depths of the muddy colored eyes. He knew a tingle of disappointment. Royle was telling the truth. The trail he had spoken of seemed, at that moment, obliterated.

"I've been in Paris," he explained. "This Ravenel's a high-class crook. I thought he might be one of your clients. It seemed likely he'd be coming here with something choice."

"What—for instance?"

Captain Valentine paused so that what he said might have the proper dramatic effect:

"The Baron Grunoff's famous opal collection—the Moons in Gold!"

Something blazed in John Royle's eyes. His expression was unchanged, but Valentine could feel the invisible electrical spark his statement had kindled.

"The Moons in Gold? You are trying to tell me they have been stolen from Grunoff?" Royle asked.

"You didn't know it?"

Royle shook his head.

Valentine smiled to himself.

"In that case," he said suavely, "I'll waste no more of your time or mine. I had hoped you knew something about Ravenel and—the opals."

"I WILL want," Captain Valentine told Wang Shim an hour later, "my evening clothes, the suit Whiteside made. With it I shall wear my ruby studs and links. Lay them out at once."

"Immediately, Honorable Sir."

The adventurer moved restlessly about the living-room of the hotel suite.

"Tim, you remember John Royle's place on Farthing Road?"

"As the sun in the noonday sky."

"Good. You needn't wait to help me. I will knot my own tie to-night."

The Chinese bowed.

"Your wish is my command. I am to go to this Royle's place?"

"With all possible speed. I want you to watch it. Observe carefully those who enter and leave. I'm confident Royle knows something of the Moons in Gold. Return here with whatever you learn." Valentine ordered.

When the adventurer dressed he stood before the mirror. The glass reflected his image. He was perfectly turned out, slender, debonair, and distinguished.

When he was sure no one dogged his steps, Valentine hailed a taxi and climbed in:

"Ten Clifford Square West."

The address was in an elderly section of the city that was neither shabby nor pretentious. The houses were all of a similar type, better class lodging establishments or private homes. Valentine alighted, dismissed the cab and found himself in the vestibule of Number Ten. Adele Ormonde's name was over one of the bells. He pressed it, entered and mounted a flight of stairs. A door opened to the left. A girl in a maid's uniform looked out.

"Miss Ormonde?"

"Who shall I say is calling, please?"

"The name is Royle."

"Yes, sir. Won't you come in?"

The captain was surprised at the elaborate setting of the lounge room into which the girl ushered him. A cannel coal fire burned brightly in a basket grate.

Velvet portieres whispered as they parted:

"Mr. Royle, I—"

The words ended in a choked exclamation. Valentine turned from the coal fire. What he saw quickened the tempo of his pulses. Adele Ormonde stood framed against the portieres she had come through. She wore a white evening gown that was a chalice for her loveliness. Her hair, softly waved and lustrous, was like a dark coronet. An emerald-and-diamond bracelet girded her left arm. Her eyes were as bright and alive as if they had absorbed the glow of the fire.

Her delicately tinted face, sensitive mouth, and beauty sent a tremor through the adventurer which was at once painful and delicious.

"I'm sorry if I startled you. It was necessary for me to see you again. I had to resort to underhand methods to make this meeting possible. Forgive me."

She studied him, her curved lips parted.

"I don't quite understand."

Valentine bowed over her hand.

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"It is really quite simple. I happened to be at Royle's when you telephoned. I answered, disguised my voice and——"

He straightened up with a gesture.

"I didn't imagine I'd ever see you again," she said slowly. "You received my letter?"

"The concierge gave it to me."

"I am sorry I tricked you."

He shrugged.

"It was my own fault. You gave me fair warning. Perhaps I underestimated your capabilities. It was what I needed. Often one becomes lax and heavy-witted. A thing like that is a tonic."

"How did you know I was in London? Did you know, until you heard me on the telephone?"

"I was sure you had come here. Why not?. Our friend Robert Ravenel gave every indication of leaving Paris for London. Why not you—too?"

Valentine leaned forward.

"How did you know about John Royle."

She showed her white, even teeth in a quick smile.

"You, yourself, gave me that clue. Have you forgotten Leuchars'?"

Valentine laughed.

"Of course. I had forgotten—not the American Bar—but that I had mentioned Royle to you. Tell me, what was your purpose in having him up here to-night?"

"I thought," she said frankly, "I might be able to buy further information."

"Royle claims to have no knowledge of Ravenel. I talked with him a short time ago. He told me, and I have no reason to doubt him, that he never heard the name before."

"Then we have reached a blank wall."

"Apparently."

She looked at him.

"But you are not giving it up?"

The adventurer shook his head.

"I never give up."

He heard her sigh, soft and suppressed. She considered him curiously.

"Do you really want to help me?"

"Yes."

"Why this change of heart, m'sieu?"

Valentine looked up into the heaven of her eyes.

"Because," he explained, "I am in love with you."

He sensed rather than saw her start of surprise. She seemed to draw away from him. Her face went blank. Only the tremulous flutter of her fingers gave him to understand she had heard—and felt—the meaning of what he had said.

"How can you love me?" she half whispered. "You know nothing about me——"

"I know you are the only woman in my life who has made me dream of things I never wanted before."

She turned quickly.

"Be truthful. What do you think I am?"

"An adventuress—a thief!"

She inclined her dark head slowly.

"And yet you say you love me?"

Valentine prisoned her hands tightly in his.

"I love you as you are. Whatever you or I happen to be—whatever life has made us—whatever pattern we assume in the design of it—one thing is unalterable. I love you as you are now, regardless of change or future circumstances."

She got up and went to the fire. The bright gleam of it painted her white gown with rosy fingers. She stood silent, thoughtful until Valentine joined her. He took her in his arms. She was limply passive in his embrace. Her lips were cool and unresponsive when he kissed her.

"I don't love you," she said. "I could never love you."

He released her reluctantly.

"Because of what I am?"

She made no answer. Her eyes moved to the clock. He understood the significance of her look.

"Then this time it is really adieu?"

She touched his hand with her tapering white fingers.

"It must be. Our roads go in different directions."

"Roads sometimes meet beyond the city," he reminded her.

She shook her head.

"Not ours. Never, ours. Good-bye, Monsieur Captain."

He left her standing in the glow of the ruddy coals. He knew he would remember that final glimpse of her through all the days and nights on the adventure trail.

VALENTINE walked. The air was damp and chilly, the forerunner of fog. London's lights painted the low-hanging clouds. He had covered a mile before he grew aware that, for the second time that night, he was being followed.

He continued at the same leisurely pace until he reached an avenue. A hotel occupied one corner. In front of it was a public taxi stand with a half-dozen or more idle cabs waiting for business.

Captain Valentine purposely engaged the chauffeur of the first taxi in conversation while he stood in full view among those pedestrians walking in either direction.

"You know where Charterhouse Square is?"

"That I do, guv'nor."

Valentine added details.

"Drive me to the Savoy first. Take plenty of time. I'm in no hurry."

"Right, guv'nor. If I'm in too much of a rush you tell me. Get right in, sir. Looks like we're due for a bit of a fog. The Savoy? Yes, sir."

Valentine entered the taxi by its right hand door and left by the opposite door. It took no more than a round of seconds for him to step up on one running board and down on the other. The driver, bent over as he shifted gears, didn't see him. Before the cab was well under way Valentine darted up to the second vehicle in line. The man at the wheel of that conveyance was leaning toward the kerb, listening to the rapid instructions shot at him by someone who had hurried out of the crowd.

"Follow that taxi!" a voice rapped. "Don't lose sight of it! Double fare!"

"Right-o!"

Valentine had opened the cab's outer door and was sitting in the far corner when the one who engaged the vehicle hopped in The man shut the door with a slam, snapped his cigarette away through the open window, and perched himself on the very edge of the seat, strained forward so he might observe the winking tail light of the taxi ahead.

Captain Valentine chuckled.

"Really, Monsieur Masset," he murmured, "you have gone to considerable trouble to-night to shadow me. I am flattered."

The one on the edge of the seat swung around with a nervous start. He swore in French. He peered at the adventurer as if he were riding with a ghost.

"You——"

"Farthing Road, Clifford Square West, and now this thoroughfare. I thought it was about time we met. Monsieur, if you have such a burning interest in my coming and goings, why bother to dodge around after me. I am a reasonable person. You need only to come out in the open, tell me exactly what you want, and I will be most happy to answer any questions."

Masset's surprise subsided. He pushed himself further back on the worn leather upholstery. He continued to stare into Captain Valentine's smiling face.

"Never mind following that other cab," he said to the driver.

"Where do you want me to go?"

"Tell him," Valentine suggested, "the Club Pantheon. It is an excellent spot for entertainment and—conversation. I am in the mood for a dash of gaiety, Monsieur Masset. Will you be my guest at the Pantheon? I insist; after all this trouble I have put you to I feel guilty of causing you great inconvenience. The least I can do is make amends by playing host."

Masset came to a quick decision.

"The Club Pantheon," he said to the driver.

Valentine nodded.

"Thank you. And I promise, Masset, I will not ask you to play Comrade either."

For the first time the flicker of a smile crossed the small man's serious face. He helped himself to a cigarette. When a match flared the adventurer saw his brown eyes were still filled with wonder.

"You are a clever man, monsieur," he said, grudgingly.

The taxi drew into the open space fronting the popular night resort. A bearded Russian in doorman's livery opened the door of the cab for them. Valentine knew the man was a former member of Royalty. He saluted him in the manner of the Imperial Horse Guards, of which the man had been an officer. The other's face brightened. In Russian he mumbled:

"Glory that is spent can never be regained."

"Take heart," Valentine counselled in the same tongue. "No one can banish your to-morrow."

Masset listened suspiciously.

"A friend of yours?" he inquired, as Valentine led the way into the brilliantly-lighted foyer.

"A friend of all London. That man was once in the confidence of the Czar."

Blodgett, the manager of the Club Pantheon, came briskly forward.

"Captain Valentine! This is a pleasure. It has been a long time since you have visited us. A table for two? I have one reserved but you may occupy it."

The adventurer thanked him.

"Something on the balcony, Neil, if you please. This is more business than amusement."

A few minutes later Valentine and Masset faced each other through the golden illumination made by their table lamp.

"Now," Valentine began, "we can talk. I hope you will gratify my curiosity. Flying over from Paris I tried to trace back and link the past with the present Where have we met before, Monsieur Masset?"

"Then you don't remember?"

"I haven't the slightest recollection, unfortunately."

"You don't recall the Baron Grunoff's villa at Bois d'Or?"

"I recall it perfectly. But you—"

"I was there that night," Masset said briefly.

Valentine's grey eyes narrowed slightly.

"I begin to comprehend—a little. Please continue."

"I have come to take you back to Paris, Monsieur Robert Ravenel!"

The words, delivered with melodramatic intensity, made Captain Valentine throw back his head and laugh.

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"So you think I am Ravenel?"

"I am sure of it."

The adventurer selected a cigarette from his case.

"Why?"

Masset shrugged.

"That would be disclosing my hand. Sufficient, that I have evidence enough to weave a damaging case around you. We will go back to Paris in the morning. If you are guiltless of the murder of Crayshaw, the Englishman, and the theft of the Baron's opals, you will have an opportunity to prove it. The Chief of the Surete will be interested in anything you may tell him."

Captain Valentine's face hardened.

"Don't be a fool, Masset. Within ten minutes I can reassure you on the question of my identity. I am no more this Ravenel than you are."

"You will have to prove it."

"I shall—easily. And, my dear fellow, by so doing I will save you considerable official embarrassment. When we leave here we shall go to Scotland Yard. Inspector Vannis is a friend of mine. You will respect his word?"

"I will respect the word of any Scotland Yard Inspector."

"Good. Then that's settled. Another bottle of wine, Monsieur Masset? Something more to eat? Don't let's hurry away from this agreeable place. Do you like jazz? Being a detective perhaps you can tell me why the American negro is so proficient in its playing. Are they all brought up on banjos and saxophones? When do they have a chance to pick cotton?"

Valentine broke off. His casual, wandering glance focused on a man and woman who stood in one of the openings that led to the polished dance floor. He crushed the tube of tobacco between his fingers. Within him something flared up hotly. He looked again to make certain his gaze had not tricked him. There was no mistake. The woman, radiant in her white evening gown, was Adele Ormonde. But for once Valentine was less interested in her than in her companion.

"Monsieur, you are burning the cloth!"

He paid no attention to Masset's exclamation. At that moment he knew the blend of a dozen thoughts, ideas and questions. The man with Adele Ormonde was tall, slender, suave and polished. Captain Valentine recognised him immediately.

He was Eric St. Julian, the master-thief and arch-rogue of all Europe!

WITH an effort the adventurer steadied himself. He had always prided himself upon his ability to control his emotions. The face he turned to Masset wore a faintly bored smile.

"The cloth, of course. I shall have to speak to my tobacconist. He is rolling these cigarettes entirely too loosely."

He emptied his fingers into a cloisonne ash receiver and drained his glass.

"I think," the detective said, "we will go directly to Scotland Yard."

Valentine pushed his chair back.

"Excellent. Let's start."

From the balcony they descended to the brilliantly lighted foyer. The adventurer retrieved hat and stick.

He led the way under the awning that stretched from the entrance of the Club Pantheon to the kerb. The Russian doorman came up to meet them.

"You wish a taxi"

"Don't trouble, there goes one now."

Abruptly, Valentine hurried to the kerb. He whistled shrilly. The taxi he hailed stopped. Another, passing in the opposite direction, applied its brakes. Valentine sprinted into the middle of the street. He cut sharply to the left, ducked in behind the second cab and doubling back, pulled open the door of an empty, parked limousine. He climbed nimbly into it, conscious of the police whistle Masset blew.

Valentine wedged himself under the wheel in the driver's seat and watched the confusion in front of the night club.

The scream of the police whistle brought people running out of the Pantheon. In the gathering fog they were grotesque, animated figures. The taxi that had stopped went on. The second cab rolled away after it. Watching, Valentine saw Masset standing on the running board of the taxi that pulled out last. The adventurer laughed under his breath. He waited several more minutes before he left the car in which he had taken refuge. He walked swiftly down three streets before he found an unengaged vehicle.

"The Spaulding, Charterhouse Square."

He had no time to lose. Masset must know of his address. He must pack and leave with all haste. He thought about Wang Shim. If Tim had not returned from Farthing Road—if the Chinese, following his orders, still watched Royle's, it would complicate matters. But the bland Wang Shim, when the adventurer reached the hotel, was in the bedroom, engrossed with the problem of what silken pyjamas his master should wear.

"Hurry," Valentine ordered. "We're leaving here at once! How long will it take you to pack?"

"When the mind is concerned the hands work quickly. In fifteen minutes the luggage will be ready."

"Make it ten!" Valentine said shortly.

"Trouble rides in quick pursuit?"

"A pace behind us."

Wang Shim nodded gravely.

"Then we will travel rapidly to outdistance it. While I am busy with the luggage I should like to tell you what I learned to-night."

The adventurer, changing from evening clothes to tweeds, listened with interest.

"What?"

"I reached Farthing Road to find it almost deserted. The abode of John Royle was in darkness. I discovered a suitable place where, unobserved, I could watch. I composed myself to patience. The wise man waits for events to shape themselves. Time passed. I had almost despaired of beholding a guest enter the place I watched with all consuming attention when, to my elation, a motor car turned into the street and stopped at Royle's."

Captain Valentine knotted a cravat.

"Who was in the car, Tim?"

Wang Shim deftly transferred the contents of the dresser to the open kit bags on the bed.

"A single passenger, a man. He went into Royle's house. He was there twenty-two minutes exactly. I moved my vantage point to behold him better when he emerged. Perhaps you remember the street light a pace away from the basement entrance. The car was stationed almost directly beside it. I had no difficulty in recognising the gentleman when he left."

Valentine turned from the mirror as the Chinese paused. He reached for a cigarette.

"You recognised him?"

"The man," Wang Shim said quietly, "was Eric St. Julian."

The cigarette dropped from the Captain's fingers. He wheeled around and stared into the inscrutable yellow face.

"St. Julian? You're sure?"

"Can the dog forget the flea?"

Valentine's mind surged with thought. St. Julian at Royle's! John Royle's secret knowledge of the Moons in Gold! St. Julian in Paris! Blond hair—dyed.

Wang Shim closed and locked the first kit bag.

"I followed Eric St. Julian. It was difficult—clinging to the rear tyre of his vehicle until he reached an avenue where I was able to drop off and engage other means of transportation. I persisted and Goda smiled upon my perseverance. At length I found the fox's lair. This," he added, taking a scrap of paper from his pocket, "marks its location."

The adventurer seized the folded piece of paper. He opened it. Wang Shim had written something in Chinese characters on it.

"What does it say?"

"QUEEN STREET, the third house from the corner, on the north side."

For a long minute Valentine stood hesitant, his face a thoughtful mask. He reached a decision quickly.

"Take these bags and transfer them and yourself to the Continental House on Bayshead Avenue. Take one room there and wait for my return."

The Chinese bowed.

"I will move as directed."

Valentine's watch showed him the hour had lengthened. He thought of the Club Pantheon. He still had time to follow out the impulsive plan that had come to him on the heels of Wang Shim's disclosures. He paid his bill at the Spaulding, remembered Andre Masset, and said to the night clerk on duty:

"I have been called back to Paris. My servant and I are leaving. Forward all communications to the Angleterre on the rue Richelieu."

Queen Street, the huddle of London. The Captain had no recollection of its whereabouts. The fog had thickened. Through it, traffic moved cautiously. He found a crawling cab, its windows powdered with moisture.

"Queen Street, driver. Think you can find it in this souper?"

"I know it like the palm of my hand," he was assured.

"Good. Take me there."

The cab moved off through an opaque world. Captain Valentine had no idea of their route. Distinguishing landmarks were blotted out by the swirling mist. At least a half-hour ticked off before he felt his vehicle slow down.

"Queen Street," he was informed.

"Drop me at the third house from the corner on the north side."

The cab felt its way warily forward for another space. It stopped again.

"This is about it."

Valentine gave the man a substantial tip and dismissed him. The house he confronted was shrouded in the fog. He peered at it. From what he could determine it was in darkness. He mounted the dripping front steps and found himself faced by a heavy oak door.

He produced his master-key and pushed the lock shield aside. He remembered another door he had opened, days or years ago.

He waited until his eyes grew accustomed to the heavy gloom. Objects, a shade lighter than the encompassing murk, took shape. His pencil flashlight cut a bright slice through the darkness. It showed him rooms on the left side of the entrance recess where

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he stood. Its slender beam picked out a two-sectioned stairway to the rear. No sound filtered through the quiet to announce the presence of occupants. He felt as much alone as he might have in the Gobi desert.

The first room was appointed as a study. Valentine surveyed it in the torch light. He went on, looking into the other rooms. He had the impression St. Julian had probably leased the place furnished. Then the stairs drew his attention. He went to the floor above. There were three bedrooms and a bath. He examined them by turn, glancing in for signs of occupancy. The last room appeared to be the only one in use.

Captain Valentine decided to see what the study might reveal and for that purpose went down the landing and descended the stairs.

ODDLY, he felt the stir of his pulses. It was as if they were telegraphing a warning. He strained his ears when he reached the study door. Still the absolute silence remained unruffled. Strange.

Valentine's knee struck against a leather chair. He winced. The legs of the chair slid along the polished floor. In the quiet its noise was eerie. He straightened, listening. The echo it created was replaced by a new note. The torch snapped off as, low but audible, the muted clash of curtain rings on a pole gave way to a sharp click. Electric light, coming on in full blaze in an overhead chandelier, half-blinded Valentine.

A voice said:

"I wouldn't advise you to do anything but remain where you are—with your hands elevated a trifle!"

Gradually the adventurer's dazzled gaze cleared. He looked into the mocking face of the man he had last seen dancing with Adele Ormonde. In St. Julian's right hand an automatic levelled in a threat that raised Valentine's hands quickly. St. Julian's fingers drew the Captain's service pistol from his shoulder holster. With a gesture the man dropped it into a drawer of the secretary, turned the key and pocketed it.

"Sit down, Valentine," he invited affably. "I hardly expected to find you here. Your footprints were rather evident on the wet steps outside. I was careful to make a quiet entry. Looking through my luggage, were you? I thought you'd never come downstairs."

The adventurer matched St. Julian's amiability. He laughed pleasantly.

"I about decided you and Royle had struck a bargain."

St. Julian made a grimace.

"Don't mention Royle's name to me! I'd advise you to have no dealings with him. He's a Shylock, a profiteer. If I told you what he offered me for the Baron's opals you wouldn't believe it!"

"I've always thought that Royle was no man to deal with when the plunder was valuable. I'm glad you didn't close with him."

"You're glad?"

"Because," Valentine continued smoothly, "it gives me another chance. Once Royle has the Moons in Gold they would be lost beyond any hope of recovery. In your possession——"

He broke off with a shrug. St. Julian's strange, colorless eyes, flecked with hazel, retreated behind their lids.

"Always an optimist," he chided.

"Perhaps. You left a rather open trail in Paris. So open that it was hard to suspect you were Ravenel. I could forgive the imaginary Ravenel for the clues left behind but not the clever Eric St. Julian."

"I suppose you found The Rat?"

"Quite easily."

"And my apartment on the rue Adelphi?"

"Without trouble."

St. Julian nodded.

"And this house as well." He moved his shoulders. "Too bad such bulldog persistency must go unrewarded.

Valentine smiled.

"The chapter," he reminded him, "is far from finished."

"You think so? I will write the last words when the proper moment arrives. Meanwhile, it intrigues me to converse with you. We are like two rival potentates, meeting for the first time on common ground. I hardly expected to entertain the notorious Captain Valentine to-night—here, at the point of an automatic. By the way, it appears that we are both interested in the same lady. Another reason for our mutual concern."

The captain said nothing. He knew he was in a tight corner.

"Perhaps," St. Julian was saying, "you haven't heard the latest report on the Baron. I hear that he quarrelled with the charming Chichi—after he had given her a string of pearls, or some trifle. Grunoff has gone back to his Budapest. Senile old idiot. I wonder if he knows the extent of the favor I did him when I removed the opals from his villa.

"You are," Valentine said, "a benefactor. I wonder how you met Mademoiselle Ormonde."

St. Julian gave him a quick look.

"Didn't she tell you? No? Lamentable. Proof again of what a small universe we inhabit. I never dreamed the charming lady I had admired from a distance in Paris would be interested in the Moons in Gold. She was at Foyet's one afternoon. Her distress was obvious." He shrugged. "It was not hard to engage her in conversation. I am, as you doubtless realise, sympathetic by nature. I had no trouble in winning her confidence, drawing her out, learning the cause of her being so distrait."

The ticking of a clock somewhere impressed itself upon Valentine.

St. Julian looked at his watch.

"Sometime to-morrow," he continued, "I am leaving London—with Mademoiselle Ormonde. I am combining business with pleasure. You will be interested to know that, having spurned John Royle's offer, I have already cabled Jan van Domm. As you are aware, the Orient at this season is a fairyland of flowers. The lady believes I am on the trail of Ravenel and that he has gone to Shanghai. Presently, we two, shall depart. Van Domm shall buy the opals, Adele Ormonde will entertain me and when I am a little jaded I will turn her over to one of the song masters in the tea houses there. With her beauty she should fetch a good price."

Valentine felt his muscles tense. His slender, sinewy figure went taut. Something shook him in a torment of white-hot rage. He had never known it before. It was alien to his swaggering, egotistical nature.

It brought him to his feet, careless of the gun in St. Julian's hand. It urged him breathlessly forward.

St. Julian pulled the trigger, but the adventurer's luck was good. The weapon clicked futilely. St. Julian hurled it at him. Valentine dodged and the automatic ricochetted off the secretary and slid across the floor. He had him in the next minute. Valentine's steely fingers clamped themselves around St. Julian's throat till he became unconscious.

The bell rang sharply, shrilly—imperatively. The heavy bronze knob shook as someone twisted it agitatedly. Valentine looked out through the wet glass on one side of the main panel. He had a misty glimpse of a small, damp figure on the stoop. He half expected to see the official helmet of a London bobby—shadowy, sinister visitors from the Yard.

He slid back the bolt and opened the door.

"What is it?"

The late caller crowded in closer.

"Where's the boss? I've got to see him straight off! It's important, it is."

"He went out. He won't be back for an hour or more. What's your message?"

The man peered up at him. From what Valentine could make out he was small and thin, typical of the slum district, shabby and furtive.

"Who are you?"

"I'm a friend of St. Julian! Out with it. What's the trouble?"

The other drew a breath.

"It's that girl, guv'nor! The boss told me to get her luggage. Her place is on Clifford Square West. I went around about twenty minutes ago. The first thing I seen was a plant on the corner. A Yard man, guv'nor, as I live and breathe! Then—"

Through Valentine something coldly ominous crawled. He had forgotten Masset? He had left an open trail from Clifford Square West, the room where the coal fire burned in its basket grate. What more natural than for Masset, when outwitted, to double back and investigate with the help of Scotland Yard? What more natural than for him to take Adele Ormonde into custody for questioning.

In the darkness of the study the captain heard faint sounds that told him St. Julian was returning to consciousness. There was no time to lose. He joined the small man on the stoop, pulling the door shut behind him.

"Get a cab and come with me!" he ordered quickly.

Together they plunged into the fog.

"Where are we bound, guv'nor?"

"Clifford Square West!"

THEY went forward cautiously through a white, vaporous world. The fog had thickened. It clamped down over London's streets like an inverted bowl.

As the cab moved on the one beside Valentine grew restless.

"What's your name?" the adventurer asked.

"Blauvelt, Sandy Blauvelt."

"I've heard St. Julian speak of you," Valentine lied. "You can help all of us to-night."

"And get marched off to prison for my trouble?"

"Not if you do what I say."

"What's that, guv'nor?"

The adventurer leaned close to him. He spoke rapidly. He let his words penetrate and sink in. His idea, born of desperation, was a frail straw afloat on the sea of his dilemma. He was still explaining when their vehicle reached Clifford Square West.

Valentine rubbed moisture from the window and stared out. It was too foggy to see anything clearly. He opened the left-hand door while the taxi-driver applied the brakes.

"Remember . . ."

With that single word he dropped off, rounded the taxi and continued on as far

broiders, fur embroidery, Byzantine

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MOONS IN GOLD

as the ornamental iron fence that was on either side of the entrance into the building. He stood there, waiting.

Out of the fog Blauvelt's voice rose argumentatively:

"What are you bringing me here for? Where are we?"

The taxi-driver answered belligerently:

"Clifford Square West, where you told me to come!"

"You're balmy, you are! I never told you to come here!"

"Who's balmy?"

"Go on, roll your blinkin' ark! I'll walk!"

"Not until you pay your fare! Ask the feller you're with where you told me to go!"

"I'll tell you where you can go! Feller I'm with? There's nobody here! If you ain't balmy——"

The taxi-driver's voice rose higher:

"Wait! Where are you going——"

Two figures passed Valentine in the fog. Somewhere across the street glass crashed. Blauvelt's high pitched laugh drifted back.

"You can collect when you get me!"

The adventurer opened the front door of the house. For the second time that night he stood on Adele Ormonde's threshold. His knuckles rapped out a hasty summons; it seemed an eternity before she answered.

"Scotland Yard is about to pay you a visit!" Valentine gripped her hand. "You've only a minute or two to get away from here!"

She searched his face anxiously.

"This isn't a trick on your part?"

"I swear——"

She had changed from the white evening gown to a dark travelling suit. Without further questions she snatched up a light tweed coat and pulled a small, rakish hat over her dark hair. With a breath she surveyed the quiet room behind her. The reflection of the dying fire scattered its glow like jewels on the rugs.

"I'M ready." She spoke in a low, quick whisper. "A boy was to come for my luggage. When he didn't arrive I got the house porter. There's nothing except——"

She picked up a large, flat pocketbook. Valentine closed the door, locked it from the outside and led the way to the stairs. She gave him a dubious glance when he started up the steps but made no comment, following without hesitation. He knew his ruse to draw the enemy away from the front door below would be of short duration. The men who passed him outside probably awaited the arrival of an inspector from the Yard to take charge. The fog was a blessing in disguise. In all likelihood it had delayed the arrival of the law. And, with any luck, it would be a shield for the idea and plan Valentine put into effect.

They climbed to the top storey of the building. Some of the transoms over the doors they passed were painted with light. In one suite a radio played gypsy music. In another a card game was in progress. Fragments of laughter and conversation drifted out.

At the end of the top floor landing Valentine found what he sought. This was a short flight of iron steps with a door at their head. He opened it and let a swirl of the fog in. Beside him, the woman waited his next move.

"Across the roof," he directed. "Listen!"

From the regions below a door had opened and closed. Voices floated up. The stairs echoed to the tread of ascending feet. Another minute and there came a pounding on the door of the apartment on the second floor. The adventurer nodded. Adele Ormonde's eyes widened.

"And I asked you," she breathed, "if it were a trick!"

He led her out on the roof.

"Take my arm, stay close to me! No use risking a fall. This way——"

They passed from roof to roof, groping a way through the mist. At length the Captain's steadying hand on her arm halted her. He waited a minute, looking back, his head averted, to catch the sound of any possible pursuit. None came. The fog-ridden Square remained respectably quiet.

"Luck's good. Now for an exit and——"

He found the roof door of the building they were on. It was locked but yielded to the Captain's master-key. Another space and they leisurely descended carpeted stairs, left by the front door and emerged again into the damp, white night.

"Where, now?"

Valentine shaped a course east.

"I want to talk with you. I've learned something of paramount importance tonight.

"What does it concern?"

"You!"

"I—I haven't any too much time. I am to meet someone——"

"Yes, I know. It's about that someone that I must tell you. Give me a few minutes, mademoiselle. I think I can convince you of one thing. That is, how cleverly you've been duped."

They reached some main thoroughfare where lights were murky in the misty tapestry let down over the city. At a cab rank Valentine engaged a taxi.

"Drive around until I tell you where to go," he ordered.

He sat down beside Adele Ormonde. He lighted two cigarettes and handed her one. The red tips of them were like watching eyes in the dark. The fragrance of her perfume crept to him.

For a long minute she sat silent.

"What did you want to tell me, Monsieur Captain?"

"You will hardly believe me," he began. It will sound fantastic, unreasonable. Nevertheless it's the truth. That man you were at the Pantheon with to-night. He is the one who is helping you"

He could feel her start of surprise.

"You knew I was there?"

Valentine laughed under his breath.

"The man who has promised to aid you in finding Ravenel is Eric St. Julian, the self-styled master-thief of the Continent who, among other things, happens to be the murderer of Thomas Crayshaw! Eric St. Julian, alias Robert Ravenel!"

He expected her gasp of dismayed wonder. Instead, except for an involuntary start, she remained still beside him. The cigarette trembled between her tapering fingers, but her voice was steady when she spoke again:

"You expect me to believe that?"

Valentine's hand tightened over her arm.

"You must believe it! Every word of it is true! When I left the Pantheon to-night I went to Queen Street, to St. Julian's quarters. He surprised me while I was attempting to find the opals. At the point of his gun, confident that what he said would never be used, St. Julian made revelations I otherwise couldn't have learned. He told me you were accompanying him to Shanghai. He boasted that he intended selling you into the slavery of a Chinese tea house, to the song master who'd pay the highest price!"

Again the crimson tip of the cigarette trembled.

"What else?"

"St. Julian has the opals! He's taking them to Shanghai to dispose of them. John Royle wouldn't pay his price. Mademoiselle, I had to tell you this! Once in Shanghai with St. Julian your fate is sealed! You have no more chance to outwit him than to batter down an impregnable wall with your hands!"

The cab turned a corner and slowed in the cross currents of Trafalgar Square's traffic.

"And yet," she murmured, "I shall keep my appointment with St. Julian and make the journey."

Captain Valentine leaned wonderingly to her.

"Despite what——"

SHE wound down the window and dropped her cigarette out of it.

"Despite what you've told me!"

"You mean——"

For the first time she showed animation.

"I will tell you something. I hadn't intended to, but I shall. It goes back to that night at the Bois d'Or, at Grunoff's villa. When I arrived there I went toward the villa through the gardens on the south. A service road leads out of it. Where it joins the highway is a thick clump of shrubbery. Parked there, that night, well hidden, was a large black automobile. A man was at the wheel. He didn't see me, didn't know that I was there. Before he started the car he lighted a cigarette. The match flared up and for a second I saw his face."

Listening, Valentine's pulses increased their beat. At that instant he seemed to understand her coolness, her own ingenuity, cleverness and courage.

"And the face you saw was that of——"

She turned to him with a throaty exclamation.

"St. Julian, alias Ravenel!"

The adventurer caught her fingers in his.

"Mademoiselle, the odds are too great! Believe me, you haven't a chance, not one! I, too—face the East. Let me get you the opals—bring them to you and put them in your hands! It would be an added incentive for the greatest coup of my career!"

He heard the little breath she drew.

"You are gallant, kind, generous! No, I've dedicated myself to this adventure. I shall go through with it—to the end! After all, what is life but a chance, a gamble?"

"Who are you?"

For the first time she laughed.

"Still your lady of mystery! And you, too, go to Shanghai? Monsieur, perhaps we shall meet there."

Valentine's pressure tightened on her fingers.

"I fancy you will need me—more there than here—or in Paris. It will be very different in the Orient. Civilisation is only a thin veneer for its age-old passion. You must be on guard every instant—every waking and sleeping hour. I beg you to watch St. Julian. You must know what he is, what he's capable of! I can't let you go until you promise——"

"You will let me go." Her voice was vibrant, expressive. "You know I can take care of myself—that I will play the hand through to the last trump card!"

"How can I stop you?" Valentine whispered.

He took her in his arms for the second time that night. When he found her lips with his they were warmer, more responsive. For an eternity that lived within one breathless minute he held her close and safe. She stirred, breaking away from him.

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MOONS IN GOLD

"In Shanghai then, Monsieur the Captain."

There was music in Valentine's heart. A song of gladness that awoke some trumpeting theme of romance. Shanghai. Jade and silk. Opalescent fairy towers in a saffron shimmer. Ivory japonica and silver blossoms on the Tree of Life. Opals, fire-flecked and glowing.

Moons in Gold with an ancient allure, glamorous, precious!

"In Shanghai," he said unsteadily.

THE Ceylon Empress, of the Far East Line, rolled down the Bay of Biscay. On A deck, Captain Valentine, from the depths of his chair, watched the sky turn from flame to copper as the sun began a circling descent.

He travelled alone. Wang Shim had been sent to Paris for the Express to Brindisi. In Italy Tim would take a twenty-three knot mail packet to Port Said where, in a week, he would meet the Ceylon Empress.

At dusk the sea grew rougher. The captain was accustomed to the whims of Biscay. Always a good sailor, he went in to dinner, interested in his fellow passengers. About a dozen had made the London departure, people availing themselves of a leisurely journey through the Strait of Gibraltar and into the blue Mediterranean. Valentine catalogued the passengers mentally, filing a description of each away for future reference.

There were, among others, Sir Esme Brayling, bound for the Embassy at Singapore. The man was tall, typically British from his monocle to his well-polished boots. Valentine was more interested in the man's wife. Small, blonde, with some of Mademoiselle Valler's youthful charm and vivacity, Lady Brayling reminded him of those animated girls who decorated the chorus of the latest London hit revue.

In the smoking-room, where inevitable bridge was in progress at one table, the adventurer studied the players. There was the chance Masset had placed an emissary on the Ceylon Empress. Valentine watched the faces of those at their game, took in the details of their dress and social standing. His gaze moved from Jens Jorgensen, a heavy-set, cold-faced Dane, to the pinched, leathery features of a Lawson Clarke. The latter was young, in the middle twenties, a youth who, from his conversation, had recently spent a year on a Broadway stage in New York. Clarke spoke of his juvenile singing role in an American operetta, of a vacation he was planning in China.

The third man at the table was Benton Ledyard. In between hands Ledyard asked questions concerning the Province of Chihli. Apparently the concern he represented had an oil concession, wells in that north-eastern stretch of China. The man was likeable, attractive, indubitably one of background and breeding.

The fourth bridge player made Valentine speculative. At dinner one of the ship's officers had introduced him to Anthony Cardeaux. Sophisticated and polished, with a veneer of culture, Cardeaux's small stature, keenly intellectual face and sombre eyes made Valentine think of Masset. It seemed that Monsieur Cardeaux was in the wine business. He was bound for Port Said and from there would go to the Gulf of Aden. Valentine noticed he played a clever, masterful game. When the scores were finally added Cardeaux pocketed his winnings, thanked his companions and lighted a cigarette.

"You do not play?" he asked Valentine.

"Occasionally."

Cardeaux arranged the flower in his buttonhole.

"Possibly," he murmured, "you find the game of life more intriguing."

"Possibly."

Cardeaux nodded.

"Would you care to join me in the bar? What is it our friends, the Americans, say—for a nightcap?"

A waiter brought their order to one of the small tables in the rear of the ship's cafe. Cardeaux's sombre glance wandered from the label on his bottle to the adventurer.

"Monsieur," he continued, "I have had a rather unusual experience since coming aboard. Would you care to hear it?"

"By all means, I am," the captain informed him, "always interested in the unusual."

Cardeaux settled back in his chair.

"Last night my stateroom was visited during my absence. The strange part is that I can find nothing missing. My luggage was investigated, turned inside out, and left scattered about. My papers were gone through, my attache case sliced open. Obviously the intruder was looking for something specific. What do you make of it?"

Valentine sampled his whisky and soda.

"You have in your possession something of extreme value?"

"Nothing. What little money, an inconsiderable sum, I carry with me. Monsieur, I have the feeling my unknown visitor was after something else. I think he was trying to learn my identity."

The same thought had crept through Captain Valentine's mind. He tapped a cigarette on the table top, lighted it, smiled.

"But you are Monsieur Cardeaux, of Marseilles?"

The other laughed.

"Indisputably so. I have been that gentleman for a good many years, monsieur."

"Enemies?"

"Not one—that I am aware of."

"Then," Valentine said, "your caller made a mistake. He was looking for someone else, got into the wrong stateroom. You spoke to the purser?"

Cardeaux shook his head.

"But no. So long as there was nothing taken——"

Later in his cabin Valentine went back over what Anthony Cardeaux had told him. He wondered if, by chance, the investigation of the wine importer's stateroom had any significance that might link it with his own presence on the ship.

Valentine put on his shantung pyjamas, switched the overhead light, relaxed on the bed.

The cabin was on the port side of the Ceylon Empress. Valentine occupied it in solitary isolation. He always paid a premium to be alone, except in rare cases when Wang Shim's presence was necessary. Presently he slept.

He had no way of knowing how long he had been unconscious, what had aroused him with such abrupt suddenness. He came awake with a start, his nerves taut, his mind clear, his heart thumping. The cabin was in darkness. The curtains at the window fluttered in the sea wind, the engines rumbled. The Ceylon Empress still rolled and pitched in the trough of disturbed waters.

Stiffly still, Valentine knew that somewhere in the gloom, no more than two or three feet distant, someone stood, watchful and waiting!

Careful to control his breathing and keep it in the same lethargic, even tempo, he slipped a hand under his dented pillow. His fingers closed about the gun concealed there. The chill of its steel held a comforting touch. With his other hand he search for the flashlight left with the folded blanket at the foot of the bed. But the torch was gone, in all probability had rolled to the floor during one of the ship's shiftings.

He next sought the tiny reading light above his head. The bulb had been removed. His finger tightened on the trigger of the weapon in his hand.

"You will kindly," he announced in a low, quiet voice, "remain where you are! Move and I fire!"

A throaty exclamation choked off abruptly whatever reply would have been made. He expected swift attack, the lunge of the unseen assailant. Rapid footsteps echoed on the floor. A cool draught told Valentine his caller preferred a desperate attempt at escape. He had reached the cabin's door, had opened it partly, within a round of split seconds.

The adventurer's bare feet went over the side of the bed. He hurled himself in the direction of the door. The effort to block the intruder's exit failed signally. Valentine's outstretched hand brushed hair. His ring caught a strand of it, yanked it from the head that ducked to evade his grasp. A heel savagely ground itself against the Captain's instep and his caller was gone!

When Valentine flung open the cabin door, the corridor, dim with its ceiling lights, was empty.

He went back, switched on the electricity, nursed his foot and ankle. A sharp, cruel blow.

In the stateroom's light his gaze was drawn to the ring on the smallest finger of his left hand. Part of its rough design, catching the hair his hand had touched, retained it. Valentine saw a strand of long, pale gold hair, a souvenir so revealing and enlightening that his locked lips curved in a spreading smile. So it had not been Cardeaux or any other man! The one who had crept stealthily into his cabin was a woman! Again his glance rested on the strand of golden hair caught glistening in the ring.

Why, Valentine mused, was Lady Brayling interested in his luggage?

THE sea calmed. Spain loomed up on the port bow, the sun beat down brazenly and shuffleboard grew desultory. The bar's business increased as the weather warmed. Valentine, glass in hand, talked with Jorgensen, the Dane.

The man was interested in sulphur, went to great lengths to explain its uses, its prices in the world's market.

He was relieved when the sulphurous conversation finally fumed out. Lawson Clarke, looking for a fourth at bridge, drew the adventurer aside.

"Care to take a hand?" Clarke inquired. "Our friend Jorgensen had enough at the last session."

Valentine declined with tactful thanks and took an illustrated magazine out on deck. His eye ran down the line of chairs. Almost at the end of the row he glimpsed Brayling and his wife. The man had a brief case opened on his lap. He was sorting through official-looking documents. The woman smoked pensively, a Turkish cigarette wedged in her long black holder. Valentine, whose chair was next to theirs, sat down and opened his magazine.

broidery, for embroidery, Byzantine

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MOONS IN GOLD

He was conscious of limpid blue eyes moving speculatively in his direction. A breath of perfume mingled with the aromatic fragrance of tobacco. Over the rail the sea sparkled, a sun-painted, ruffled floor. A few passengers wandered past, doing the deck mile for exercise. Finally, Sir Brayling removed his monocle, polished it vigorously, returned it to his eye and coughed.

"Coming in for a nap, Lois?"

"Presently."

Brayling smothered a yawn.

"Don't know why I'm so totally done in. Change of weather, I presume. I didn't sleep very well last night. Too much pitching and rolling, kept waking up."

The woman changed the subject.

"You'd better trot along and send your radio."

"Jove, that's right. Almost forgot it."

Brayling shoved his papers back in their leather container and left.

After a space Valentine closed the magazine and settled further back in the deck chair. The sun struck sparks from the huge square cut diamond in a ring she wore. He appraised it idly, noting the emeralds surrounding the jewel. Royle would pay top price for a thing like that. Who was she? What, he asked himself again, had she expected to find in his luggage?

Was she representing Masset, the Yard—or someone else?

He spoke slowly:

"You're bound for Singapore, Lady Brayling?"

The cigarette moved in his direction.

"Government business, such a bore."

"Life's often that. And yet," Valentine added, "there are certain highlights to make it bearable. I had one a few hours ago."

"Really?"

Her carefully shaped brows lifted.

"I was," he continued, "visited in my cabin during the dark hours."

The cigarette remained motionless, its smoke blowing towards him. Her look was one of polite interest.

"A—thief?"

Valentine shook his head.

"I hardly think so, although my baggage seemed to be the object of the intruder's call."

She smiled, a warm, red-lipped smile.

"What did you do—frighten him away?"

"Unfortunately it wasn't a 'him,' it was a 'her.' Yes, she got away cleverly."

"Without leaving a hint of her identity?" The question was couched in a tone that held a note of regret. "Too bad. Now, I suppose, you are as much in the dark as you were this morning."

Valentine shook his head.

"Not exactly. My unknown caller left a souvenir—some of her hair, attached to my ring."

Still the blue eyes met his blandly.

"Indeed! It sounds like a clue in a detective story. Tell me, was she a blonde?"

"I would say," Valentine murmured thoughtfully, "her hair was exactly the color of your own."

Lois Brayling looked seaward. A fishing smack had made its turn and was running with the wind.

She got up. To-day she wore a black and white checked raglan coat over a smart knitted sports frock. Her small feet were shod in capable buckskin shoes. She looked young, no more than twenty-four or five, the well-groomed English tourist. Despite her youth her poise was that of a much older person. She had either, Valentine decided, known life's seamy side or had absorbed some of her husband's urban dignity.

He sighed a little as he watched Lois Brayling disappear down the deck.

During dinner and afterwards, Valentine kept the blonde wife of Sir Esme within range of his quizzical gaze. He had become expert in the art of watching a person and not having his keen regard felt. When she and her husband went into the cafe for their coffee and liqueurs, the adventurer was seated at a rear table, close to a fluted column. He drew in behind it, half turning his back, but seeing them in a mirror that faced him. He watched them sit down, saw them order, noticed the blue eyes drift idly about the smoke-filled room.

There were two or three loungers at the bar. One, Lawson Clarke, was doing coin tricks for the amusement of one of the bar men and a steward. Clarke flipped a shilling into the air, caught it, rubbed his hand and opened it, showing that what he held was a penny. He made that disappear by a quick movement and snap of his fingers. It was elementary sleight-of-hand work, but it made the barman's eyes grow round with wonder.

"I don't know how you do it, sir. It's remarkable."

Clarke chuckled.

"It's not the trick itself, it's the tricky way it's done. The hand is quicker than the eye, George. Good-night."

He turned and started toward the door that opened into the salon adjoining. Clarke was slim, small, the typical musical comedy dancing man type. There was rhythm to his walk, to the swing of his shoulders. As he passed the table occupied by the Braylings the blonde woman reached for her liqueur glass. The brocaded satin bag on her lap slipped to the floor.

Clarke stopped, leaned quickly and picked it up.

"So careless of me." The blue eyes lifted to his. "Thank you."

"A pleasure," Clarke murmured politely, and went on.

Captain Valentine felt a thrill of interest. The hand was quicker than the eye, but not quite quick enough. In the mirror he had seen Clarke palm the folded scrap of paper Lady Brayling pressed into his fingers when he returned the bag. The adventurer tapped his highball glass retrospectively. She was communicating with Lawson Clarke. For what reason and why the secrecy?

On deck, Valentine wandered into the cardroom. Bridge had started. Cardeaux, Benton Ledyard, Clarke and another passenger were playing. The Captain dropped down on a lounge, watching the game. He wondered what Lady Brayling had written on the piece of paper she had given Clarke. A rendezvous? A warning of some kind? He made up his mind to keep Lawson Clarke under observation, no matter how long or late he had to stay up.

The Ceylon Empress pressed on steadily. The sea was quiet. Stars wheeled in the blue sky, towing a luminous moon up to take its place as the Admiral Ship in their glittering armada. The hour lengthened, the bridge game reached its final rubber.

Ledyard stood, stretched and yawned.

"How much am I in the red for?"

Cardeaux, figuring rapidly, named a precise amount:

"In your money—sixteen dollars."

Lawson Clarke finished his drink, pulled down his waistcoat.

"I'm on the winning end?"

"Five pounds."

Clarke took the money, said good-night and went out. Ledyard stared after him.

"That guy," the American murmured, "has the luck of the devil!"

"Either that," Cardeaux said, "or he plays his cards well."

"I'll say it's luck," Ledyard grunted.

Valentine slipped unobtrusively out on deck. Clarke's stateroom was on the other side of the ship. The adventurer made his way to the promenade deck. It was dark enough there to suit his purpose. He took up a stand in the shadows near a covered lifeboat where he could watch the door opening into the stateroom corridor below.

Minutes spun the span of a half hour and nothing happened. It was when the Captain decided he was on a false scent that he first saw a figure emerge on the promenade deck at a point a dozen yards beyond. Lady Brayling stepped out and into the faint glow of the stars.

The red tip of a cigarette burned a crimson hole in the night. Lawson Clarke hesitated at the top of the stairs, searching the murk for a glimpse of the one who came quickly toward him.

"That you, Lois?"

The woman loomed up beside Clarke.

"We can talk here, there's no one about," she said hurriedly. "But be quick. If Esme wakes up and finds I'm gone——"

"I'll be quick enough," Clarke promised. "Why didn't you get word to me to-day? What happened last night? I've been waiting to hear from you. When I saw you talking with him on deck this afternoon——"

"I had to find out if he suspected!"

"What?"

Valentine heard the quick breath she drew.

"I wasn't successful last night, Lawson. I did exactly what you told me, but he woke up before I could open his luggage"

Clarke's exclamation blended annoyance and apprehension into a low snarl.

"Why weren't you careful? I told you it was risky! What happened? If he found out——"

"He didn't," she assured him swiftly. "That's why I talked with him on deck; I wanted to be sure."

Clarke's anger subsided.

"Nothing but failure!" he complained, snapping his cigarette away. "Delford's waiting for word at the hotel in Port Said. I was supposed to have radioed him before this. You know how he is when there's a slip-up."

"I'm almost certain," she went on quietly, "that he's the man."

"Why do you think that?"

Valentine could almost see her shrug.

"I don't know, I suppose it's intuition."

Clarke laughed mirthlessly under his breath.

"We'll have to do better than that. Delford wants proof, not intuition. Stone doesn't entirely fit the description of the man who calls himself Captain Valentine. Naturally he could have shaved off the black moustache and grey sideburns, yet——"

Far below the engines pounded in steady vibrant measures.

"Why is he so important?" Lois Brayling asked. "You've never told me that."

"I don't know myself," Clarke answered shortly. "The thing came in a hurry, last-minute orders. The Tilbury Docks were to be kept covered. Stone was the only one who came aboard this ship bearing any suggestion of likeness to Captain Valentine. I'm confident that if you can get in his baggage you'll be able to turn up something in the way of proof. You've got to try again, Lois."

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Her question came after a long minute.

"How?"

"That's your problem. You're a smart woman, use your wits. He's a man and you're attractive."

"I'll do my best, Lawson."

She went down the stairs, leaving Clarke to move to the rail.

Finally he stepped away from the rail, descended the steps and disappeared through the corridor's door. Captain Valentine lighted a cigarette and moved out from the shelter of the lifeboat's shadows.

A sudden decision took him to the deck below. It was late. The salons were deserted, the few passengers had retired. Making sure that Clarke was in his own quarters, the adventurer went forward. His destination was the door of the Brayling suite, choicely located amidships. A crack of dim light showed at the transom. Inside Valentine heard movement, the deep regular breathing of Sir Esme, a faint patter of feet as they crossed and re-crossed the carpeted floor. Valentine knocked quietly.

"Who is it?"

The whispered query was followed by the turn of the knob. Blue eyes stared out questioningly. They widened when they saw Valentine. Evidently she had expected a steward with a message, or Lawson Clarke who had forgotten some final word.

"If it isn't too late," the adventurer murmured. "I'd appreciate a few minutes of your time—on deck."

She regarded him, frowning.

"But that is impossible, Mr. Stone."

"Important," Valentine corrected.

"I'm about to retire. To-morrow——"

"To-night, now!" He leaned toward her. "You want information concerning a certain Captain Valentine," he said significantly. "I can supply it!"

Her red lips parted. She retreated a step, darting a glance at what the adventurer knew was the bed in which Sir Esme slumbered heavily. She caught up a light camel's hair coat, shut the door soundlessly and looked at him askance.

She made no comment, voiced no inquiry until he had escorted her to the promenade deck at a point not far from where she had kept her clandestine rendezvous with Lawson Clarke so short a time previous. She turned up the collar of her coat, held him with her eyes.

"What—how do you know that I—I——"

The adventurer completed her wondering question:

"That you are anxious to discover the identity of the gentleman in question? That is something I can't reveal at the moment. I brought you up here so that you might learn whatever you think necessary to pass on to Clarke. What would you like to know?"

Her piquant face was a study in bewilderment. For the second time her hand tightened over his arm. The urge of an irresistible impulse carried her close to him.

"Who are you?"

The adventurer freed his arm, gave her a bow that was both pseudo-dramatic and flamboyantly embellished with a sweeping flourish.

"I," he announced, "happen to be the Captain Valentine whose stateroom you visited last night!"

FOR Valentine there was always a certain amount of satisfaction in the stupefied surprise following the skilful playing of a trump card.

"Captain Valentine!" Lois Brayling said sibilantly.

His manner changed, turned brisk, blunt.

"Tell Clarke that. It will save you another excursion to my cabin. Besides, you won't find anything in my bags to link me with the one you want."

Her first agitation dwindled. She considered him intently, as if not quite certain whether to believe him.

"Why have you told me? How did you know——"

"As Captain Valentine it's my business to know things, Lady Brayling."

"But——"

He lost some of his patience.

"Don't be a fool! Give Clarke the information he wants. I'll sit with you on deck in the morning. Then you can go to him and tell him you pumped me, learned I've been in Paris recently, that I sent my Chinese servant on ahead to Port Said——"

She understood then.

"You listened!"

"To every word."

Her glance was still strained, confused.

"What's Clarke doing, blackmailing you?" asked Valentine.

She gave an imperceptible start, facing him suddenly, an inner disturbance changing her expression, making her face almost haggard in the moonlight. She appeared on the verge of saying something, checked herself and shook her head.

"I—can't——"

"Of course not. Perhaps we'd better say good-night—or good morning—temporarily. At ten in the deck chairs, Lady Brayling. Pleasant dreams."

Towards noon the following day he saw Lawson Clarke coming out of the radio office. Earlier, as agreed, Valentine had spent half an hour in his deck chair conversing with Lois Brayling for Clarke's benefit. His plan moved smoothly along for, in the radio shack, with a pencil poised over a company blank, his gaze had found and rested on the message Clarke filed.

The adventurer read:

Ronald Delford

Hotel du Thebes et Orientale

Port Said

February 14th. Positive. Alone. Send instructions. Clarke.

Valentine wrote out his own message in code, addressed it to Tim at the Bazaar Alahdi, paid its transmission and lingered to talk with the operator. He was in perfect humor when, changing from tweeds to flannels, he wandered down to the bar. The iron was in the fire now. Remained only the necessity of discovering what tight hold Lawson Clarke held Lady Brayling in.

The hours slipped by. The Ceylon Empress reached and trudged over the blue floor of the Mediterranean.

Port Said stood just ahead now. The afternoon before the ship was due to reach Egypt's northern gate, Valentine loitered in the shade of the bridge's overhang. His cigarette supply was almost exhausted. He made a note to replenish it at the emporium of Simon Arts when he went ashore at Port Said. Then he caught a glimpse of Lawson Clarke coming down the stairs from the deck above and promptly forgot everything except the radiogram he saw Clarke shove in his pocket.

For the first time since it had left London the Ceylon Empress faced stormy weather. With the crimson sunset the wind had died, leaving the sea glassy, black and ominous. In the west a haze bank piled up formidably. The heat had increased, the dining-room stewards seemed limp as they served. The adventurer escaped Jorgensen at the meal's conclusion and went out on deck. Most of the passengers were on the promenade. He could hear their voices and laughter. Sir Brayling, in white linen, emerged from the main salon, polished his monocle and, alone, headed for the bar. Ledyard, the American, appeared after a space and stopped for a word:

"Confoundedly hot."

He moved on, following Sir Esme's trail, and Valentine went to his cabin.

The fans stirred up the heavy air. He put on a shantung lounging suit, kicked his bare feet into slippers and opened his last tin of cigarettes. To-morrow at this time he would be with Wang Shim.

VALENTINE switched off the electricity. Lightning, like a blade in the hands of a sword dancer, slashed brilliant streaks in the sombre sky. He watched it, fascinated as always by its pyrotechnic display. Thunder rumbled distantly and rain began to fall. Heavy, splashing drops brought the first breath of cool air to the oppressive night. He turned on his side to see better and this action, he decided later, undoubtedly saved his life.

The husky cough of a revolver sheathed with an American silencer occurred at the same time its lead missile cut past the adventurer's head and flattened itself on the steel rim of the porthole!

Valentine made two swiftly synchronised moves. The first rolled him off the couch and dropped him on all fours to the floor. The second propelled him up to and against the man who lashed out desperately with the weapon in his hand. The adventurer warded off a blow that would have crushed his skull. He had been caught unprepared, the thunder had blotted out the opening of the stateroom door, but the need of self-preservation was a stimulant and goad that put fury into his attack. He drove a knee to the man's stomach and hurled him back against the washstand. A flare of lightning showed him the pinched, leathery face of Clarke. Valentine laughed as he crashed a fist fully into the pale target of it.

After that he had no difficulty in wrenching the weapon free, tossing it to the bed and dragging Clarke to his feet. He held him against the wall until he turned on the lights. Then he pushed him contemptuously to the cushioned couch and stood off, hands on his flat hips, looking at him with ironic amusement.

"Delford sent instructions?"

Clarke raised a hand to his mouth. A trickle of blood crept from one corner of it, dripped off his chin. He wiped it away, making no attempt to conceal his surprise and chagrin. He bent over weakly. When he lifted his gaze again his eyes were sullen and defiant.

"Well, what are you going to do about it?"

"That," Valentine told him, "remains to be seen." He waited until his first flare of anger diminished. Long ago he had learned the advisability of taking the initiative only when his nerves were steady and his mind unhampered by the blaze of rage. "Answer me. Delford's message told you to get rid of me? You needn't bother to lie, I saw both the radiogram and the facial expression you brought down from the wireless office this afternoon."

Clarke took out his handkerchief and pressed it against his mouth.

"What do you intend doing with me? Let's get it over. I took a pot shot at you and missed. All right, now it's your turn."

The adventurer surveyed him meditatively.

Too many presents have no future. By

broidery, fur embroidery, Byzantine

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MOONS IN GOLD

"Strange as it may seem I'm going to give you a chance. Instead of having you held on a charge of attempted murder, I'm going to let you talk yourself out of this. It all depends on what you say and how true it is."

"What do you want me to tell you?"

Valentine dipped a hand into the cigarette tin.

"Why the man at Port Said wanted me killed."

Thunder detonations died in successive echoes. Clarke moistened his lips.

"I can't answer that, I don't know."

"Who is Ronald Delford?"

The other drew a breath.

"Harren, Victor Harren."

Valentine straightened up. It had been a long time since he had heard that name. More than three years had elapsed since the elegant Vic Harren, blackmailer and confidence man supreme, had slipped out of England to evade the tightening net of the law.

"Harren?" Captain Valentine repeated. "And you don't know why he wanted me removed?"

"No, that's the truth."

"Tell me about Lady Brayling. How did she get mixed up in this?"

Some of Clarke's defiance gleamed in his eyes.

"I don't——"

Valentine's long arm curved out. His hand fastened over Clarke's throat. He pushed him deep into the cushions, making his fingers vice-like in their grip.

"Tell me!"

The man choked, coughed and gasped. The adventurer jerked him erect, released and pushed him away.

"She—Lois—worked for Vic in London—once——"

Valentine's lean face set in severe lines. In a flash he understood, had the reason. Something like pity tempered his feeling for the woman. She might have deceived her husband, concealed a lurid past from him, but she had never thrown off the dark yoke Victor Harren placed on her shoulders and that, he knew, must give her no peace. How strong and compelling Harren's hold, was proven by the fact the former blackmail king had only to speak and she hastened to obey.

"You're in Harren's employ?"

Clarke nodded.

"I got back to London—broke. There were no stage engagements. I tried the cinema, everything. I borrowed, lived from hand to mouth. Then, about a month ago, I ran into an old pal of Vic's. He was looking for someone to do a job, all expenses paid. I didn't care what it was—anything to get some decent clothes, three meals a day. He said it would be easy, that Lois would work with me. I didn't know it meant murder——"

Valentine walked to the door. He opened it, held it wide.

"That's all, get out!"

THE city at the mouth of the Suez Canal baked in the sun-glare. Low, narrow, treeless, it spread between the Mediterranean and Lake Menzala.

Slowly, the Ceylon Empress moved to the floating wharf. On deck, Valentine stared down into the swarm of beggars, mendicants and pedlars all gesticulating, shouting. His gaze moved to the huddle of Port Said. Its sounds, smells, animation were familiar. He watched the liner ease up to the dock sent out to receive it. Beside him, Benton Ledyard took in the colorful spectacle with high interest.

"Seen anything of our friend Clarke?" he asked.

"Not since last night."

Ledyard frowned.

"Odd. He promised to go ashore with me, show me the sights. There was a bar he spoke of where they sell palm wine. He didn't come in for breakfast and his cabin was empty when I knocked on the door a few minutes ago."

"Did you try the baggage room?"

The American shrugged.

"No, but it's an idea. See you later."

The first of the natives came aboard with the famous Galli-Galli man, prestidigitator extraordinary. He was a small, wiry Arab in flowing white.

Ledyard returned.

"Can't find him anywhere. I'm not going to wait. Do me a favor, if you see him tell him I've gone ashore."

LOIS BRAYLING, in green and white, came on deck, her husband following. She looked wan, tired, troubled. Her blue eyes widened a trifle when she saw the jaunty figure of Valentine.

A few minutes later Valentine pushed a way through the ring of beggars in the sun-scorched, narrow street. Grimy hands implored alms. Fezzes, at a shilling each, were thrust in his face. Necklaces, jade jewellery, spices and a hundred and one flimsy trinkets were offered him. Finally he got by the persistent rabble and to the awning fronting the coffee shop where Wang Shim, immovable as the de Lesseps statue, stood waiting.

"The eye is made glad by the sight of my Master," the Chinese announced. "I have engaged a table inside, offered suggestions as to how you like your coffee brewed."

"Thoughtful Tim. It's good to see you again," Valentine said with genuine feeling.

The Arab proprietor bowed obsequiously.

"The best table in my shop for the arriving tourist. This way, if you please."

He made a ceremony of parting dangling curtains, blew dust from the circular table behind them and hurried back to his counter. Valentine sat down opposite Wang Shim.

"What news?" he asked eagerly.

"Eric St. Julian and the woman passed this way two days ago, Honorable Sir. They boarded a Peninsula and Oriental Line ship. A fine, comfortable, white vessel. I was on the wharf when they departed."

"Mademoiselle Ormonde is all right?"

"She appeared," Tim answered, "in the full radiance of her beauty."

"You received my message?"

"Out of the air," Wang Shim said.

He waited until the coffee was poured, the dirty curtains dropped in place.

"What of the man?" the Captain asked.

Wang Shim turned his thin yellow hand palm up.

"I have followed him daily. All there is to know," he explained simply. "I know. Presently I will impart my knowledge. Now, I would suggest you try this beverage."

Valentine chuckled.

"An excellent idea." He lifted his cup. "To the success of our venture, Tim!"

The Chinese touched the pottery rim of his cup to the other.

"Success," he quoted, "means obedience to the wisdom of the parables in the Book of Youthful Instruction. How may anyone fail when the recipe for victory is so plainly marked?"

The coffee finished, they went into the hot streets again. Mongrel dogs, snapping and snarling, ran past. Levantines, Egyptians and Arabs jabbered in a parade before the open bazaars. Wang Shim struck off to the east.

"You wish to see this man, Master?"

"At once."

"My feet hurry in his direction."

They rounded a corner between the open shops of rival fruit merchants and found themselves in a constricted cut walled in by low, two-storey buildings with flat, parched roofs. The odor of unburied refuse was sickening. Half-naked Arab children wandered the gutters, turning over the trash with short wooden sticks.

"I thought," Valentine said, "the man we seek had quarters at the Hotel du Thebes et Orientale."

"By night only. During the heated hours of the day he retreats to this miserable neighborhood. His business, master, seems only the writing of letters. He despatches them to all quarters of the globe, mostly to the England I am sure he comes from."

Wang Shim slowed.

"Here," he continued, lowering his tone, "is where the one of letters wields his unholy pen."

Valentine appraised the building Wang Shim indicated. It was no different from those on either side of it. White, except where time and rain engraved it with stain and corrosion, it had an air of poverty blighted weariness. Wang Shim led the way past, speaking rapidly:

"There are two doors. I would suggest the adjoining house, Honorable Sir. It was vacated yesterday morning and by the roof one may enter the place you are interested in. If it meets with your approval——"

"It does."

Wang Shim pushed open the unlocked door of the house he mentioned. Valentine followed him into day-gloom and stench. With a certainty that told the adventurer this was not his Oriental servant's first visit to the place, Wang Shim dragged a short ladder from behind a sagging door.

He carried it to a point on the south side of the end room, propped it against the wall and mounted it nimbly. With the flat of his hands he lifted and pushed aside the square wooden lid covering the opening to the roof.

"We must bend low," he said, "lest we be observed by the curious in the street. Levantines, I have learned, frequently meddle in what does not concern them."

They crossed to the next roof. From Wang Shim's attitude, the adventurer knew caution was necessary. The roof lid there was in better condition, it slid wide on well-oiled hinges. Soundlessly, Tim pushed it sideways and listened at the opening.

"I'll go first." The captain fit his feet to the ladder. "Remain here, on guard."

He descended to a landing paved with a splendid strip of finely-woven rug. The doors of the rooms were shut. From the rear, downstairs, voices mingled in conversation. The adventurer made sure no one watched him and continued to the first floor.

At the foot of the stairs he drew his gun, hesitated long enough to be certain the coast was clear. Then, slowly and discreetly he made his way to a half-open door and into the room it shielded. Drawn shutters blanketed it with grey murk. It was furnished simply and was clean. At one end, four steps led to a low mezzanine, over the iron rail of which rugs hung, and so down into another chamber.

The second room was a magnet that held Captain Valentine's entire attention. From

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where he stood he had a view, between the rugs on the mezzanine, of the room and its occupants.

He saw Victor Harren at a small writing-table.

The captain's gaze moved from Vic Harren to the woman seated across from him. Lady Brayling nervously fingered her white suede handbag. The sun intruded through the shades at the windows, lighted her face, gave her blue eyes the color and depth of the fear haunting them.

As Valentine watched, she turned her eyes to the narrow jewelled octagon ticking on her left wrist.

"I—I have to go, Vic," she said, her voice anxious. "I promised to lunch with my husband at the hotel. If I am late——"

Harren made a gesture.

"Keep your seat, I'm not finished with you yet." He pushed himself back in the chair. "Clarke failed me by a wide margin—I'll take care of that later. You're here and the matter dovetails neatly. My dear Lois, I am lamentably short of ready cash. What was promised me for keeping Captain Valentine from the final stage of his journey will not be forthcoming. You can see the position I'm in."

His voice was soft and persuasive. It was the sort of wheedling tone that had always been highly successful in dealings with his hapless victims. Lois Brayling must have recognised its power. She stirred uneasily, watching him closely.

"That hasn't anything to do with me, Vic."

"Hasn't it? Don't be too sure. Someone has to make up this deficit. Why not you?"

She strained forward.

"You mean——"

Harren shrugged.

"My hold is still one hundred per cent. perfect, my dear. Suppose I have luncheon with you and Sir Esme at the hotel. I'm confident he'd be interested in what I couldn't tell him regarding your youth."

"But you wouldn't! You swore on your word of honor——"

"Honor?" Harren laughed coldly. "I discarded that some time past. No, dear Lois," he resumed in the same purring voice, "honor plays no part in this. As I was saying, Sir Esme undoubtedly would like to learn what his wife's activities were before he found her in the ensemble of one of Bobby Langford's first revues. You understand. Don't let's waste time. How much money have you with you?"

"Four pounds," she faltered.

Harren picked up a match. He fixed it between his teeth, chewed on it. Motionless, Valentine awaited his next words. He knew what they would be.

"I admire your husband's taste in jewellery. That square cut diamond, for instance. Let me see it. And the watch, the brooch at your throat, that other ring. They're all valuable and saleable."

"What can I tell him?" she cried thinly.

Harren threw the match away and smiled broadly.

"The truth—that you were robbed!"

"But——" The woman breathed faster. "If you can wait, I'll send you money from Singapore! I promise——"

The man shook his head.

"Promises never pay immediate bills. You will not be passing this way again for some time, Lois. I'm sorry, it's the best I can do."

She inclined her blonde head. There was a moment of hesitation. Then, slowly, her unsteady fingers stripped off her rings, opened the brooch and removed the tiny jewelled watch. She laid each in turn on the table. Like a croupier raking in chips, Harren's curved arm drew them to him. He held the square cut diamond to the light, watching it sparkle and glitter.

"Is that all?" Lady Brayling asked dully. "May I go now?"

Harren got to his feet.

"Certainly, I will see you to the door."

She made no reply when he opened the door that led into the passage. Valentine, while Harren shot back the bolts at the entrance to the street, crossed the mezzanine and stepped into the room the two had left. He gathered up Lois Brayling's jewellery, dropped it in his pocket and sat down in the chair she had so recently occupied.

In the hall a telephone jingled. Harren finished locking the front door after his visitor and went to answer it. His voice floated in:

"Yes? Speaking. What's that? Clarke's body has been picked up in the outer harbor? Fell off the Ceylon Empress? How lamentable. Thank you for notifying me. Yes, I will take charge of the body——"

He hung up after another word or two and came humming into the room. Captain Valentine, lounging in the chair, smiled languidly.

"Poor Clarke. It is lamentable. All this might have been avoided had he, instead of practising dance steps, used a rifle range to perfect his aim."

"Valentine!"

The blackmailer's gaze levelled on the empty table top. A hot stain of color crimsoned his sunken cheeks. His lips twitched convulsively. The hands hanging at his sides clenched themselves into fists.

He stood with his back to the wall, his narrowing eyes venomous.

"Still up to your old tricks, Vic. As the twig is bent, I suppose, or something to that effect. How do you avoid the bearded Sikhs? What magic has kept you out of Scotland Yard's embrace?"

Victor Harren sucked in a breath.

"What are you doing here?"

"I came," the adventurer informed him, "to ask you a question."

"What is it?"

The Captain smothered his yawn with the back of a hand.

"Nothing you can't answer. Who was willing to pay you for my abrupt demise aboard the Ceylon Empress? It puzzles me."

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"Quite so." Valentine's gun slid into his hand. He swung its nose around until it covered Harren. "In which case we'll have to refresh your memory. Isn't that a letter file over there in the corner? We'll go through it, check its contents. You undoubtedly have had correspondence with the person desirous of my death."

The expression on the haggard face changed. A look of a sudden guile replaced the former vehement stare. Harren sat down.

"After all, I have nothing to lose. Suppose I answer your question. Will you give me back what Lady Brayling left for me?"

Valentine's laugh held a note of real mirth.

"Vic, you are getting old!" He leaned forward, ripped the words out forcefully. "Who's the man?"

Harren straightened as if struck.

"St. Julian, Eric St. Julian! He agreed to pay me five hundred pounds to get rid of you! He got in touch with me before he left London for Brindisi. I saw him here, a few days ago. He told me he has something you want. He was afraid you'd overtake him and get it. That's the truth, Valentine!"

The adventurer stood. St. Julian? The explanation tied in perfectly with the events of past weeks. Who else but St. Julian, fearful for the Moons in Gold, would want him out of the way?

"I think," he said, "that it all. You might show me out."

In silence Harren opened the hall door. He stood aside. As Valentine passed he whipped out a flat automatic with a dexterity the adventurer didn't think him capable of. Its short barrel rammed against the Captain's back.

"Stand still! Get into the room! I'm not through with you—yet!"

Hands elevated, the adventurer walked into the chamber. Harren stood him against the wall, licking his scaly lips.

"I hope your aim is better than that of your late agent," Valentine murmured.

The other took the gun from its shoulder scabbard where the Captain had replaced it. The blackmailer's satisfaction brightened his face.

"Where's Lady Brayling's jewellery?"

"If I give it to you will it be the price of my freedom?"

"Worried?" Harren taunted.

"I have every reason to be. Clarke failed but what's to prevent you from still collecting your fee? Isn't that the idea?"

Victor Harren's teeth showed in a twisted smile.

"I thought of that the minute I saw you!"

"So did I. Which is why I took the precaution of bringing an assistant with me. Harren, you haven't a chance. See, I have only to sidestep like this, knock your gun hand aloft, and——"

Fitting action to words, Valentine's surprise move came in the next breath. The gun in Harren's hand exploded harmlessly. The adventurer forced the arm back until a cry of agony came from the compressed mouth of the blackmailer. Harren struck against the table, pain showing in every line of his face. He was in that position, bent tortuously back, when Wang Shim came into the room.

Like a cat the Chinese leapt on Harren. A knife flashed in the single ray of sun that filtered through the blinds. With a choked scream, Victor Harren sagged to his knees, plunged forward, and fell heavily.

An hour later, in one of the shaded rooms off the wide verandah of the Hotel du Thebes et Orientale, the adventurer smoked a cigarette and gave Wang Shim a small package and a letter.

"You will deliver both to Lady Brayling. You will find her aboard the Ceylon Empress. You will know her because her hair holds the gold of the sun and her eyes the blue of the Mediterranean. Simply hand her these and do not wait for an answer."

The Oriental bowed.

"I will act swiftly to accomplish your errand." He weighed the small package, held it to his ear. "It ticks, Master."

"It's a watch, among other things, not a bomb," Valentine said. "Hurry, I need

Too many presents have no future. By

broidery, fur embroidery, Byzantine!

On a smart woman at luncheon the

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MOONS IN GOLD

you back here. There is much to discuss and plan before we sail toward Shanghai on Friday."

PAST the curio shop of the Dutchman, Jan van Domm, the night life of Shanghai marched in colorful pageant.

In a rear room of van Domm's shop two men lingered over their coffee and liqueurs. One was the Dutchman, fat, pink-cheeked, guilessly bland, blue-eyed. He rolled a cigar between thick lips, enjoying its rich flavor. Opposite, slender, wiry, and as debonair as usual, Captain Valentine smoked a cigarette and peered musingly about the place.

van Domm sucked on his cigar, his guileless blue eyes dreaming. He moved his carpet slippered feet and loosened his silk shirt at his thick throat. Insects hummed around the glass-slabbed Malay lamp that gave the room its dim, restful illumination.

"You are thinking, eh?" he grunted.

The Captain looked up.

"You must know why I came to Shanghai."

"I have not," van Domm said frankly, "the slightest idea. Occasionally I hear of you. You are in Russia, on the Riviera, in Siam." He made a gesture. "You are as difficult to keep track of as a coin changing hands."

Valentine regarded the man quizzically. He knew he could trust Jan van Domm. There were few he believed in, had faith in. The Dutchman was one of that small number. Stolid and phlegmatic he had turned to his curios and stolen gems after years of tobacco planting. Valentine had tested van Domm's honesty and found it rang true.

"St. Julian has been here?" he began slowly.

"Last week. I forget the exact day. Wait, I will tell you precisely." He picked up an ivory hammer and struck a tiny bronze gong beside him. A shimmering Minsin tapestry at the rear of the room parted. A youth who wore spectacles came in. He was thin, hatchet-faced, narrow-chested. Valentine remembered him as August Framm, the Dutchman's assistant. "Bring me my appointment book," van Domm requested.

"It is in the safe."

"Then open the safe." When Framm went out, van Domm sighed. "Stupid. He will never learn, that boy."

Framm returned within a few minutes with a book in leather covers.

"There is a customer in front, a tourist interested in fans. I must hurry back to wait on him."

van Domm said nothing. He moistened a thumb and turned the pages in the book. Valentine saw they were crowded with his fine, meticulous writing.

"Here it is. On Wednesday last at eleven o'clock in the morning St. Julian came here." He shut the book. "He came to ask what I would pay for a collection of opals known as the Moons in Gold. You have heard of them, eh?"

"Frequently," Valentine answered dryly.

The Dutchman gently tapped the ash from his cigar.

"I told him I would have to see the stones. He made an appointment for ten o'clock that night. He said he would bring them here. All day I dreamed about the opals. The finest in the entire world. Opals with a history, with traditions! Opals so magnificent that men have died for their possession. Opals stained with blood, that have left ruin in their trail!"

Captain Valentine bent tensely forward.

"Did St. Julian return at ten that night?"

van Domm blew a puff of smoke at the low ceiling.

"Neither that night nor since."

The lids dropped over Valentine's eyes.

"Odd. Do you think——"

The other moved his fat shoulders.

"He either changed his mind—was lying—or was frightened off."

"He wasn't lying!"

"Ah, then you do know something!"

"I know," Valentine said crisply, "that St. Julian beat me to the opals by minutes. He killed a man to get them. I followed him from Paris to London, and from London here. I have made a vow with myself. Before the last petals fall from the plum trees in the Mandarins' gardens you shall bargain with me for the Moons in Gold!"

"So," van Domm murmured.

"Where are St. Julian's headquarters?"

The Dutchman's blue eyes moved to the adventurer's hawk-like face.

"He told me nothing. He simply made the appointment. Beyond that I have no information."

Valentine got up. He knit his brows in thought. Why hadn't St. Julian returned to the curio shop? What had prevented him? Had he left Shanghai?

"Perhaps," he said, "I had better start back to my hotel. The hour is getting late."

"You have many things to do?" van Domm hinted. He made no move to arise. His spatulate fingers dropped to Valentine's arm. "Moons in Gold, eh? Something worth while. Bring them in when you have them, and I will be as generous with you as I have been in the past."

The front portion of the shop was deserted save for August Framm. The thin youth with the spectacles sat hunched on a stool at one counter reading a month-old Holland newspaper. He nodded to the Captain as the latter went. Chimes made music when Valentine opened and shut the door after him.

The Street of the Bazaars was filled with pedestrians. Prayer rugs hung from dim balconies. Figures lounged in doorways. At the corner a better lighted avenue rumbled with the night's traffic. Valentine had gone no more than a dozen steps before Wang Shim loomed up beside him.

"The set of your shoulders is as revealing as the printed page to the gaze of a philosopher, Honorable Master. You have learned nothing."

"I walk in complete darkness," Valentine told him.

The Chinese made a gesture.

"Yet knowledge lights a thousand lamps."

"Perhaps. I had hoped that to-night we would dine on the luscious tongues of humming birds and prickle pears preserved in the golden juice of honey. Instead, Tim, I must eat the bitter cake of disappointment."

Wang Shim stepped closer to him.

"While I waited my unsleeping eyes beheld a watcher. The shop your illustrious presence honored was carefully observed by a man who loitered further down this street."

Valentine turned quickly.

"What became of him?"

"He disappeared a few minutes before you came. He went in the opposite direction to that which we now walk."

"A Chinese?"

"A foreign devil, master. As tall as you, heavier in build, unfamiliar in appearance."

"And you think he was watching me?"

"I am as confident of it as the night is of the sunrise."

Valentine tightened his lips.

"You should have followed him, Tim."

"To disobey your command would be to cut off my right hand. However, I did as well. I despatched a young friend of mine, one Loo Ling. Later he will report to me."

"Admirable, Tim," Valentine commended. "You forget nothing. Return to the hotel—or wherever you told your friend to meet you—and wait for me. I shall go to the Cosmopolitan Bar and ponder my problems for a half hour."

The Chinese melted into the light-shot darkness of the avenue. Valentine turned south on it.

The hotel where he had taken lodgings was not far from the Cosmopolitan Bar. He shaped a leisurely course towards it. It was halfway down International Road. It was called the Royal and was operated by three brothers who had served an apprenticeship in San Francisco. They were Greeks who had solved the problem of Chinese labor.

The Captain's quarters were on the second floor. Two cool, airy rooms faced a balcony that overlooked a poppy garden below. He turned on a light, took off his linen coat and noted the time. Tim had not yet returned. He pulled a chair around to catch what faint breeze there was and lighted his pipe. He was tired. The fruitless search of the seven days had enervated him. His head tipped forward. He remembered to lay the pipe on the table beside him, pushed out his long legs, and dozed off.

A clock was striking somewhere when Valentine straightened. His expedition days had given him a cat-like sense of subconscious hearing. The faint rattle of the door-knob took him to his feet. He turned as Wang Shim came into the room.

"I am late, Master."

"What news?"

WANG SHIM'S inscrutable face remained expressionless. He bowed as he drew a step closer.

"I went to the Palace of a Thousand Delights on the Wishing Well Road. There I encountered Loo Ling after he had sent a messenger to me. The one he followed from the Street of the Bazaars is there now—waiting for someone."

"Who is he?"

The Chinese spread his fingers wide in an empty gesture.

"I do not know. I have never seen him before. He is a white devil. English, I would judge, from my poor powers of observation. He is in the Room of the Sleeping Dragon. You cannot fail to identify him. His hair is the color of the sunset."

Captain Valentine buckled on his shoulder scabbard, pulled his linen coat over it and picked up his hat. He went down the hotel stairs to the street. The night greeted him with the shimmer of its stars and the subtle fragrance of almonds. A sedan chair went by. A rickshaw drew even with him. He climbed into it.

"The Palace of a Thousand Delights."

The rickshaw rounded a broad, tree-lined thoroughfare. The famous fan-tan establishment of a Cantonese syndicate stood on one corner. Darkness bulked between the place and the rambling, wooden building known as the Palace of a Thousand Delights. Once it had been a celebrated night resort, a paradise of sing-song girls and bunks where those in search of dreams could find the heaven of the poppy. In recent years the tourist trade had gilded

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the sinister reputation of the Palace. It had become, more or less, a spot for sight-seers who witnessed only what its proprietor chose to reveal. Valentine was aware that behind the show put on for the curious, danger in its varied guises still lurked.

He paid and dismissed the rickshaw boy.

He passed from the main corridor to the rear. Clean rice matting paved the floor. A Chinese in a brocaded mandarin coat with wide sail sleeves got up from his seat at the foot of the staircase.

He made a low, obsequious bow.

"Stars of evening shine brightly in the blue of the benign heavens, Honorable One."

Valentine recalled the answer.

"YET, at dawn," he said, "the sun dissolves the night in the glowing bowl of morning."

The Chinese stepped aside.

"The way is clear, Illustrious Visitor."

The Captain went up a narrow flight of stairs. He was in that portion of the building forbidden the tourists. He had passed from the modern, civilised Shanghai to the old city with its ancient traditions.

Several sing-song girls squatted before the taborets, cooking the gum on long needles. Occasionally a sigh of contentment drifted from one of the bunks. The quiet was broken by the sputter of toasting opium, the felt-padded whisper of a girl's feet as she moved.

One of them approached the adventurer. She lifted her liquid, oval eyes.

"The Bunk of the Drowsy Lily."

"It awaits you."

The girl guided him to the south wall. She brushed aside the soft, cotton curtains. Valentine climbed into the bunk, arranging them in place after he stretched out within it.

"I am ready," he announced.

The girl returned with his pipe. She leaned over the edge of the bunk. The adventurer took it and pressed a coin in her yellow hand.

"One came to-night with flame-colored hair," he whispered.

The sing-song girl nodded.

"One came."

"He is here now?"

She dropped her voice to a lower pitch.

"He is across from you."

Valentine let the curtains fall as she returned to her taboret. He laid the pipe on the groove beside him, propped his head against the duck feather pillow and touched the flat bulge in his linen coat made by his service pistol.

Minutes ticked away on the luminous dial of his watch. He kept his gaze focused on the opposite bunk. A half hour elapsed before he detected signs of movement there. Presently the cotton curtains fluttered. A hand pushed them aside. A man looked out between them.

"Luan-li."

A girl got up from her taboret and went to him. The man spoke rapidly in perfect Chinese:

"In a few minutes a friend of mine will come here. You understand? He will ask for me—Dave Slade. Is that clear?"

"As the water in the Pool of the Lotus Blossom."

"When he comes take him into the ante-room. Tell him the bunks are all engaged. Then let me know."

Coins jingled as they exchanged hands.

"Your command is engraved on my memory," the girl told him.

Slade? Valentine thought fast. He couldn't remember anyone by that name. The man expected a visitor. What did that mean? He was to wait in the ante-room? Valentine moved in the bunk. The ante-room, he recalled distinctly, was on his side of the Room of the Sleeping Dragon. He smiled to himself. Not for nothing had he requested the Bunk of the Drowsy Lily.

He slid a hand down along its panels. His fingers found and touched the wooden contrivance that allowed the panelling to be pushed apart. He tested it, rolling up the thin wooden wall until he was able to see into the faintly-lighted chamber on its other side. For a long minute he scrutinised the room carefully. Concealment there was made possible by screens that stood, brightly painted, along the north end of the ante-room. Quietly, Valentine transferred himself from the bunk to the other room.

He pushed the panelling back in place and took up a stand behind the last screen in line. He hadn't long to wait. No more than five minutes elapsed before the door opened and the girl who had spoken with the read-headed Slade ushered a man in. Valentine, as the wan glow of a Tulip lamp fell on the newcomer, stiffened. He had seen the other no more than a few hours previous. His thin figure and spectacles couldn't be mistaken.

Slade's friend was August Framm, von Domm's clerk!

The newcomer fingered his nat nervously while the sing-song girl spoke:

"You are to wait here. The one you have come to see will join you."

She left the room while Framm wandered about restlessly. Valentine's service pistol left its holster. He stepped out from behind the screen.

"Good morning, Mr. Framm," he began quietly. "It might be an excellent idea for you to meet me instead of Slade. What do you think?"

Framm's hat dropped to the matting. He reached to pick it up. An exclamation of surprise and dismay escaped his tight lips.

"You—I thought——"

"Quickly!" Valentine ordered. "We're leaving here—together! A word from you and I'll kill you!"

His left hand gripped Framm's arm. He pulled him in behind the screens, pressing the nose of his gun hard against the youth's narrow chest. In that position he held him while the door opened.

Slade's voice said inquiringly:

"I thought you told me he was in here? Say, what——"

The rest of it trailed away. The patter of feet broke out. The sing-song girl answered in Chinese:

"He must have gone out. I told him to wait——"

Slade swore under his breath.

"I'll look for him downstairs. If he comes up again, tell him to stay here until I get back."

The door swung softly shut. The smile on Valentine's lips bit deeper into its corners. Framm was trembling violently in his grip. A paroxysm of terror shook his slender frame. van Domm's clerk peered up at Valentine with wide, alarmed eyes.

"Fortunately," the adventurer murmured, "I seem to recall a rear exit. We will go this way——"

He pushed aside a screen designed with cabalistic characters. He urged Framm through the curtained egress behind it and out onto a shallow landing. The stairs there were wide enough for two to descend side by side. A door at the foot of them opened on a terrace that faced the garden. Except for the fading shine of the stars the darkness was absolute.

"What are you going to do?"

Valentine went on down the garden's centre path before he spoke again. He disregarded Framm's agitated question.

"How did you come here?"

"In—in a car. It is parked on the Wishing Well Road."

The Captain's sense of satisfaction deepened. Things were beginning to move smoothly.

"Car? Good. We'll use it."

A gate in the wall led to a covered alley, the alley through to the street beyond. Framm's vehicle, an ancient car of American manufacture, stood under a tree, not far from the gate. Valentine made sure the redheaded Slade was not in evidence before he pushed Framm into its front seat. "Where do you want me to go?" the youth asked, his nervousness still apparent in his tone.

"You might," Valentine suggested, "take me to the Street of the Bazaars. I'm sure your employer will be interested in hearing how you tried to keep an appointment with Slade."

It was a chance shot, a carefully planned remark.

"No, no! Don't ask me to do that! Herr van Domm is none too well pleased with me as it is! He will——"

"Exactly," the Captain interrupted. "I know what van Domm's temper is when aroused. Suppose you drive along while I ask you a few questions. I know a thing or two about Dave Slade," he added convincingly, "and I'd like to learn why you, van Domm's trusted clerk, attempted to see him at this early hour."

Framm looked up at him again.

"And—and if I refuse to answer your questions?"

Captain Valentine smiled.

"I hardly think you will."

The youth at the wheel squared his narrow shoulders.

"What is it," he said finally, "you want to know?"

ALWAYS adept in getting to the bottom of perplexing problems, Valentine wasted little time in drawing out the information he desired.

"Why did you want to see Slade?"

It was as if purging himself of his story restored some of Framm's lost equanimity. His voice grew steadier.

"It is a long explanation. I shall tell it to you from the beginning and hope you will be fair about it."

"That depends on how truthful you are. It wouldn't pay to deceive me," Valentine advised. "I have the habit of being able to recognise the truth when I hear it."

"A week or ten days ago," Framm continued, "Slade came into the shop. Herr van Domm was out at the time. I'm sure Slade knew that. He asked me if I would like to earn some money for myself. I was interested because, for the past six months, I have been trying to save enough to get back to Holland. I loathe this infernal city. I came, expecting to make a fortune and my dream since I discovered the impossibility of it has been to go home."

"What did Slade want you to do?"

Framm pushed his spectacles higher on his thin nose.

"He offered me as much as I'm paid a week to give him certain information. He said that at some time within the next few days following his call an Englishman would

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broidery, fur embroidery, Byzantine

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MOONS IN GOLD

come to the shop. He described him to me in detail. Slade said the man's real name was St. Julian, but that he might use a nom de plume. Do you want me to give you the description Slade gave me?"

"It is unnecessary. I happen to be acquainted with the gentleman. What else?"

Framm drew a breath.

"I was to eavesdrop if possible and tell Slade what conversation I heard between St. Julian and my employer. I was to learn, if I could, St. Julian's address. Briefly, I was to pass on to Slade every scrap of information I could obtain concerning the man."

"But you didn't learn much?"

Framm shook his head.

"Nothing. That is beyond the fact that St. Julian did come to the shop and talked for a few minutes with Herr van Domm. He was to return but he never came back."

"Continue. There must have been a new angle," Valentine said, "that will explain to-night."

"On Tuesday," August Framm went on, "I saw Slade again. I told him I had been unsuccessful. He gave me half the money he had promised. Then he said there was someone else who had recently arrived in Shanghai whom he wanted observed. That person was you."

"And a little while ago," the Captain added, "you went to the Palace of a Thousand Delights to give Slade the particulars of my visit and conversation with your employer."

"Yes."

Valentine rested an arm against the side door of the small car.

"I have always," he stated pleasantly, "had an intense dislike for those who spy and pry into other people's affairs. It is unpardonable."

"But I needed the money so badly!" Framm whined.

"By betraying van Domm's confidence, as well as the matter I discussed with him to-night," Valentine declared, "you might have jeopardised my life. For a paltry sum you would have had me murdered!"

"I—I didn't know it was as serious as that," the youth faltered.

"It might have been! I'll give you a chance to clear yourself. Instead of betraying me to Slade you will betray Slade to me! The man is interested in me.

"What do you know about Slade?"

"You mean——"

"Come, come. You're not half as stupid as you've made van Domm believe. You know something more than you've told me. What?"

"That is all——"

"What?"

The amiable note in Captain Valentine's voice gave way to a sharp snap.

"I know that Slade is to meet a—a——" He broke off with a quick exclamation. "I can't tell you! He'll kill me if I do!"

"I'll kill you if you don't!"

The car had left the city limits. It travelled one of the highways that ran north. Traffic was infrequent. Now and then they passed plodding figures.

"To-night—on a junk up the river—Slade had a rendezvous with some man who was to supply information—about the opals! He told me he was going there after he saw me."

"Where on the river?"

"The Chungtu Wharf."

"Where is the junk?"

"Anchored off the shore."

Valentine lighted a cigarette.

"Where do you want me to go now?" August Framm asked.

"To the Chungtu Wharf."

"You won't say anything to Herr van Domm?"

The Captain threw his cigarette away and looked at his watch.

"Not unless I find you've tried to trick me. "But you wouldn't do that," he added, "van Domm must have told you something about my reputation. Usually an amiable person, I can, with very slight provocation, become a most unpleasant one to deal with. For that reason, and to remain in good health and spirits, you have been sensible. You've told me the truth; you are assisting me in every possible way. Isn't that so——"

He heard Framm swallow.

"Yes, that is true."

"When we reach the Chungtu Wharf," the adventurer resumed, "you will wait for me in the car. I will go out to the junk, board it and interview the gentleman your friend Slade was to see."

Framm shivered perceptibly.

"You will never come back alive!"

Valentine laughed.

"You think not?" He moved his shoulders. "I have come back from more formidable things than a Chinese junk anchored in a sluggish river." He caught the faraway glimmer of lights. "We're getting somewhere. What's the name of the village yonder?"

"Chungtu."

TWENTY more minutes and Framm's small car was passing through the sleeping town. The lights Valentine had seen in the distance were at the railroad station. The car followed twisting, narrow streets to the crowded banks of the river.

He saw Framm's spectacled gaze intent upon the moored vessels. The thin youth from the curio shop turned to him quickly.

"From what I heard I thought——"

"There'd only be one junk with, perhaps, a dinghy waiting to take me out to it? Whose boat is it?"

"I don't know."

Valentine opened the door beside him.

"In which case I shall have to find out. Wait here. It might even be a good idea to catch up on your lost sleep. I'll be back—presently."

He went down the wooden walk that led to the wharf. He had to discover aboard which junk the man was to meet the one who awaited him. Something told him he had no great amount of time to waste in fruitless search. In all likelihood Slade was not far behind him.

The sound of oars took Valentine closer to the wharf's edge. In the murky half-light a three-oared sampan drifted toward the dock. Voices spoke in Chinese. The water sighed under the blades propelling the boat. One of its crew, naked save for slippers and loin cloth, scrambled nimbly from the sampan's bow to the wharf. The adventurer stood waiting. The man's yellow body glistened like some sea-risen figure.

He approached, spreading his arms wide.

"May the gods torment me in their wrath, Son of the Sun. We are late," he said in Chinese. "T'sing Hu could not present himself. I am his son and heir, sent to convey you to the junk. I hope your illustrious presence has not graced this humble wharf for too great a time."

"I am displeased," the Captain replied, "but you can make amends. Take me to my destination without further delay."

"I kneel to ask forgiveness," the man said. "We are ready, my two brothers and I."

To Valentine the arrival of the sampan represented another smile on the face of Fate. He climbed down into it, steadying himself, peering back through the shadows.

The sampan cleared a fishing smack and headed toward a junk that seemed larger than the others. It was anchored almost in the middle of the stream. One lantern winked in the rise and fall of the tide. Closer, the Captain saw its high poop and bare sticks.

"I am near my destination?" he asked.

"You have reached it," he was told.

The sampan drew in under the junk's counter. The Chinese who spoke caught the hang of a rope ladder that snaked down from the leeward rail. He held it as steady as possible. Valentine took his cue and fitted his feet to its hemp rungs.

"You are to wait," he ordered.

"For a thousand nights, Master."

The greasy planks of the deck echoed to Captain Valentine's tread. Except for the single lantern forward there were no other lights. He searched the gloom, advancing toward the squat outline of a bow deck house.

At the raised threshold of the deckhouse door, Valentine's gun slipped into his hand. He lowered his head, listening. A thin crack of light showed under the drawn curtain at one open window, but the silence was heavily oppressive. Instinct seemed to tell him that the junk was deserted, uninhabited. He regarded the crack of light a moment longer. His left hand flattened out on the rough surface of the door. He pushed it wide, bringing the barrel of his pistol up simultaneously. He stepped in, the weapon he held lowering. The single occupant of the deckhouse, stretched on the floor, was no formidable foe.

The man lying there was, Captain Valentine saw at once, either mortally wounded or dead!

A widening crimson pool seeped out from under Blauvelt's right side. Valentine's fingers detected the faint beat of a weakening pulse. He ripped open Blauvelt's worn coat. Scarlet splashes told him what had happened. The man had been shot in the stomach—at close range, if the scorch marks on the jacket meant anything. Death was only a matter of minutes.

The adventurer laid Blauvelt on the couch. The man moaned, one hand twitching convulsively. A cracked pitcher half filled with stale water stood on the floor near the stove. Valentine used it to bathe Blauvelt's face. He uncapped his leather-covered pocket flask and forced whisky between the dying man's clamped teeth. The stimulant was effective. The shut eyes fluttered open. The trembling hand relaxed. A sigh replaced the thin moans.

"He—they shot me!"

The adventurer's probing gaze fastened on Blauvelt's face. He bent over him.

"Who shot you? What happened?"

The other sighed again. He tried to raise his hand. He let it fall heavily to his side. His lips smiled stiffly.

"You can't fool him, guv'nor . . . He's too smart . . . All the time he knew about it . . . He didn't say anything . . . He waited . . . He got me all right——"

Out on the river Valentine heard the pant of some motor craft. His fingers tightened on Blauvelt's arm.

"Tell me what happened!" he urged.

Blauvelt's eyes peered into his own. There was no recognition in them, nothing except a blank, wavering stare.

"You can get the stuff, Dave . . . If the lady doesn't beat you to it . . . He doesn't know she's after the opals, but I do. I seen her going through his luggage. He thinks he's fooled her, but she's using him——"

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His ghastly laugh awoke eerie echoes. Swallowing painfully, Blauvelt clawed the dirty couch cover. Valentine leaned closer to him.

"Where is St. Julian now?"

The man's blank eyes peered up and past him. Into his question the adventurer put a compelling, insistent note. Valentine repeated his query:

"Where is St. Julian now?"

Blauvelt pressed his face against the pillow. His voice, when he spoke again, faded to a thin, gasping whisper. The adventurer strained his ears to catch the almost unintelligible words:

"The Temple—of the—Three Buddhas—"

The blank eyes closed. Blauvelt's thin body twitched, relaxed. When the Captain felt for his pulse he detected no further spasmodic beat. He got up, moved away from the couch. He turned the lamp out, stepped through the deckhouse door and came to a halt, his strained nerves taut.

FROM the port side of the junk he was able, in the faint streaks of the approaching dawn, to see figures swarming over the windward rail. The first to reach the deck shouted some curt order. The voice was that of the red-headed man of the Room of the Sleeping Dragon in the Palace of a Thousand Delights.

Slade, as Valentine figured, had not been far behind!

He rounded the deckhouse, plunging toward the starboard rail. Slade's bellow pursued him like an irate demon:

"Stop! You——"

A shot cracked. Something whistled perilously past the adventurer's head. It served, if anything, to accelerate his rapid movements. It took less than a second to climb to the junk's rotting rail. For another fleeting instant he stood poised.

Then, like an arrow sprung from its bow, he knifed the sluggish current of the river in a deep, clean dive that carried him well away from the junk tenanted by a dead man and those who crowded its rail.

It was mid-afternoon of the following day. Dressing leisurely with Wang Shim's aid, the Captain reviewed the events of the past hours. He had reason for neither satisfaction nor disappointment. He might or might not have stumbled across a valuable clue in Sandy Blauvelt's final words.

The flower Valentine arranged in his buttonhole was a bright spot against the granite grey of his suit. He surveyed the effect critically, then announced to Tim:

"I have an errand for you. You remember those who last year accompanied us to the Desert? Find out how many would be willing to go with me to Lengchau."

"I shall do so this afternoon. May I inquire what price you are willing to pay?"

Valentine took the hat and stick handed him.

"The terms will be the same as on the other expedition. I am leaving for the Polo Club. If all goes well I shall meet you here some time close to seven o'clock."

"I shall wait your august presence at that hour," Wang Shim murmured.

The Polo Club was beyond the Golden Peacock Road, several streets from the Bank of the Orient. It was patronised by the Americans and Europeans who lived in or near Shanghai. They were a wealthy set with their own strings of ponies.

Valentine discovered a match was in progress. The lawn fronting the side boards was made colorful by the pastel tints of feminine frocks. Out before them a cavalcade of white-hatted horsemen charged in pursuit of a willow ball. Now and again a gong clanged. Applause sounded whenever a goal was made. Valentine watched the game for a moment or two. A page in livery, apparently recalling him pleasantly, gave him a smile of welcome when he entered the clubhouse.

"Your name," the adventurer stated, "was—and is—Murdock, James Murdock. Is that correct?"

"It is, sir. You always called me Jimmy when you were here. That was a long time ago, sir."

"So it was. A hundred rice moons have waxed and waned since then. Here, Jimmy, take this coin and add it to your others. You might, at the same time, tell me if Mr. Krausburg is still with you."

"Yes, he is, sir."

"And he happens to be within the building now?"

"Upstairs, asleep in his room. He never," the page explained, "gets up until five o'clock."

"The penalty of turning night into day. Don't ever do it, Jimmy. The moon is a whimsical, romantic thing but the sun is a masculine, rugged piece of molten architecture. There's something strong and heartening about it. Don't ever make the mistake of swapping it for a handful of silver."

"I won't, sir. I hate the night shift."

"You might tell me," Valentine resumed, "where Mr. Krausburg's room is. I think I'd like to renew my acquaintance with him."

"I'll be glad to take you up, Captain."

"Don't trouble. Voice directions and I'll find my way."

The top floor of the clubhouse presented a long corridor. Most of the employees connected with the establishment had their quarters on it. Valentine went along until he found a brass number plate that corresponded with what the page had told him. He knocked quietly. When there was no answer he listened. He was able to hear the faint but regular sound of breathing from within. The Austrian proprietor, Krausburg, slept the deep, untroubled sleep of the righteous.

Valentine tried the knob. The door, he found immediately, had been locked from the inside. It opened at the turn of his master-key. He stepped into a shade-drawn chamber ornamented with articles of Krausburg's apparel. The heavy smell of defunct cigars cloyed the air. The hot sun strove vainly to penetrate the dark shades hanging motionless. From the polo field the gallop of horses and the crack of the wooden ball made a thin, distant sound.

Valentine surveyed the sleeper. Krausburg lay on his left side, his greasy face supported on his crooked arm. His greying hair was dishevelled, his mouth hung open and his chest rose and fell with the tempo of his rhythmic breathing. The adventurer walked over to the bureau.

He appraised the litter on its top. A starched dress collar, a crumpled evening tie, keys, a wallet, and a heap of I.O.U.'s scribbled on the regulation cards the Austrian gave those clients whose credit he knew was good. For the rest there were toilet articles, a bulging ostrich-skin bill fold, a cigar-cutter, a couple of letters and a pair of gloves.

Valentine picked up the wallet. He opened it and glanced at the thick sheaf of money it contained. Methodically he began to count it, his stick under one arm, his hat pushed back on his high forehead.

At length he separated the money into two piles. One he put back in the wallet, the other he folded into his pocket. He turned as the bedsprings vibrated. Krausburg, propped up on one elbow, was covering him with a short-barrelled derringer which, it was apparent, he had snatched from under his pillow.

"Stand where you are! I'll take a look at you!"

The man leaned to reach for the window shade. He elevated it, letting in a flood of sunshine. Valentine smiled mockingly.

"So sorry to have disturbed you, Krausburg. One who works as industriously as you deserves his rest. I tried to be as quiet as possible. Probably you, like myself, sleep with one ear tuned to the sounds of night, as the Chinese say. By day the same ear probably works overtime."

Krausburg lowered his bare feet to the floor. Valentine knew he had been recognised, but the man gave no indication of surprise. Schooled in a profession replete with continental denouements, the gambler had long since learned to control his emotions.

"What are you doing in my room?" he grated.

The adventurer indicated the wallet.

"I dropped in to pay myself back what you owe me."

Krausburg drew his heavy brows together.

"I don't know what you're talking about. I don't owe you anything!"

"I differ with you. True you don't owe me anything now, but you did up until—say, two or three minutes ago. I've helped myself."

The man's face changed. An ironic smile crossed it.

"Is that so? Once I had an idea you were one of these slick gentlemen who live by their wits. Your swank and swagger might have deceived the others here but it didn't fool me. I kept an eye on you."

"An eye on me," Valentine amended, "and a finger on the button that controlled your roulette wheel!"

The nose of the derringer lowered slowly. The smile left Krausburg's thick-lipped mouth.

"So that's it?"

"That," the adventurer informed him politely, "is unquestionably it. I kept a record of my losses in your room during my last visit to Shanghai. As it happens now I'm a little pressed for ready cash. What more natural than to look up my creditors?"

KRAUSBURG shoved his feet into straw slippers and reached for a pongee robe. He draped it over his pyjamas, still staring at the debonair, amused man who faced him.

"You're not going to get away with this, Valentine. Who's going to believe any cock-and-bull story like yours? You wait months and then come back here and rob me. We'll see about this!"

He got up and headed for the telephone on a table in the corner.

"I wouldn't call the desk," Valentine said pleasantly. "It might prove slightly disastrous. After all, I would hardly come unprepared."

Krausberg stopped and turned.

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean," Valentine explained, "a good many of your patrons who played here during the month I lived at the club are still in Shanghai. I suppose now, that you've built up a bank account and reputation, you've removed the magnets and control button. Still, I'm certain those who dropped large sums along with my petty

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MOONS IN GOLD

losses would be interested in hearing how they had been bilked. They, too, might wish to recover what they lost."

Krausburg went back to the bed. He thrust the derringer under the pillow. For a minute he thought over the adventurer's threat. At length he ran a hand through his uncombed hair, lighted a cigarette and jerked a thumb in the direction of the bureau.

"Write me a receipt."

"I knew you'd be sensible," the Captain murmured. "A receipt, naturally. You have paper and pen?"

"Use the back of one of those envelopes. Word it like this: 'I have on this day'—date it—'been paid in full'—fill in the amount you've taken and sign it. There's a fountain pen in the drawer."

Valentine found the pen, uncapped it, and picked up one of the letters. He removed its enclosure, reversed the envelope, and wrote as directed. As the pen shaped words, the letter he had taken from the envelope intruded between what he wrote and his vision. Though upside down he was able to see distinctive and familiar chirography. He was careful to make his glance casual while he finished and added his signature with a flourish.

He turned then, holding the envelope in his left hand, waving it to dry the ink. His right hand crept behind his back. His fingers groped for and touched the letter that interested him. He pulled it further into his grasp, folding it to make it small enough to palm while he diverted Krausburg's attention with running comments:

"Give me that receipt and get out!" Krausburg said belligerently.

Valentine had the letter. He stepped away from the bureau and handed the man the envelope. As Krausburg read it the adventurer's right hand dropped into the pocket of his flannel jacket.

"AU revoir, Monsieur Krausburg. Or shall we make it a plain adieu? You with your receipt and I with the money. I can assure you none of it will go back to your croupier's rake."

"Get out!"

With a smile and a shrug Valentine opened the door.

He went back to the streets beyond the clubhouse grounds. His fingers itched to produce the letter he had helped himself to, but he restrained the impulse until he was halfway down one of the main thoroughfares. He directed his steps toward the Cosmopolitan Bar. When he reached it he took a table behind the screens, ordered a drink, and composed himself with a cigarette.

For the second time in his career he beheld Adele Ormonde's writing. He spread the letter on the table before him. It was written in German. There was no superscription. It began with "Emil, dear friend." Valentine remembered that Krausburg's first name was Emil.

"'If convenient to you,'" he read, "'I wish you would come to see me on Tuesday afternoon, any time between three and six. There is a matter I should very much like to discuss with you. I would appreciate learning whether Tuesday will be convenient.'"

It was signed, "Sincerely yours, Adele." In the lower left hand corner was an address, Victoria Street, the Hotel Empire. Valentine put the note back in his pocket. Tuesday had come and gone. He narrowed his eyes thoughtfully. Again chance had given a new twist to the shadowy path he walked. Once before the woman's letters in Thomas Crayshaw's room had led him into the maze of the labyrinth. Might he hope that this new lead which he had accidentally come upon would be of equal importance?

He finished his drink. The better part of the afternoon had fled. It was approaching the twilight hour. Shanghai made ready for its third rice moon and evening meal. Valentine looked at his watch, asked directions and set out for Victoria Street.

His destination lay close to the public gardens at Manchu Walk. The lily pools there were painted with the declining gold of the sun. Swans floated majestically in the pond below the miniature waterfall. A few venerable Chinese still lingered on the rattan benches under the yulan and cherry trees. The hotel was diagonally across from the park. It was an old building with narrow windows. From time to time brick additions had been added to it so that it pushed its length halfway down Victoria Street and almost to the doors of the most popular restaurant in the city.

Captain Valentine availed himself of the register. He had no difficulty in finding Adele Ormonde's name. Her suite was listed as 206 on the second floor. As an afterthought he looked for St. Julian's registration. If the man was staying there—or had made it his temporary headquarters—he had probably used an alias. The English clerk saw the Captain turn the pages.

"May I be of assistance?"

"I wondered if a Mr. St. Julian, at any time during the month, happened to be a guest here. Perhaps I'd better describe him."

The clerk shook his head when the adventurer had finished.

"I don't recall anyone answering to that description, sir."

"Thank you."

Turning away, the adventurer continued past the reading room toward stairs he observed in the rear of the lobby. He didn't wish to be announced. If Adele Ormonde were in her suite he wanted to meet her without his presence being heralded in advance. To that end he ascended to the floor above and reached her door.

The hall was decorously quiet. No sound emanated from the room at which Valentine paused. He used his master-key when no one responded to his knock. He found himself in a cool, high-ceilinged chamber furnished as a sitting-room. Its two French doors were closed to the balcony outside. A door to the left led to a bedroom of similar size.

At the vanity dresser the adventurer dropped down on the teakwood bench. He noticed a clipping folded under one of the cosmetic jars. It was cut from a Shanghai newspaper that reprinted items from the British Press. This particular article had originally run in the "London News." Valentine held it to the light that seeped in through the draperies at the window. The account had to do with Baron Grunoff's famous opal collection. At last the news of their theft had been made public. From London, where the Baron was now staying, came the information that he offered a reward of ten thousand pounds for their return.

The captain whistled softly to himself. Ten thousand pounds! As much as Jan van Domm would pay. He put the clipping back under the jar that weighed it down. At the same moment he heard a door open in the other room of the suite.

Valentine listened. As quietly as it had opened the door shut. Its latch clicked. Footsteps broke out on the floor. They came toward the bedroom. The Captain was on his feet, hat in one hand, stick in the other when Slade appeared on the threshold.

"Looking for someone?"

The red-headed man whose shot had missed him by inches on the junk stopped short in his tracks. His expression was a curious mingling of surprise and dismay. He peered at the adventurer as if doubting what he saw. Valentine laughed.

"I assure you I'm no ghost. Let's go back into the other room. The chairs look as if they might be more comfortable there. Oh, yes, before I forget. Here's something that might interest you—and the gentleman who employs you." He lifted the jar and picked up the clipping. "Read this when you have an opportunity."

WHILE he spoke Valentine ushered Slade back into the sitting-room. The other's first surprise dwindled.

"What are you doing here?" he asked bluntly.

"Isn't that rather an inane question?"

Slade's look was lowering, hostile.

"You tricked me last night, but you won't the next time!"

"That remains to be seen."

Slade thrust his head forward.

"Smart, aren't you, twisting Framm around your finger and getting out to the junk while I ran around in circles looking for him. All very clever on your part, but it isn't going to do you much good. I won't miss the next time."

The adventurer moved his shoulders.

"Personally, I'd suggest an hour's practice daily at a rifle range. It helps considerably. By the way, how did you happen to find your way here?"

Slade's color deepened.

"You're so smart," he sneered. "Suppose you tell me."

Valentine pretended deep thought.

"Let me see. I'd hazard a shrewd guess and say that a certain Mr. Krausburg tipped you off. Rather, tipped off the gentleman whose payroll you decorate."

He saw he had scored. Slade's face was a mirror for fresh surprise.

"You've seen Krausburg—he told you!" Slade swore. He'll regret it! He——"

He checked himself abruptly. Valentine reached for his cigarette case, twirled his lighter and looked at the twilight shadows piling up in the corners of the room.

"I think," he remarked, "we'll part company. Life is a series of hails and farewells. Until the next time then. In the interim convey my regards to the unknown gentleman in whose service you perform so diligently. Good afternoon, Mr. Slade."

Valentine let himself out. In the lobby he made inquiries concerning Adele Ormonde. The English clerk could tell him nothing other than she had not relinquished her suite.

"She had a caller last evening just before I went off duty," the clerk explained. "A gentleman. I remember distinctly. He waited twenty minutes or more in the lobby here after he was announced."

"Do you happen to remember his name?" Valentine asked.

The clerk thought for a moment.

"Yes, I do."

"What was it?"

The other nodded as if to confirm his own recollection.

"He was a Mr. Ravenel, sir," he replied.

THE Polo Club drew Valentine to its lighted interior like a moth to the yellow flame of a lamp. Logic told him that the Austrian, Krausburg, could

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do more than refill his empty wallet. The man who had the gambling concession at the club knew something of Adele Ormonde's whereabouts.

The hours dragged slowly by. The kaleidoscope of the dance revolved in quickening tempo. Those who passed and repassed might have been enjoying themselves at any London or New York night resort. Trim, sun-tanned men, impeccable in black and white. Their wives, or the wives of other exiles, in bewildering gowns.

By twelve o'clock the crowd had increased. Captain Valentine ordered a final drink and prepared himself for the business confronting him. He went up the stairs and walked the corridor as far as the large front room where roulette held sway. The place was filled.

He looked for the greasy Austrian but failed to see him.

"Monsieur Krausberg is about?" he asked one of the barmen in French.

"Monsieur Krausberg has not been here this evening," was the reply.

The Captain raised a brow.

"Indeed. I trust he is not ill. I should like to see him. Can you tell me where I can find him?"

"You will have to speak to Louis. You know him?"

"Very well. Thank you; Louis then, by all means."

In his capacity of manager who watched the croupier and skilfully smoothed away any wrinkles of misunderstandings on the part of the patrons, Louis was at the edge of the crowd around the table when Valentine spoke to him. Recognition was immediate in the depths of his large dark eyes. The adventurer was confident Krausberg had not mentioned either the afternoon call or his payment of the old debt. Such a matter was not to the Austrian's credit. He would never admit that anyone had forced him to pay what he had mulcted them of.

"Monsieur the Captain! It is a long time since you have been here. I'm glad to see you."

"The joy," Valentine said, "is mutual."

"You are playing?"

The adventurer shrugged.

"Perhaps later. At the moment I am anxious to renew my acquaintance with Monsieur Krausburg. I have one or two wealthy friends I should like to bring here to test their luck. You might tell me where Krausburg is."

Louis slipped the thin gold wafer of a watch from the pocket of his brocaded waistcoat.

"He should be back at any moment. Midnight, he told me when he left at nine. You may wait here or——"

"Downstairs," Valentine murmured. "Does he still use that formidable yellow Daimler?"

"So you remember? Yes, the same Daimler but now it is a deep maroon and it has four lights in front instead of two. A power house, monsieur."

They both laughed. With a few well-chosen words Valentine excused himself and moved off. From the lounge below he made his way down the main walk, to the right, and reached the parking space near the stables.

No more than twenty minutes elapsed before the swinging glare of double headlights dazzled him. The Daimler came to a panting halt directly beside the sedan that was the adventurer's refuge. Krausburg had hardly switched off the lights and stopped the motor before Valentine was beside him.

"Good evening, Emil, my friend. I've been waiting some time for you."

Krausburg grunted.

"You—again? What is it now?"

"I'm becoming lamentably lax in the matter of getting all my information at once," Valentine declared. "This afternoon, for instance. There are certain things I should have asked that were completely forgotten in my extreme pleasure of seeing you once more. I realised that shortly after I left you."

Krausburg sat motionless at the wheel.

"Yes? What reminded you?"

"A letter. A note from Mademoiselle Ormonde. It was on your bureau, in the envelope I wrote my receipt on. I slipped it in my pocket while I was drying the ink."

"You are a thief!" Krausburg said hotly.

"No one, myself least of all, has ever denied it," Valentine stated. "That letter's important to me—more important than anything else. I know Mademoiselle Ormonde. I have been looking for her. For a week I've searched Shanghai. I must find her! Now that's clear you will answer my questions and you will answer them truthfully and without evasion. If you hesitate or attempt any subterfuges I shall be forced to use somewhat unpleasant methods to loosen your tongue. You understand perfectly."

"What do you want me to tell you?"

"Where did you meet Mademoiselle Ormonde?"

"In Vienna."

"She is an Austrian?"

"A Hungarian. I used to work for her family. As a youth I was in the service of her father. He is the——"

So intent was Valentine upon Krausburg's statement that he only half heard and paid little attention to the rustling sound that came from the rear of the car. He was off guard, relaxed and unable to make a move towards protecting himself, when a hand curved out of the gloom behind the front seat and clamped itself over his mouth. He made one or two ineffectual efforts to break the muzzling hold before, with the swiftness of lightning, something swished down to strike him a glancing blow at a point several inches above his right ear.

Without a sound Valentine doubled up and pitched headlong into the dark chasm that opened to receive him.

AFTER a time, like a bubble rising from a still, secret depth, consciousness came back to him. His head throbbed. He felt giddy and nauseous. He opened his eyes to the flickering shine of a peanut-oil lamp burning on a wicker table.

He was stretched out in a carved, wooden bunk. What Valentine saw was a low-ceiled, poorly furnished room that contained three men.

Without surprise the adventurer recognised the redheaded Slade. The others he could not remember having seen before. One was short, his companion taller, and all were indisputably English. It was not difficult for the Captain to decide what had happened. Krausburg had allowed plenty of time for those in the rear of the Daimler to pick a propitious moment for their attack.

Slade, an inch of cigarette tucked in the corner of his mouth, sat in a chair, his feet elevated to the table. The other two lounged indolently. The tall man sucked on a blackened cutty pipe. The third man was busy manicuring his nails with a formidable jack-knife.

"Must be two o'clock, Dave."

Slade changed the position of his feet.

"What difference does it make, you're not going anywhere."

There was a knock at the door. A Chinese with a withered face and hands folded into his sail-sleeves presented himself on the threshold. He bowed.

"The tray is now ready. Shall it be brought in?"

Slade turned his head.

"What tray?"

The Chinese bowed again.

"Ten thousand pardons. I thought this was the room to which the food was to be brought."

"Food?" Slade straightened up. "You're dead right. This is the room." He winked at the other two. "Bring it right in."

The Chinese stepped aside.

"Enter," he said to someone in the hall.

It took all of Captain Valentine's control to restrain the exclamation that surged to his lips at the sight of the Chinese who carried in a tray heaped with dishes.

How had Tim gotten there? There was no time for questions. He awaited some signal on the part of his servant that might indicate the way was paved for his escape. But Wang Shim made no move. With all of his customary proficiency he placed polished chopsticks in each of the three bowls, set the bowls on porcelain plates and handed one to each man.

It was, the adventurer saw, smoothly done. With plates in their hands his captors were at a momentary disadvantage when it came to reaching for their weapons. They began to eat rapidly.

Finished serving them, Wang Shim picked up a heavy rice bowl. For the first time he looked at the bunk. Valentine caught what his slant eyes signalled and prepared himself accordingly. It took Wang Shim a fraction of a second to snuff the peanut-oil lamp with his left hand and use the rice bowl effectively with his right. A howl of pain and the crash of breaking crockery followed.

Valentine swung out of the bunk. He collided with an invisible figure, cracked a fist into it and surged forward. The door, partially ajar, showed him Wang Shim standing near it. Slade, spinning around, blocked the adventurer's way. A torrent of waterfront oaths, inspired by Tim's strategy, rose above the shrill cries of the other two. Hands slid off Valentine as he struck out with both fists. Into the blows he put all of his lithe, sinewy strength. They served to clear his path.

Slade careened off the table and collapsed on the floor.

"Master!"

Wang Shim's guiding hand fell on the Captain's arm. He whisked him through the door and into a broad, faintly-lighted recess where the withered Chinese stood, motionless as a statue carved from yellow stone.

"Where are we?"

Wang Shim answered without checking his rapid pace.

"In the rear of the Palace of a Thousand Delights! We must leave immediately. There are others, close at hand, who would prevent it! This way——"

He threw open a second door. A musty breath of damp air blew against Valentine's face. Just before he went over the threshold he saw Wang Shim turn and make some sign with his hand. The Chinese who stood immovable returned it and glided away.

"Where now"

"Through a passage past the Three-tiered Pagoda of Eggs and out into the Wishing Well Road. I know the way."

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They hurried down what the adventurer saw was an underground passage. At one point there were steps leading to a series of subterranean chambers. Valentine had the impression of men busy at some task, moving like grey phantoms in a vale of shadows.

"The rat catchers of Wu Chi," Wang Shim explained. "They are setting their traps for another night's work."

They mounted a narrow stone stairway that was barricaded by an ancient door painted with the Ten Omens of Ancestral Wisdom. Wang Shim's thin hand went between its gilded slats. Another minute and it swung open. He stood aside to let Valentine pass into a tiled ante-room where a brazier trickled joss smoke. No one questioned or stopped them. They went through another door and came out upon the poppy garden.

"Shall I summon a conveyance?" the Chinese asked.

"WE'LL walk. I want to get my blood in circulation," Valentine replied. "Tell me how you happened to be so conveniently at hand."

They set off for the hotel.

"You told me you walked in danger. Two swords cut a larger slice than one. I followed. When you stepped into the car within the parking space before the building where the music played, I was close. I watched him drive you to the place we have just left. Other men joined them. You were carried through the door we left by."

Valentine nodded.

"How did you get in?"

"The *Old One* is a friend of my respected family. His name is Weng Cho. I had little difficulty enlisting his aid. The ingenuity of a guileless person will undermine nine mountains. What happened you are aware of."

Again the Captain nodded. He said nothing until they were to their destination. Then he laughed.

"Tim, to borrow some of your philosophy: A bad coin has two sides. Fortunately I left most of the money I obtained this afternoon safe in the hotel. They took my pistol but they left me a more dangerous weapon. You found some of those who accompanied us on past expeditions?"

"Five in all. They are ready to leave when you are," Wang Shim assured him . . .

Valentine spent the next two days in preparation. On the third morning the small auxiliary fishing smack he chartered left the docks below the railroad yards and headed up the swollen, muddy river. The five men Wang Shim had rounded up came aboard an hour before they sailed. The cabin was loaded with provisions and ammunition. The adventurer kept an eye on the motor while Wang Shim, at the helm, wove a devious course through the shipping.

"At Wong Fai's we shall go ashore," Wang Shim said, after the midday rice meal. "Once my brother helped him with his crops. He has the eye of the all-seeing eagle. He may tell us something of interest."

Valentine shook his head dubiously.

"I'm worried, Tim."

"Why, Master?"

"Am I losing valuable time in a fruitless journey? Is it likely St. Julian would bring the opals up here and risk losing them to the river pirates? What would be his purpose?"

"The dying man aboard the junk told you the truth. Men about to enter the Kingdom of Melodious Joys do not lie."

"But they can," Valentine said, "speak in delirium. Blauvelt thought I was Slade that night. He didn't recognise me."

"All the more reason," Wang Shim pointed out, "why his words should bear the seal of perfect faith and sincerity."

The adventurer peeled an orange. He made a habit of using them to quench a thirst aroused by the brazen sun.

"What is your opinion? You know the story. Why do you think St. Julian came up here?"

Wang Shim's saffron face turned to the east bank of the river. In the distance the Captain glimpsed the sprawl of a rice plantation in the fields of which coolies worked.

"My poor belief may be as futile as the struggles of a rabbit in the claws of a tiger. Humbly, I would suggest that possibly the man you speak of made this trip to do business with someone other than the Dutchman of the Street of the Bazaars."

"You mean——"

Wang Shim gestured briefly.

"Pirates have money, more than plodding shopkeepers. You have heard of the robber Lao Ting, possibly. Up there," he continued, indicating the distant twist of the river, "Lao Ting is an Emperor in his own right. Why shouldn't St. Julian sell where there is a market? And why shouldn't Lao Ting purchase? I have heard that jewels are his weakness—gems and women with beauty equal to that of a young peach blossom smiling at an azure sky. Yonder is the abode of my brother's late employer. I shall go ashore and make discreet inquiries."

"One thing more," the adventurer said. "Why would this Lao Ting buy the opals? Wouldn't it be more in keeping with his character to relieve St. Julian of them without payment?"

For the first time Wang Shim smiled.

"Lao Ting is one of charm and culture. What he wants he pays for in gold. Of course, it is his way to assassinate the seller and recover his money at a later date. That is only natural. If St. Julian deals with him I have no fear he will ever trouble you again."

Later Wang Shim had a coolie row him ashore in the smack's dinghy. He was gone for more than an hour. The adventurer spent the sixty minutes stretching an awning across the cockpit.

At length the creak of oars aroused him. The coolies hauled the dinghy alongside the smack so Wang Shim could climb out. He crawled under the awning and hagded Valentine an ivory tube.

"My friend sends greetings to the intrepid foreign devil who passes before his front door. This tube contains a parchment scroll from the Book of the Observances."

"What did you find out?"

Wang Shim leaned forward.

"Blauvelt's words were truthful. No later than yesterday morning the white ship of St. Julian went up the river!"

Valentine's pulses leapt.

"Your friend is sure?"

"There can be no question or doubt. St. Julian stopped here and went ashore to obtain a cask of water."

Valentine's fingers tightened over the other's arm.

"Did they see a woman aboard?"

For a minute Wang Shim was silent. He bowed gravely.

"She, too, was observed, Master."

The river again. Under Valentine's ministrations the engine, full speed ahead, sent the rumbling echoes of its exhaust across the sun-gilded water. The fishing smack nosed out into the middle channel. The rice plantation with the sweating coolies dropped away behind them.

The day lengthened, died. The green walls along the shore turned to black barriers, impenetrable, mysterious. The Chinese dozed on the cabin roof. Wang Shim, motionless as the statue of one of his mythical gods, kept vigil at the wheel. Valentine's pipe burned out, was replenished, burned out again. Twice he gave anxious eye to the fuel tank.

"We are nearing the cove," Wang Shim announced, when the twilight was split by the silver of the rising moon.

"You're sure?"

"The river will bend presently. The cove lies beyond. From there to the Temple of the Three Buddhas is no more than a hundred yards."

Another minute and the river began to turn. The shore came closer. Its damp breath blew against the adventurer's face with grateful coolness.

Valentine reached for the throttle. With a breath he reduced the speed from full to half, shutting it off altogether when, before him, he saw the white motor cruiser that lay at anchor in the mouth of a cove. He raised himself so that he might observe it better. Against the pageant of gloom the boat, spectral and motionless, might have been a phantom ship.

The motor ceased its staccato drumfire. Wang Shim touch the adventurer's arm.

"His boat!"

The Captain came to an instant decision.

"I'll board her!"

The orders he rapped out stirred the Chinese from their half sleep.

Wang Shim's boat hook caught the port stern rail. Touching his automatics to make certain they were ready for use, Valentine transferred himself from the smack to the cruiser. He stepped down on a well-holystoned deck. He stood listening, half expecting a lead greeting. He moved forward to a small companionway. Gun in hand he descended the steps, arriving in the main cabin at the foot of it.

HIS first glimpse was of a table heaped with empty dinner dishes. Next, the luxury of exquisite fittings, carved wall panelling, impressed themselves upon him. But he had eyes only for the man who, in a silk lounging suit and bright red sandals, sat at the table, decanter and syphon convenient to his reach.

Eric St. Julian surveyed his visitor lazily, a half smile turning down the corners of his shapeless mouth.

"If you had arrived an hour earlier," he began, "we could have included you for dinner. Since you left Vic Harren dead at Port Said I've been wondering when you'd catch up with us. Poor Vic, I thought I could count on him. No matter, you're here and we must entertain you. I can," he added, "unreservedly recommend the Scotch."

The adventurer studied the man with sword-sharp intentness. St. Julian's pleasant urbanity was anything but deceiving. It was like him to converse amiably while reaching for a weapon with which to deal death. Valentine took no chances. His automatic covered him in a mute reminder of what a false move would mean.

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"Where is Mademoiselle Ormonde?"

The master-crook knocked the ash from his cigarette.

"Why should you think she's aboard this boat?"

"Where is she?"

The other brushed back his hair with a languid hand.

"Is it possible the celebrated Captain has succumbed to romance? Is the old, time-tested but slightly shopworn adventurer in love? What else can I assume? In London your concern was all for the lady. And now, again, she is your first thought."

"Where is she?"

St. Julian tinkled a bell that brought a Chinese servant in.

"Ask Miss Ormonde to come here."

"Lady sleep, taking nap."

"WAKE her up. And, Wong, another bottle of Scotch."

St. Julian yawned again. Valentine waited, his fingers tight about the automatic, his mind crisscrossed with a thousand thoughts, hopes, ideas. Then, soft in the quiet, footsteps halted at the cabin's forward door. It opened slowly and the one he had thought and dreamed about for so long was before him.

"You!" she exclaimed.

Her gaze locked with his. One hand fluttered nervously to her breast. He drank her in thirstily, like a traveller who had crossed an arid desert to find an oasis at its end.

St. Julian broke the spell with a sardonic laugh.

"This," he announced, "is a happy meeting. Fancy such a distinguished guest coming all this way to visit us. We should celebrate."

"Why did you come?" she whispered.

Valentine moved closer to her.

"To take you back with me."

The hiss of the siphon St. Julian used was like that of a snake. The adventurer kept his gaze locked with hers. For him the cabin, the starry river outside and the wilderness dropped away leaving them alone together in a world of their own making.

"He—he'll never let me go!"

Her words were tremulous, tinctured with bitterness. St. Julian lifted his glass and squinted at its contents.

"That, my dear," he observed, "was well said. Let you go? I'm afraid I can't deny myself the pleasure of your continued company." He looked at Valentine.

The adventurer's questioning gaze made Adele breathe faster.

"He—knows!" she murmured.

"Knows?"

Eric St. Julian chuckled.

"Knows that Mademoiselle Ormonde was fully aware from the first that I am St. Julian and not the gentleman who promised to use his private detective agency experience to aid her in finding the Grunoff opals. Her deception was a trifle transparent. I wanted to find out exactly what her game was—that, in addition to being interested in her as a woman, I've learned." His smile grew sardonic. "I know who she is, why she is so anxious to obtain the Moons in Gold. I wonder," he added, "if you can say as much, Valentine."

The adventurer turned from Adele Ormonde.

"Where are the opals?"

St. Julian moved his shoulders.

"Beyond your reach, I'm afraid. They are, to be exact, in a safe deposit vault in a Shanghai bank."

"He's lying!"

The woman's throaty cry made St. Julian's smile vanish.

"You think so?"

"You came up here to sell the opals to a Chinese!" Her red mouth quivered. "You didn't think I knew that! I inadvertently overheard Wong talking to the cook. They were on deck, near my window, the other morning. I distinctly heard Wong say you were coming here to make a sale."

St. Julian toyed with his glass.

"Exactly, but you didn't hear him say what I intended to sell. You cannot tell me that you heard the word 'opals' used."

"And they're in a Shanghai bank?" Valentine cut in.

"Safe behind steel walls and bars. A problem," St. Julian stated, "to tax even your ingenuity."

"Let me see the bank receipt for the safe deposit vault."

For a minute or two St. Julian sat frowning. He shrugged again, ringing the bell for Wong.

"Go to my cabin," he directed, when the servant appeared. "Bring me my small black leather satchel. It is on the shelf in the closet."

There was a silence following Wong's departure. St. Julian smoked placidly. He inched up the left sleeve of his lounging coat to look at the time marked on the watch strapped to his wrist. Outside the adventurer could hear the low jabber of the Chinese on the fishing smack. Adele Ormonde seated herself, lapsing into what Valentine knew was worried meditation. It was the reappearance of Wong, carrying what his master had ordered him to get, that brought animation back to her.

She watched while St. Julian took the bag from the Chinese. Valentine moved a step closer.

"Open it!"

"All in good time. You are," St. Julian murmured, "probably the most impatient person I've ever met. Do you remember that night in Queen Street? Finesse is a matter of a well regulated existence. Haste makes——"

"Open it!"

St. Julian turned his back, leaning over the bag. A key clinked on its ring. Adele Ormonde's vibrant cry and Valentine's forward surge were synchronous. The adventurer's automatic jammed hard against St. Julian's back—an instant before the man plucked a weapon of his own from the open bag at his feet.

"I was about to show you a pearl-handled revolver, Valentine." His suavity remained unshaken. "You're more or less interested in guns. Take a look at this one. Observe the beautiful way it is made. Notice——"

Valentine moved to an open porthole. He tossed the gun through it. There was a splash in the river, Adele Ormonde's deep sigh of relief.

"I don't seem to find what you want," St. Julian murmured. "Odd. I was certain it was here."

"Don't bother to send for any more artillery," Valentine told him. "St. Julian, I've wasted enough time. I've come for the Moons in Gold!"

"My dear chap, I assure you your errand is fruitless. I haven't them here, unfortunately."

"Then what did you come to sell?"

The man jerked his head up. He listened. Through the night quiet Valentine heard the rise and fall of oars. St. Julian looked at him.

"You want to know why I came to this wilderness? You want to know what I'm about to dispose of? You must have forgotten Queen Street, what I told you that night. I invariably keep my word. Perhaps you'll understand better in a few minutes."

Valentine's lean face hardened. He heard the nudging scrape of the arriving boat as it reached the cruiser. Chinese voices sounded shrilly. Another minute and the companionway doors were flung wide.

The man who stepped through them was tall. His ocherous face, sunken cheeks and slant eyes, together with the long moustache that hung pendulously from his upper lip, reminded Valentine of one of the Masks of Animals he had seen in the New Year Procession at the time of his last visit to Shanghai.

"I welcome you to my humble craft, Lao Ting!" St. Julian said. "May your exalted presence give it a lasting honor!"

The pirate's gaze fastened on Adele Ormonde.

"This is the petal of the Plum Tree I have come to pluck?" he asked. "This is the white woman you would sell me?"

Valentine levelled the automatic in his hand. The two shots he fired point-blank made one echo. He saw the Chinese in the rich robes plunge forward anad fall face down, half across a chair. Then, in the next confused minute the loud outcry of those who had come down the steps with Lao Ting brought answering shouts from those in the boat.

Like shadowy, half formed figures in a nightmare, the Chinese who poured into the cabin made it a stage for drama patterned with death and bloodshed.

Firing as he backed across the room, Captain Valentine thrust himself in front of the woman with the dark eyes and raven hair.

THE next minutes always remained with the adventurer as the most hectic in his long, eventful career. The cabin lights winked out, leaving it as dark as the night that raised the luminous moon higher over the rim of the eastern world. The stabbing flame of his automatic smeared the murk long enough for him to distinguish faces.

With his left arm around the woman beside him, he forced and shot his way to the stairs. Later he understood he would never have gained them, never would have progressed more than a few worthless feet, had it not been for a counter attack launched overhead. Wang Shim's party had come aboard the cruiser. Their yells added to the din. Revolvers spat venomously. A man screamed. There was a medley of noises, a furious struggle, hand to hand and rough and tumble, on the deck. A figure collided with Valentine. The cold slither of a knife sliced past him. He pulled the automatic's trigger and by sheer bodily strength fought his way to the deck. He couldn't see Adele Ormonde, but he felt the tremble of her hand, the quiver of her body as, together, they reached it.

The thought of the pirate's tender gave Valentine an idea. He located it in the next breath. It was a long, narrow, sharp-pointed bong boat of the kind used by natives for eel spearing. A single strand of hemp held it fastened to the Sea Lily. The Captain gripped the arm of the woman as he urged her across the deck.

"We're leaving in this boat! Hold it steady for me! Take an oar! Push off the minute I drop down!"

He helped her over the rail and into the bong boat. One of the Chinese had glimpsed his strategy. The man ran toward him, shouting. Valentine fired, cast off and

broidery, fur embroidery, Byzantine

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grabbed the forward set of oars all within the eternity revolving in a watch tick.

They had, he saw, cheated certain disaster by the proverbial width of a hair. The junk, slow moving but as ineluctable as doom, was close enough now for its clinging figures to leap aboard the white cruiser. A prodigious pull on the sweeps drove the bong boat out and into the shelter of blackness, welcome and concealing. He propelled the craft forward, his satisfaction shadowed by reluctance. He hated to leave Wang Shim to his fate. Yet, he assured himself, to linger and attempt a rescue against such odds, meant only disaster for all of them. He had, first of all, to think of the one who helped him row. Her capture would be worse than death; her safety must be paramount. He pulled harder on the oars, watching for signs of pursuit. None came. The riotous uproar they had left began to dwindle and fade out as Lao Ting's Chinese were reinforced by the yellow horde from the junk.

The bong boat's sharp prow grated on sand. Valentine shipped the oars and stepped into shallow water. The shore sloped down there, thicketed with heavy underbrush. He searched until he found an opening. He herded Adele Ormonde through it and stood staring across the cove. As an afterthought he went back and hauled the bong boat up and in behind a screen of protecting shrubbery. It was when he had finished and straightened that he saw the first flash of flame burst from the Sea Lily's bow.

The fire grew while he watched. Valentine's heart sank. The thought of Tim, trapped like a rat on the blazing cruiser, sent a cold chill through him. Wang Shim, his faithful friend, his companion of the journey down the adventure trail, philosopher, scholar and helpmate.

Adele Ormonde's voice came unsteadily, wonderingly:

"We got away!"

Valentine turned swiftly to her.

"Thank Heaven! Another sixty seconds and we couldn't have made it. But I've lost something—something that can never be replaced. A friend," he explained, when she questioned him with her eyes.

Her hand tightened over his.

"I think I understand. You mean the one you call Tim."

The adventurer nodded dully.

"No use standing here. They'll scuttle back to the junk now they've finished plundering and burning. The question is will they look for us. Do they know the reason for Lao Ting's rendezvous? If so they'll make a search for the white woman he came to buy."

In its faint light Valentine saw the marking of an overgrown trail. He led the way down it, his arm once more around the woman in white.

Presently the path ended. Before them Valentine was able to discern the ruins of what had once been a temple. Huge stone blocks littered the clearing. Framed against the night sky and the gloom piled by the trees in the rear of it, the Temple of the Three Buddhas still retained vestiges of past splendor.

Of a sudden the fire was blotted out. The far away chatter of voices came to them from the Sea Lily on the wings of the wind. The adventurer's hand closed about Adele Ormonde's arm.

"This isn't a pleasant predicament. Our fate depends on whether the junk leaves—if they know of our escape. If it stays they will undoubtedly look for us. They know we can't get very far."

There were some cigarettes in Valentine's waterproof case. He lighted two and handed her one. He recalled another instance when the red tips of their cigarettes had been like watching eyes in the gloom. The tobacco seemed a stimulant. Some of her former fear was replaced by a changing, brighter mood.

"What happens to us now?" she inquired. "I mean, if they should decide to make a search."

The adventurer rested against the grass-grown stones behind him.

"Nothing very amusing. I use my gun on you and then on myself. Two shots and we save ourselves a considerable amount of trouble." He shrugged. "I've had some first-hand experience with Chinese torture methods."

She shivered.

"I think," she murmured, "I prefer Paris."

He felt her tremble again. She drew nearer to him. After a time her dark head found a resting-place on his shoulder.

It was some time towards the dawn when the adventurer's nerves vibrated. The sixth sense that always telegraphed the presence of danger shook him out of what had been overpowering drowsiness. His hand clamped about the automatic in his lap. His quick, alert movement woke the woman. She sat up, the pressure of Valentine's arm over hers warning silence. He bent forward, parting the spear-grass cautiously.

THE sullen spread of the approaching day lighted the clearing weirdly. Black shadows had turned to grey. Half tones of light and shade threw the Buddhas into sharp relief and gave the ruins an eerie touch. Standing a little away from the edge of the clearing, Valentine was able to distinguish the figure of a man.

The gun lowered. An involuntary exclamation sprang to his lips. He stood quickly, leaving the niche. His voice, low and excited, spoke one word:

"Tim!"

Wang Shim wheeled around and hurried to him.

"Master."

His wet garments and drawn, weary look told of a night that had been filled with climaxes. Valentine's servant bowed before him.

"What happened? How did you get here?"

Wang Shim spread his arms wide.

"I beheld your departure from the deck of the cruiser. I saw you sever the mortal cord of the one who would have halted your flight. My heart rejoiced at your escape. Then, like the clap of thunder following the lightning bolt, Lao Ting's hatchet men swarmed down upon us. Combat was as futile as the wings of the humming bird in a gale. We offered little resistance. Those who had not been slain made the river their objective. I was one of them. Since then I have been proceeding perilously through the forest, searching for you."

He squatted down beside the adventurer.

"The junk is still in the cove?"

"As motionless as the hands of an unwound clock."

"Do you think they suspect we escaped?"

The Chinese gestured.

"No one can solve the workings of the Oriental mind. It is possible they wait for the morning to break. The day has ten thousand eyes to see with, the night is blind."

Valentine nodded. He looked at the anxious face of the woman whose head had rested on his shoulder for so many hours.

"I have a feeling Tim's deductions are correct," he told her.

"What are we to do?" she asked.

"May I offer a humble suggestion?" Wang Shim spoke earnestly. "Not far from here is the Shrine of the Lustrous Moon. Often as a boy I came with my respected father to soothe my soul with its peace and comfort. It affords better concealment than this spot. I would be honored to guide you to it."

Valentine seized upon the suggestion.

"The Shrine by all means. In another hour it will be morning."

Wang Shim struck off to the east. It took some minutes for him to discover an overgrown path.

Wang Shim broke off abruptly.

"Someone has come along this path at no distant date," he announced. "Behold, tiny particles of woollen fabric attached to the thorns of this creeping vine! The pious walk with their faces turned to the sun, the wise man watches the ground under his feet. Twice, too, I have observed footprints in the soil."

They went on for another space. Again Wang Shim stopped to point out a footprint in the black earth, a declivity from which rotting leaves had been scattered.

"A shoe," Valentine mused. "A man's shoe." He caught Adele Ormonde's glance. "Did St. Julian leave the cruiser for any length of time?"

"He might have. It was so hot," she explained. "Yesterday I spent all morning in my cabin. There was an electric fan there. I was tired from the strain of the trip."

"And while you were in the cabin St. Julian could have come ashore?"

She inclined her dark head.

"Yes, easily."

They penetrated the last barrier made by the tangle of underbrush and came out on another clearing. The Shrine of the Lustrous Moon, erected at a later date than the Temple of the Three Buddhas, had more successfully withstood the ravages of time. Fronting them was an altar. Made of white marble, with the Dragon of Heaven motif chiselled into its polished surface, it reared majestically.

Valentine saw that Wang Shim was puzzled by the footprints. He lost them close to the Shrine, but went on to the pagoda on the left. It grew lighter. Suddenly she stooped and picked up something.

"Confucius tells us the dog that leaves no trail has gone nowhere. I have discovered something. This is my find, Honorable Master."

He opened his yellow hand. Valentine took from it half a burned cigarette. He brushed it off and looked at its trademark.

"Isis. Wasn't there a tin of these cigarettes in the cabin of the Sea Lily?"

She understood what he meant.

"Of course, they were St. Julian's brand!" Her eyes widened. "Then, it must mean that——"

"He came here and no longer than a few hours ago. Why? For what purpose?"

"I would suggest a visit to the pagoda where my find was made," Wang Shim murmured.

The electrical thrill of a new and

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sudden hope whipped Captain Valentine's blood to quicker flowing.

The interior of the pagoda held the odor of decaying wood. Dust swirled when the door, emblazoned with symbols, was pushed wide enough to admit them. Light crept in through cracks and crevices.

Wang Shim used his strength to fling one of the metal shutters open. Valentine pointed to a table. There, in the dust, someone had recently rested a hand. The marks of thumb and fingers were easily distinguishable.

"What do you think?"

Adele Ormonde's question lifted Valentine's speculative gaze.

"I think St. Julian came here—with the opals! He took no chances with Lao Ting or—my arriving unexpectedly. Probably the menace he was careful to circumvent in Shanghai had something to do with it also. I think the Moons in Gold are here!"

"Where?"

Valentine took up a position in the centre of the room.

The bare floors and walls were without visible trap doors or secret panels. Valentine's gaze darted over them. The furnishings, moldly and dust-covered, offered nothing of interest. Then, he told himself, it must be the planked floor or the rotten walls.

"Tap!" he ordered Wang Shim. "See if you can't get a hollow note out of this floor."

He started with the east wall, examining it, striking it with his knuckles, going over it with careful attention. Wang Shim began an inspection of the floor. The sun rose higher. The matutinal choiring of birds increased, but to the captain there was no sound except the methodical rapping and the quick, expectant breath of the woman.

"No hollow notes," Wang Shim announced at length. He stood, brushing off his knees. "Possibly outside. He——"

Valentine shook his head.

"He came in here. He stood by that table. He rested his hand on it. I'm certain that—" He broke off quickly. The palm he balanced against the wall felt the touch of metal. When he turned to discover what it was he found that a square of rattan had been artfully laid over a strip of zinc, the edge of which protruded through and touched his fingers. "Tim! Here——"

HE pressed harder, but with no success. The butt of his automatic aided. With it he hammered out the rotting wood and battered down its zinc lining. The sunshine slanting in through the half open door lighted the compartment Valentine found. He heard Adele Ormonde's faint cry as he reached in and lifted out a mahogany box!

When he laid it on the table he saw the lid was embossed with a crest.

"The Grumoff coat-of-arms!" the woman exclaimed. "The Moons in Gold—at last!"

When the adventurer lifted the unlocked lid he was hardly prepared for the sight that greeted him.

When he turned he found Adele Ormonde staring transfixed at the fifteen opals. Wang Shim stood a pace distant, his face inscrutable.

"So it's ended?"

The Captain shook his head.

"It has just begun. To get these back to Shanghai will be more difficult than the quest." He shut the lid, picked up the mahogany box and handed it to the Chinese. "Carry this, Tim. We'll start for the Temple. It's light enough to learn whether the junk is sailing."

In single file they retraced their way along the half obliterated trail. It was easier to keep to it now. Adele Ormonde was strangely silent. When Valentine looked back at her he saw her expression was enigmatic, her eyes shadowy. Wang Shim brought up the rear, the box under his arm. Without mishap they reached the barrier before the clearing where the ruins of the temple lay.

Captain Valentine's hand flashed up in a signal to halt. He warned them with a glance. Through the screen of the underbrush he caught a glimpse of moving figures on the other side of the Three Buddhas. Voices came to him. When he made a wary investigation he found a half dozen of Lao Ting's followers had come ashore.

Valentine was careful to make no noise. He drew the two with him close enough to hear his low whispering.

"We'll stay here—wait and see what they do. There's a boat hidden in the shrubbery below the bank. No use running any risk. It looks to me as if they're not searching for us—they seem to be doing some sort of work."

Eventually the clearing emptied. Sound of crackling in the underbrush was replaced by the creak of oars, the splash of water. Valentine had no way of knowing if they had discovered his hidden boat. Were they towing it back to the junk? Had escape been cut off as effectually as a door shut and locked in their faces?

"They've gone," he announced. "We'll cross the clearing as soon as I make sure they didn't leave a sentry to watch."

He crept out from the underbrush and moved slowly across to the opposite side of the ruins. At a point where thinning trees gave a view of the cove he took up a stand. The musical gush of a tinkling stream running past his feet was the only sound. Out in the cove he saw a sampan crowded with the six who had been at work. Two wooden hogshead weighed the sampan down and told the reason for their coming ashore. They had wanted water.

The adventurer's gaze shifted. The charred hulk of the Sea Lily had drifted into shore. It was down in the bow, half afloat. The fishing smack he had chartered was off a rocky ledge at the extreme end of the cove, too distant to determine what damage had been done by the fire. He watched the junk round the promontory and disappear from view. Then he called his two companions.

"There's a chance," Valentine told them, "the junk's withdrawal is a ruse. If they suspect we're ashore they'll give us a clear berth to come out in the open."

"If they suspect," Wang Shim pointed out, "why would they leave the smack? These men are not stupid. I have reason to know that."

"True." Valentine frowned at the sun-dazzled water. "Tim, I'm taking the bong boat. I'm going out to have a look at the smack. You and Mademoiselle Ormonde remain here, concealed. I'll be the decoy if it is a ruse. I'll make sure that everything's right before I come back for you. Wait!"

The adventurer found the boat where he had left it. He pushed it into the shallow water and went out to the smack. When he climbed aboard he found he corpse of one of his coolies sprawled in the cockpit. He dragged the limp figure to the rail and heaved it overboard. The bow and counter-waist of the craft were badly scorched. There was considerable cleaning to be done before Adele Ormonde could be brought aboard. Souvenirs of the previous night's fray stained the decks. He made a rapid examination. Everything else seemed to be in order. The propeller he feared had been fouled by the marine growth close to the shore and the rocks, responded to the engine when he started it. The dial on the fuel tank told him there was enough petrol to reach Yuen Yan.

He pulled the painter of the bong boat in and prepared to go back and get the two on shore.

It was when he was ready to lower himself into the boat that Valentine glimpsed an unexpected visitor. Coming into the cove was an auxiliary smack somewhat similar to his own but larger overall, with a wider beam and more deck space. It shaped a course toward him In another minute he saw men at its windward rail, looking in his direction.

The engine stopped and an anchor splashed.

A dinghy put out and approached him.

WHILE he waited the arrival of his unknown visitors, the adventurer stood motionless, his lean face shadowed, his gaze cold and speculative.

There were two men in the dinghy. Both, as it drew closer, were familiar. The man at the oars had been in the room at the Palace of a Thousand Delights when the adventurer returned to consciousness in the bunk there. Valentine gave him no more than a brief glance. His gaze, questioning and alert, riveted on the one with him. He blessed the foresight that had made him instruct Wang Shim and the woman to stay under cover until he returned to them. The second man, attired in undershirt and stained duck trousers, was the red-headed Slade!

The dinghy drew alongside. Slade grasped the rail and pulled himself aboard. The blaze of triumph in his face was like a flame. He laughed.

"Seems like we're just in time. Getting ready to leave?"

"I was considering it," Valentine said.

Slade jerked a thumb in the direction of the other smack.

"Better come with me before you do. A friend of yours wants to have a chat with you."

"Who?"

"You'll find out soon enough. Pull up closer, Harry. We're taking this gentleman back with us." To Valentine he ordered: "Get in."

The adventurer obeyed without comment. Curiosity played a large part in his ready compliance.

At a word from Slade Valentine boarded the second smack. A man seated in the stern looked up as he climbed the rail. He was gross and repulsive with his muddy-colored eyes, flat nose and partially bald, massive head. He wore blue serge trousers. A perspiration-damp shirt was open at his thick throat. He smiled crookedly as Valentine confronted him.

"Glad you came over. Sit down. How about a spot of brandy?" John Royle suggested. "Nothing like a drink to put you right."

"How did you know I was up here?" Valentine asked.

Two men came out of the cabin. One was Gaffney, the thick-witted youth of Farthing Road. The other was the man from the Palace of a Thousand Delights.

"We had a job getting wind of you," Royle admitted. "Dave finally saw you

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MOONS IN GOLD

around the docks at Shanghai. Once he picked up your trail it wasn't hard to keep you covered. We watched you start up the river. We figured you were after St. Julian. We thought we'd let you go on ahead, get the stones from him and then turn them over to us."

Captain Valentine nodded.

"All very clever and simple. There's only one flaw. I don't happen to have the Moons in Gold."

The lids dropped over Royle's strange eyes.

"No? Then what happened to St. Julian?"

"I haven't," the adventurer told him, "the faintest idea. I did come up to relieve him of the jewels. He told me they were in a safe deposit box in a Shanghai bank. While we were talking a pirate junk arrived. I shot my way clear, went overboard and spent the night hidden ashore. The junk left an hour ago. I just finished cleaning up my boat when you appeared."

Royle's small mouth tightened.

"Do you expect us to believe that?"

Valentine shrugged.

Royle's fat face darkened.

"I'll make you a proposition, Valentine. Give me the Moons in Gold—tell me where you've put them—and I'll let you have a share of the Baron Grunoff's reward. I'll see that you get safely back to England—or wherever you want to go."

The adventurer laughed.

"I always imagined your intelligence was of a higher order. Even if I did have them I wouldn't allow myself to be taken in by such overwhelming generosity. Royle, I'm afraid your long journey from London has been in vain. St. Julian's probably floating down the river, full of Chinese bullets. The opals are in a Shanghai bank. What can you, I, or anyone else do about it?"

He saw that he had the ex-mobsman at a disadvantage. Royle was patently baffled. The adventurer's story was colored with verisimilitude.

John Royle went into his cabin. The red-headed Slade came back to the stern. Another space and the auxiliary engine began to rumble.

"We're going down the river," Slade said shortly. "The boss is making up his mind what to do with you. You'll find out after awhile."

"In the interim," Valentine suggested, "I'd appreciate a little food. I was about to dine when you interrupted me."

"Get him something to eat," Slade told Harry. "I'll keep an eye on him."

The promontory dropped away when they reached the bend in the river. Valentine stared back over the curdy wake. Royle had made another mistake. He had left the fishing smack and the bong boat anchored in the cove. A new tide of relief flowed through him. Wang Shim's agile mind would grasp the way out of their plight. He borrowed a cigarette from Slade, ate what Harry brought him and relaxed watching the shore slide past.

The adventurer raised himself. Ahead, planted directly in their way, a towering junk loomed, two shades darker than the encompassing murk. While he peered at it, Valentine's pulses drummed. The floating palace of the late Lao Ting had stopped to pick up more loot. Not only had it observed the fishing smack that morning, but it had made plans to intercept it on its return down the river.

The man at the wheel spoke huskily:

"The chart says shoal water on either side. If I throw her over we'll go aground."

"Keep her steady," Royle ordered. "Give them a hail, Dave."

Slade's shout rolled across the water in decreasing echoes. The junk came closer. What had all the earmarks of a direct collision was averted when the helmsman jammed the wheel hard alee. The fishing smack cut sharply to the left. For a hundred yards it glided unhampered. Then its keel struck mud. It listed and stopped.

Royle's oaths were drowned out by sudden cries from the junk. It had swung around at a point no more than a dozen feet distant. Its starboard side rose like a huge wooden wall above them. Lights broke out bruptly. Slade's yell was simultaneous with the Chinese that dropped down nimbly on the smack.

Royle, ducking down behind the cabin's roof, blazed away with double guns. The others opened up a withering fire that drove the first invaders to the bow.

Valentine drove his knee into the stomach of one attacker, crashed a fist into the face of another and vaulted the rail. He dropped into the ooze of the river bed, flung himself headlong into the warm current and crouched in the protection of the fishing smack's port quarter.

He located the shore and began a slow, difficult way toward it. Half walking, half swimming, tearing his feet from the slime that sucked them down, he eventually reached deeper water. He was exhausted when he made the yeng grass and reeds at the river bank. He was able only to grasp them, urge himself up on the sand and fall face down, panting. His lungs burned with the stress of his breathing. He felt as if he had been caught between the buffers of some gigantic machine, turned in its revolving maw and then spewed out.

It was too dark yet to definitely determine where he was. He must be close to Yuen Yan. From what Tim had told him there were roads leading to and from the trading post. Inactivity was a goad that made Valentine anxious for action. Between this dawn hour and the morning he must decide upon some course to keep th fishing smack with Wang Shim and the woman he loved away from the yellow horde infesting the junk.

THE adventurer started south. A narrow strip of sand and silt edging the shore made his passage unhampered. After a time he saw the red rim of the sun come up. Night turned to day in one wheeling minute. He knew better than to let his anxiety force him to a pace sufficient to burn up his energy.

How long he trudged on Valentine had no accurate way of determining. His watch, watersoaked from his swim ashore, had stopped. Eventually, when he judged it to be aproaching the noon hour, the sight of distant craft at anchor and the vague shapes of buildings made him forget his weariness.

Yuen Yan, little better than a handful of houses, lay scattered where the forest ended. Fish nets squaring off an area of the river explained the chief industry of the trading post's inhabitants. Sampans were moored to several docks. The Captain searched vainly for a power boat anchored among them. On one wharf three coolies were cleaning their morning catch. The sharp, unpleasant smell of fish increased as he went closer. Yellow faces under cone shaped hats lifted to peer at him.

"Who is the great merchant prince of this splendid settlement?" the adventurer asked, in his best Chinese.

One of the men got up and bowed.

"Chin Lu."

"Where will I find his abode?"

"I will take you to it."

"To interrupt such worthy work as you perform," Valentine told him, "means you must be well paid. May I beg you to accept a small token of my gratitude?"

He dropped a coin into the odoriferous hand extended eagerly to receive it.

"May the gods conspire to bring you contentment. If you will follow me I will take you directly to Chin Lu."

A bell in the house of Chin Lu tinkled musically. Valentine's guide held brief conversation with the woman who opened the door. Finally he stepped aside with a sweeping bow.

"I am advised that Chin Lu is at his morning rice. He will see you immediately. Enter without hesitation. His doorsill is honored by the feet you place upon it."

The faint aroma of joss cloyed the warm, stuffy air of the building. The woman's pattering steps ended where the narrow passage terminated before double, closed doors. She opened them and Valentine found himself in what was apparently the room where Chin Lu conducted whatever business he was engaged in.

Chin Lu came out from behind the counter. He waved the woman away after a few rapid words and turned to Valentine. The adventurer looked into a pair of evasive, slanting eyes. He was familiar with the Chinese coolie and laborer. He had acquired the knack of gauging them with fair precision. Chin Lu impressed him as being crafty and avaricious.

"This day," the Chinese began, with the usual flowery greeting, "shall be one inscribed upon the Household Tablets with a pen of gold. In what way may I serve you best?"

"I wish to rent a boat," Valentine explained, "preferably of the type that moves swiftly."

"I have a sampan I can place at your disposal for a modest sum."

"I need a boat with an engine."

Chin Lu folded his hands into the sleeves of his blue jacket.

"I can supply only a sampan."

"With sails?"

"Yes, and rapid as the wind itself. You travel south?"

"I plan to go up the river."

Chin Lu bowed.

"In either direction you will find my craft worthy of your presence."

"What is the price?"

Chin Lu hesitated before naming a figure. It was exorbitant but Valentine expected as much.

"Very well, I'll pay what you ask. Prepare it so that I may leave at once. I will need three boatmen."

"I have them."

"And while you're engaged in getting the sampan ready see that I am brought tea and rice cakes."

Chin Lu struck a gong. The woman who had admitted the adventurer came quietly in.

"Serve our respected visitor with our finest tea and our best cakes. Make certain he is comfortable. I will return directly."

The Captain had finished what was brought him when Chin Lu opened the double doors and entered the room. He was with a stocky Chinese, naked except for short black cotton pants. He stood to one side while Chin Lu turned to Valentine.

"The sampan is ready."

Later, the adventurer reproached him-

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self for his lack of foresight. The fact that Chin Lu made no mention of immediate payment should have warned him. He was anxious to be off, to be on his way, and for that reason was less cautious than was his custom. With a word to the woman who removed his dishes, he stepped past the stocky Chinese to follow Chin Lu.

It happened with disconcerting and split-second suddenness.

The half-naked Chinese leapt on him with the nimble agility of a tree cat. His queue, black, oily and deadly as a garroter's noose, coiled about Valentine's throat. It drew tight, shutting off his breath with an abruptness that left him purple-faced, strangling and helpless.

It was a simple task for Chin Lu to securely truss him. The queue was loosened. Valentine was pushed into a room connecting with the office and left to the bitter tide of his reproachful thoughts.

A LONG time passed. He lay on the clean matting, face turned to the ceiling. A spider wove a delicate, filmy web above him. He watched, ironically comparing his own plight with that of the first hapless fly that would blunder into the silky meshes of the trap. The simplicity with which he had been taken was a blow to his vanity. He wondered if he were growing senile, if he were losing his grip.

He judged it to be well on in the afternoon when the door opened and Chin Lu entered.

The man brought a bowl of water. Valentine drank thirstily. The unusual attention puzzled him. Chinese seldom made a practice of administering to their victims. Indubitably, Chin Lu had an incentive for his act of kindness.

"You have rested?" he asked solicitously.

"My body has, but my mind is tired. Why am I here? I trusted your hospitality."

Chin Lu made a gesture.

"If you had told me you were going down the river I would not have interfered. There is some good reason for your journey north. The white devil does not venture beyond Yuen Yan. Why should you wish to travel there? Perhaps there is a connection between the boat that passed two days ago and you."

"Even so," Valentine said, "why should you keep me here?"

Chin Lu's shifty eyes met his own briefly.

"I hold you so my brother may have the honor of conversation with you. He will know what to say and do."

"Your brother?"

The Chinese bowed.

"He is the illustrious Lao Ting."

Valentine's mouth tightened. That meant the junk, as he suspected, was returning to the trading post. He felt the quickening beat of his heart.

"I understand. When will your brother arrive?"

"With the first stars of evening. Until then you shall remain my guest. Presently you will have your rice and fish. Until then I leave you again to retrospection."

The door closed. Valentine pondered the new turn of events. The situation had grown more complex. He was to await the coming of the one he had killed in the cabin of the Sea Lily!

A star grew visible through the window. As if its appearance was a signal, Valentine heard shouts from the riverfront. The voices, echoes of vibrant movement and patter of footsteps outside the room's closed door, told him the junk had returned to Yuen Yan.

Verification came a few minutes later. Chin Lu and the same stocky, half-clad Chinese whose queue had been the adventurer's undoing, presented themselves. Valentine was jerked to his feet.

"The ship of my brother is at the wharf," Chin Lu announced ceremoniously. "We will go down and meet it."

Between the two men, Valentine left the house. He passed the building stuffed with the nondescript litter of trash and descended the slope to the same dock where, that morning, he had addressed the three fish cleaners.

A bonfire blazed on the shore. In its glare the towering sides of the pirate junk appeared off the end of the wharf. It was tying up, swinging clumsily around so that it could be moored at both ends. Already some of those aboard were dropping down on the dock. With a word to his companion, Chin Lu left Valentine and went forward to meet them.

A hand on his arm halted the adventurer. The one beside him spoke in Cantonese:

"We shall wait here."

Suddenly the wharf was crowded with the yellow rabble. The Captain saw Chin Lu pass among them and vanish. The babel of voices made a bedlam. Someone shouted a shrill command and a measure of quiet followed. Then Chin Lu reappeared, pushing his way through them. His arm went up and Valentine was propelled forward.

Chin Lu's face seemed carved from stone, but his evasive eyes burned with a fanatical light when the adventurer confronted him.

"My brother," he announced, "has not returned. The all powerful Lao Ting has been gathered unto his ancestors. He was destroyed by a foreign devil in the white boat I spoke of to-day!"

Valentine looked at him steadily.

"What has that to do with me?"

Chin Lu turned. He spoke to one of the Chinese in the throng behind him. The man stepped clear of the group.

"Look carefully," Chin Lu ordered. "You say that you were close beside Lao Ting when the lightning of death struck. You unleashed the bolts of doom. Hold the say you remember the face of the one who torch so you can behold the white devil."

A flaring torch was brought so close its pitch heat made Valentine's skin crawl. The one Chin Lu had spoken with peered into his face.

"He is the man!"

A cry gathered volume. There was a restless movement toward Valentine. Chin Lu stepped in front of him, lifting both hands.

"Stop! I will deal with my brother's murderer! Take him to the junk! No one must lay a finger on him! Have you forgotten the Ancient Wisdom that tells us, 'Those who have passed into the Upper Air leave a duty with their relatives on earth'? Lao Ting has passed Beyond. 'Though you set a monkey on horseback yet will his hands and feet remain hairy.' I will deal with this man in my own way!"

The adventurer was hustled down the dock. A rope ladder had been flung over the side of the junk.

"Climb!" he was instructed. The stocky Chinese thrust an arm around him. "I will hold you steady."

The reek of foul air swirled through the open hatches when Valentine reached the deck. A few dim oil lamps gave wavering illumination. Chin Lu had remained on the dock. The throng there was dispersing, breaking up in groups that made their way to the settlement's buildings. The adventurer's guard unlocked and opened the slatted door of a cubicle built in under the poop. There were three such spaces, narrow cells designed for those unfortunates who fell into the clutches of the pirate crew. The door shut in Valentine's face. The key turned in the lock. The stocky Chinese looked between the bars.

"May no dragons disturb your slumber," he mocked. "In the morning, with the sun, Chin Lu will arrange for you to meet the Fiery God of Vengeance. Who knows? Maybe the honor of turning the wheels of the rack will be mine."

He moved off. Close to the door of his cell, Valentine peered out over the deck. A half-dozen Chinese sprawled, resting, along the bulwarks. Propped up against the aft mast, a small hunchback sat cross-legged, smoking his metal pipe, gravely, methodically.

Eventually the hunchback tapped the last ashes from his pipe, put it in his short pongee coat, stretched and went over to squat a foot away from Valentine's cell. He rubbed his face with both hands.

"To-night the pale moon of the Third Rice Season shines brightly in the blue of the benign heavens, Honorable One."

The Captain was not certain he had heard correctly. Something caught in his throat.

"Yet at dawn," he answered, "the sun dissolves the night in the glowing bowl of morning."

The other inclined his head. When he spoke again his tone was a discreet whisper.

"Here, on the junk, I am known as Wu Chi. If you will seat yourself and turn your back I might be able to sever the bonds that prison your arms."

To Captain Valentine the words were like a mumbling in a disordered dream. Was it a trick? Did some other admirer of Lao Ting wish to cheat Chin Lu of his revenge? Often the followers of a bandit or pirate, overcome with hero worship, went to extreme lengths to even the score when their idol was slain. In any event quick death was preferable to the torture of the rack that awaited him in the morning.

The sharp blade of Wu Chi's knife, handled with all the delicacy of a surgeon, sliced the bowline.

"LET your ears receive what I am about to utter. Wu Chi's whisper came to him again. "I have a key that will unlock the door of your prison. It will be difficult to leave this junk. There are still many aboard."

"I understand."

"You will take the chance?"

"I will take any chance!"

Wu Chi nodded.

"Then I shall tell you this. A rope hangs from the deck to the river. It is between the two lanterns on the outside rail. Beyond giving you that advice I can be of no further aid. Here is the key. Wait until I have disappeared from view before employing its use."

Valentine's fingers tightened over an iron key.

"Wait! One thing more. Who are you?"

Wu Chi stood. He made a pretence of yawning. Under his breath he answered:

"Wang Shim will tell you that—if the gods reward your efforts and take you safely back to him."

"Then Wang Shim passed down the river! Is he——"

But there was no response. Wu Chi, moving away, was swallowed up in the gloom of the deck.

It took all of his control to follow Wu Chi's instructions. He counted the seconds that spun their web of minutes. He waited until a cloud draped the moon, cutting off its bright shine. Then the iron key slid into the lock so smoothly that it re-

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minded him of his own master-key. He turned it. The lock clicked over and back. The slatted door swung ajar. Valentine sidled out of it, keeping to the darker shadows that bulked below the poop.

To reach the designated spot where the rope hung he had to pass one of the lanterns. Weaponless, he stood no chance against an attack. He urged himself on, taking plenty of time so that his slow movements would not disturb the slumbering Chinese. He passed the lantern, reached the rail, felt along it until his hand touched the thin, tight knot of the rope dangling over the wooden side of the junk.

The light, elusive breeze of the river blew against his face. He took a deep breath, swinging a leg across the broad rail. A pace away a Chinese mumbled in his sleep. His mutterings disturbed the man next to him. He sat up, yawning, and shook his comrade roughly.

"Must you summon trumpet blasts to march you into the Kingdom of Rest? Be quiet, lie still!"

Valentine straddled the rail.

The one who had been aroused moved to change his position. His glance drifted somnolently to the adventurer. He peered bewildered, his face a study in blank surprise that momentarily held his tongue in check. The Captain took full advantage of the man's silence. Wrapping his legs around the rope and careful not to burn his hands in a quick, downward descent, he slid into the darkness crouching below.

He reached and dropped into the river an instant before the alarm was raised. The water was deep off the end of the dock. There was no pursuit. Those on the junk seemed intent upon lighting the black flood of the water around it with their flares. Without mishap he reached the row of lights that had beckoned him on.

Valentine went ashore. A minute later he knocked on the door of a two-storey building whose balcony was hedged with potted plants before a Kalu Ling tapestry embroidered with the rich symbol of the Sun.

After a time the door opened. A benevolent Chinese looked out at him through gold-rimmed spectacles.

"What is your wish?"

The adventurer indicated the river.

"I have come a long way and escaped many dangers. I would avail myself of your roof, your food, and in the morning transportation to Shanghai. I am willing to pay well for these things."

The man before him bowed.

"Enter," he invited. "You will find peace and safety within my humble home."

IN the morning of the second day following his departure from the home of Li Duck, the venerable rice planter with whom he had taken refuge, a mail packet with Valentine aboard passed under the Bridge of the Camel Back. A freight train on the Peiping line crawled along the shore. A half-hour later the adventurer was in Shanghai.

It was all as he had left it, an epitome of the East; the East, alluring, insolent, singing its age-old, subtle siren song in the wanderer's willing ear, insinuating itself once again into its niche in his heart, flattering him, winning him with the vague caress of its fragrant, almond-scented breath.

In front of the hotel Valentine paid and dismissed his driver. The clerk at the desk bowed as if he had left only half an hour previously. A few Europeans in the lobby looked at him curiously. His clothing, worn, dirty and dishevelled, together with the beard stubble on his lean, bronzed face gave him a disreputable appearance. He made inquiries concerning Wang Shim, was told his servant had not been at the hotel for days, and went directly to his rooms.

He opened the balcony doors to the morning air, ran a hot tub, shaved and after a drink, stretched out for what he expected to be an hour's sleep. When he awoke it was to find the noon had come and gone; a clock across the room showed him it was well towards three. He had soaked up the necessary amount of rest that revitalised him, made him active and alert again. A match blazed in his fingers for a cigarette. He let it burn its length, watching the door of the bedroom open.

Wang Shim stepped across its threshold.

"I have prepared your white linen suit, Master. With it I would suggest the light brown shirt and the darker cravat. I——"

"Tim!"

Their hands met in a tight, glad grip. For an instant Wang Shim's pleasure lighted his face. Then, like a curtain being drawn across an open window, his expression turned enigmatic.

"I had no wish to disturb your slumbers. I walked with quiet feet. Those in charge of the desk below told me you had returned this morning. We arrived late last night."

"Where is Mademoiselle Ormonde?"

"Safe. I have been in communication with her. She is coming here within the hour."

Valentine waved him into a chair.

"Sit down, tell me about it."

Wang Shim seated himself opposite.

"We observed the second boat when it reached the cove. We saw you go aboard and, later, leave on it. The vessel we had made our journey in was a great temptation. I remembered the teachings in the Book of Youthful Instruction. 'Other eyes see the same things that you do.' Those of Lao Ting's band must have observed the craft you left upon. They would watch for it somewhere down the river and for us."

Valentine nodded.

"What else?"

"We waited until the cool of the evening. We followed a forest trail until we reached one of the narrow roads east of Yuen Yan. An ox-cart helped us in our travels. We purchased small quantities of food along the way. At Kin-lang we exchanged the ox-cart for a railroad coach. The train was slow. As I said, it was late when we reached this city."

"The opals?"

Wang Shim went into the bedroom. He returned with the mahogany box emblazoned with the Grunoff heraldry. The adventurer was dazzled again by the flash and fire of the fifteen perfect stones. For a long moment he filled his gaze with their splendor. Finally he shut the box and turned back to Wang Shim, recounting his own experiences.

"Who is Wu Chi?" he inquired.

A slow smile spread across Wang Shim's yellow face.

"He aided you? I had hoped he might."

"You——"

The other opened his hands.

"Wu Chi is really Loo Ling, the intelligent, capable youth who was of service to us before we left Shanghai. When you first spoke of the expedition to the Temple of the Three Buddhas my humble mind conceived the idea of sending Loo Ling on in advance. I had heard that Lao Ting was always anxious for new members in his band. I disguised Loo Ling with an artificial wooden hump and gave him a new name. I thought it might be a wise precaution to have a friend among the enemy."

As he finished speaking there was a knock on the door. Valentine got up hastily.

"Mademoiselle! Entertain her while I dress and don't let her leave, Tim. You understand?"

"To the letter, Master."

She was sitting where the sun intruded when Valentine went into the living-room. Her face was half in shadow. He stood drinking in her intense beauty. The raven black hair, the dusky eyes of mystery behind their shadowy lashes, the full-lipped, sensitive mouth. She sensed his presence and looked up.

"You sent the opals with Tim?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Because they are yours."

Valentine shook his head.

"I have no claim to them. Long ago—that night in London—I vowed to get them—only for you. You want them, you came half across the world to get them, take them and do what you will with them."

She studied him pensively.

"YOU are in a generous mood, Monsieur Captain."

He shrugged.

"Perhaps I have reason to be. Finding you again, knowing that our drama has ended successfully and satisfactorily, is ample cause for it. I can remember no occasion when I have been happier than at this minute."

The pulse in her white throat stirred to a quicker beat. Her crimson lips parted. Before she could speak there was an interruption. The draperies, drawn back at the French doors opening on the balcony, rustled. A man stepped from behind them, a flat automatic glinting in his right hand. His low, drawling tone sliced the quiet of the room with knife-like sharpness.

"Don't be too sure of it, Valentine. There is always a rift in everyone's lute. Sorry I have to provide one in yours."

Eric St. Julian, slim and debonair in white flannels, moved further into the room. The adventurer stared at him as though he were a ghost. In that tense instant of meeting he told himself he might have known the master-thief, with the luck of the devil, had miraculously escaped death aboard the ill-fated Sea Lily.

"St. Julian!" Adele Ormonde whispered.

The other laughed.

"Exactly. You weren't the only ones to get out of the cabin of the cruiser the evening Lao Ting visited it. But enough of explanations. My ship sails in twenty minutes. I am exchanging Shanghai for Japan. I have often wished to see Fuji-yama." His gaze darted to the table. "I see you have thoughtfully arranged to have the opals ready for me. With your permission I shall take them."

He wedged the mahogany box under his left arm. Captain Valentine tried vainly to snatch an inspiration out of the new and unexpected pattern fate had woven. Tim had gone out of the room shortly after his own entrance. There was no weapon within reach—nothing to use against the sardonic, smiling St. Julian.

"I warn you!" Valentine's voice was like polished steel. "No matter where you go

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I will find you! I will hunt you down and kill you! Your only salvation, your only hope, lies in leaving the opals here!"

St. Julian chuckled.

"Always the actor, Valentine. Do you think your threats disturb me? They don't, in the slightest. I have been and always will be more than a match for your swaggering egotism. Let me do a little warning on my own behalf. I'll shoot if you make so much as a move to stop me!"

He began backing to the French doors. Adele Ormonde sat transfixed, bent forward, her eyes wide. Valentine, to the left of her, stood motionless. He could think of nothing better than the decrepit ruse used in fiction, stage productions and on the cinema screen so many countless, weariesome times. He employed it now, taking it out of its moss-grown confinement.

His tone rose, strident, forceful:

"All right, Tim! Let him have it!"

Instinct was stronger than logic with St. Julian. He half turned to confront the imaginary menace behind him. Valentine's lunge carried him to his old enemy with swift certainty. He reached for and gripped St. Julian's pistol wrist. The mahogany box clattered to the floor. The Moons in Gold rolled across the carpet in winking balls of fire. The adventurer twisted and wrenched the automatic from the hand that sought to aim it, smashed his heel down on St. Julian's foot and struck with his left fist.

St. Julian took the blows with a grunt of pain. In no way did he acknowledge surrender. Instead, he swept into combat with a fury quickened by pain.

Dazed by the frenzy of St. Julian's offensive, Valentine pitched against the wall. A fist dashed in his face. Lights broke in varied colors before his swirling vision. St. Julian whirled around. Adele Ormonde had retrieved the automatic. She stood midway between the upturned table and the door, the gun levelled in her hand.

"I'll take that!" St. Julian panted. "A gun, my dear, is a dangerous toy! If you don't mind——"

He leapt to one side and started for her. Valentine had him in the next breath. The adventurer's arm clamped about St. Julian's neck. He drove his knee into the small of the man's back with such terrific force that the other sagged limply in his arms.

"Let me have the automatic. I don't trust this gentleman. It may be——"

But St. Julian was finished. His knees buckled under him. When the Captain released him he collapsed on the floor. A shadow passed between St. Julian's crumpled figure and the balcony. The woman's smothered exclamation lifted the adventurer's head. A man who had been watching the proceedings from the outside balcony stepped into the room.

He was a small, well, but plainly dressed person. A thread of a closely clipped moustache decorated his rather long upper lip. His eyes were brown, large and filled with expression. The last time Valentine had seen him was in the gathering fog outside the Club Pantheon in London.

"I will take care of him," Andre Masset murmured in French. "I have been looking for him for a considerable time. I shall take him back to Paris where he will be tried for the murder of Monsieur Crayshaw at the villa in the Bois d'Or."

Masset leaned over St. Julian. When he straightened up Valentine saw that handcuffs manacled the master-thief. The detective perked St. Julian to his feet.

"How——"

Masset smiled at the woman's wondering cry.

"I have full and complete evidence. The confession of The Rat for one thing, fingerprints; evidence that cannot be disputed." He turned his brown eyes fully upon the adventurer. "Monsieur, not so long ago you tricked me. I do not hold it against you. Your advice that night saved me from a stupid blunder. I really thought you were this Ravenel, as St. Julian called himself. Now, monsieur, I will give you advice. If I were you I would send Monsieur Hatzfeld, the jeweller, a cheque to pay for the diamond chain you removed from his establishment in the silk hat of the Baron. From the reward offered for these opals you can well afford it."

St. Julian's hazel-flecked eyes burned venomously.

"The not-so-happy proverbial ending," he sneered. "So I am about to be conducted back to Paris to pay for Crayshaw's death? Would you care to make a wager? I'll give you odds that you'll never arrive there with me, Monsieur Detective."

Masset shrugged.

"What good is winning when you'll never be able to pay me? A dead man's money is unlucky."

He turned to the woman beside Valentine. St. Julian laughed under his breath.

"Au revoir, my dear Adele and you, Captain Valentine. We shall, I promise, meet again."

Two native policemen had come into the room. Wang Shim in the hall looked curiously over their shoulders. Masset, with a flourish, turned his prisoner over to them. He lingered another minute.

"I would," he said, "guard the opals well, Mademoiselle Grunoff. The next time they are stolen it might not be possible to recover them."

THEY had finished dining together in the garden restaurant of the hotel. Valentine waited until their coffee and liqueurs were served. He opened his cigarette case, watching her retrospectively while her white, tapering fingers selected a cigarette and held it to the tiny flame of the candle.

"Mademoiselle Grunoff," he murmured.

She smiled at him enigmatically, cryptically. In the hotel an orchestra played some American dance number. The gay rhythm of it drifted out to the garden.

"Adele Ormonde Grunoff. My mother was French."

"You might," he said, "have told me long ago."

She shook her dark head.

"Thief and adventuress! After all, they were much better suited to my role."

Valentine winced.

"Why, mademoiselle?"

She moved her sloping shoulders. Tonight she were a severely plain evening gown and no jewels except a narrow strand of pearls creamy as the skin they rested against.

"You mean why did I want the Moons in Gold so badly? Because, Monsieur the Captain, they are really mine—or will be at a later date. My father, as you know, is elderly and inclined to be a trifle indiscreet. For some time I have been aware of his infatuation for Mademoiselle Vallier. I knew something of the extravagant promises he made her, something of the gifts he lavished on her. When he took the opals, the Moons in Gold that would be rightfully mine, from the vault in the bank, I thought it was time to intervene."

Valentine tapped the ash from his cigarette.

"So you got in communication with Crayshaw. Tell me about it."

For a minute she listened to the syncopated beat of the music.

"At one time he was a chauffeur for my family. My father discharged him when he learned of a London prison record. Crayshaw had given one of the gardeners his address. Perhaps it was foolish of me—I realise now he would probably have kept the opals—but then he was the only one I could turn to. He promised to help for, of course, suitable remuneration."

The adventurer laughed.

"You hired him to steal what would some day be yours from the villa in the Golden Wood. Not a bad idea. No wonder you were familiar with the grounds and the house."

There was a little silence between them. In the street on the other side of the garden the cosmopolitan night life of Shanghai flowed in either direction. Bells tinkled, sing-song voices blended, the vibrant stir of the city tiptoed to them through the echoes of the music.

"And now it ends" She leaned forward. "One more favor, monsieur."

"Anything."

Her cigarette smoked out in the lacquered dish beside her. She studied him, her dark eyes mysterious as they had been the first night he had seen them.

"You will take the Moons in Gold to my father and receive the reward. He is well able to pay it, and it is only right that you have it. I am not afraid now that he will do anything imprudent with the opals. The folly of his romance with the singing girl of the Moulin Bleu is, I have been told, over. He has been ill, unable to leave his room——"

"I'm entitled to nothing," Captain Valentine assured her.

Her smile was slow, languorous.

"Yet you will do as I ask, because I ask it. You have always heeded my wishes. Tell me that you'll fulfil this last request."

The adventurer looked deep into her eyes. In their limpid depths he saw something that struck fire in his heart.

"It shall be," he told her, "as you wish."

Once more their glances met. There was death in Valentine's soul. Never for him what other men worked for, slaved and fought for. Never love, a home, family. His face hardened. In that minute he knew he was turning away forever from what she offered, what her heart was so anxious to give. He loved her more than life, but he would never see her again.

"It's getting colder. Shall we go in?"

She stood, silhouetted against the light of the flickering candles. Still the voice of the city murmured to them over the garden wall. Silver bells, shuffling feet, creak of hurrying rickshaws. Her face saddened, something seemed quenched within it. When he draped her wrap over her white shoulders she shivered a little in its silken folds.

"We can," she said slowly, "say good-bye in the morning."

They walked the path leading to the flower-banked terrace. In the morning, Valentine told himself, he would be on his way, the Moons in Gold in his kitbag, his destination the other side of the world. In that moment when their eyes had met he had said good-bye to her, reverently, stirred by an emotion greater than any he had ever known or would know again. No further words were necessary.

This was an end and another beginning.

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

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